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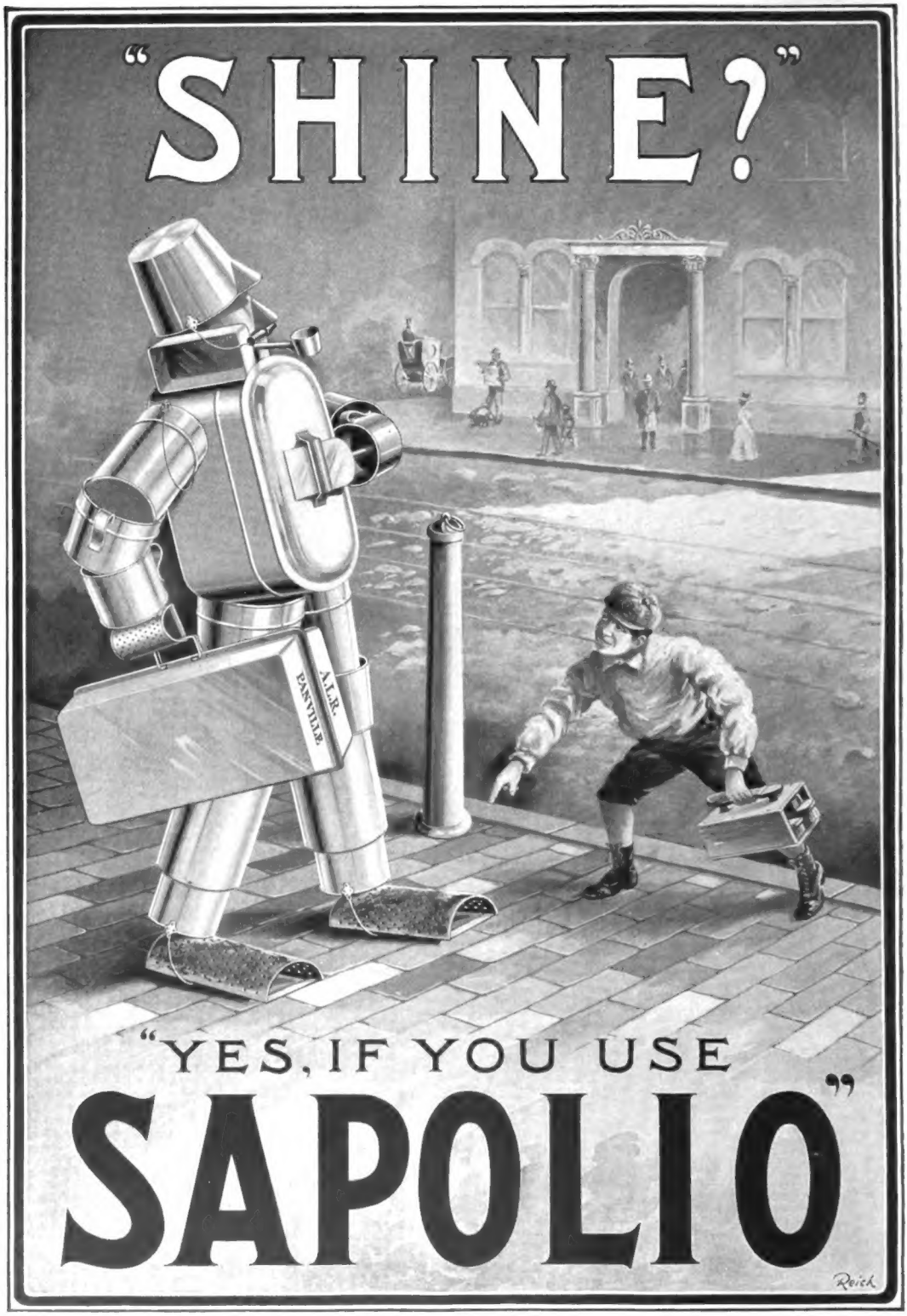

"THE MAN FROM PANVILLE."

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"THERE WAS SOMETHING LIKE A SUSPENDED POUT ON HER LIPS."

"The Making of a Country Home."

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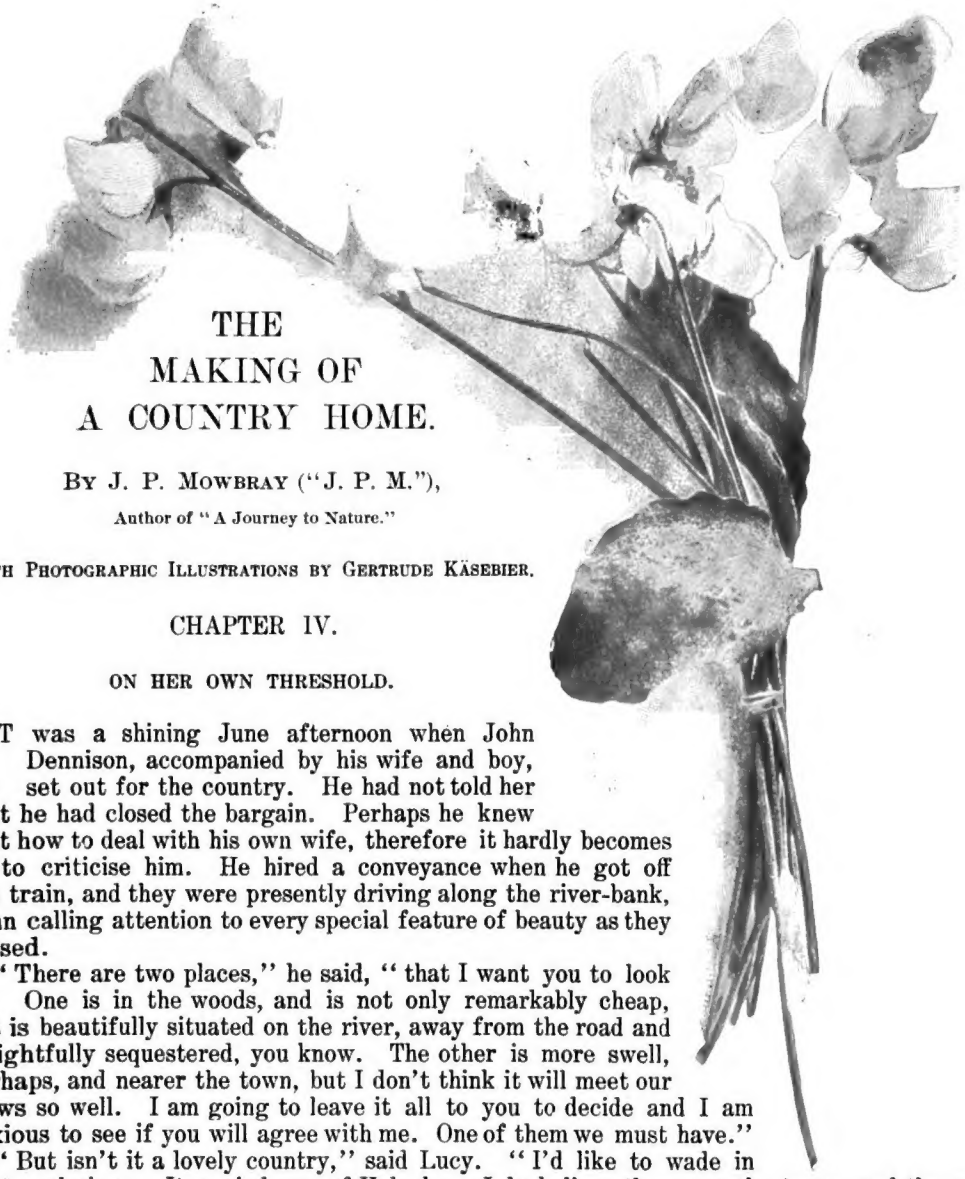
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. IV. MAY, 1901. No. 21.



THE MAKING OF A COUNTRY HOME.

BY J. P. MOWBRAY ("J. P. M."),

Author of "A Journey to Nature."

WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER.

CHAPTER IV.

ON HER OWN THRESHOLD.

IT was a shining June afternoon when John Dennison, accompanied by his wife and boy, set out for the country. He had not told her that he had closed the bargain. Perhaps he knew best how to deal with his own wife, therefore it hardly becomes us to criticise him. He hired a conveyance when he got off the train, and they were presently driving along the river-bank, John calling attention to every special feature of beauty as they passed.

"There are two places," he said, "that I want you to look at. One is in the woods, and is not only remarkably cheap, but is beautifully situated on the river, away from the road and delightfully sequestered, you know. The other is more swell, perhaps, and nearer the town, but I don't think it will meet our views so well. I am going to leave it all to you to decide and I am anxious to see if you will agree with me. One of them we must have."

"But isn't it a lovely country," said Lucy. "I'd like to wade in that cool river. It reminds me of Holyoke. I do believe those are elm trees; and there are pond lilies. Tell the man to drive slow. There is an old mill—as sure as you live, it is the regular old thing. It makes me want to paint. I haven't seen it for years—since——"

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"Well, what do you stop for? Since when?"

"Since you and I sat on the old flume and I tried to make you think I was an artist."

"You didn't have to try very hard, sweetheart. Do you see that white house through the trees up the road, beyond the bridge? That's where Mr. Swarthout lives. He owns about a hundred acres all around here."

They were driving past the old stone house just then, and he caught a glimpse of Tilka at the corner of the house watching out for them. But Lucy was looking straight ahead, trying to follow the direction of John's finger, and Tilka was left behind in a state of wonderment. They had to stop several times so that Lucy could jump out and gather some of the wild flowers. It did his heart good to see her old sense of enjoyment come back. Poor girl, her eyes sparkled and a new color gave a pleasant animation to her cheek. She had not had an outing for two years.

When they arrived at the wild spot where John and Mr. Swarthout had gone through the jungle to the solitary cottage, he said quite cheerily as he assisted her and the boy out, "We have to go through the woods—there's no path. But that gives a fellow a fine opportunity to do his own clearing. I always had an idea that a house hidden away from the road must be cosy and quiet."

Lucy was too much engaged with the wild beauty of the tangle to pay much attention to him, but when they came to the house itself John pointed to it with mock pride and said: "Now, there's a nook in the wildwood that I instinctively felt would catch your artistic eye—it's so embowered."

Lucy struck an attitude of wonder and remarked: "That thing?—Let's look at the other one."

"Now, my dear," began John, "consider the practical advantages. In the first place, we've got water at the door. When the cellar is pumped out—by George, I forgot to look if there is a cellar—and it's cemented, the trees cut away, the roots pulled out, the land filled in and ditched and drained, and a road made through the thickets, it will be quite ideal."

"Dear me, it makes me tired to think of it," said Lucy. "Don't think about the house. Let us take a walk down the bank and look at the river."

"Don't you want to see the arrangement of the rooms?"

"I'll take your word for it. If you have set your mind on that thing——"

"But I had rather you were perfectly satisfied before I bought."

"Well, of course, if you think of buying that, I shall do my best to be satisfied. But wouldn't it be cheaper to hire a tent?"

"I know it looks a little lonesome in its present condition. But when we have cleared away the forest and redeemed the land and rebuilt the house——"

But Lucy had taken her boy's hand and was walking toward the river. John followed her.

"The place doesn't please you," he said. "There is no use in our staying. We might as well go and look at the other spot."

When they entered the vehicle he continued in the same strain to praise the secluded wildness and even to hint that he had her artistic love of Nature in view in selecting it. She did not encourage him, but gave herself to the luxury of the drive, and when they arrived at the stone house, she remarked: "Why, I noticed this house when we drove past," and he wondered if she saw Tilka out of the corner of her eye. "This is my second choice," said John. "We have two hours before our train time and we can take a leisurely look at it." As the team drove away he had to explain to her that it would come back for them when they wanted it. "Now you will observe," he said, as they went up the path and he led the way round to the rear of the house where the view at that moment was at its best; "this place has five acres, but it is more exposed than the other."

"What a splendid view," said Lucy.

"True—it couldn't be finer, but we have to consider if views will return anything. Suppose we sit here on the porch a moment and I'll tell you all about it."

Tilka had placed a commodious and comfortable rocker there. John pulled it round gallantly and Lucy sat down. The roses hung round her and the golden light danced through upon her. John thought that she looked more like his old sweetheart than she had appeared for years. The distant hills were rimmed with a soft purple and the valleys between poured a splendor of sunset through that tipped everything with

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THE PATH LEADING TO THE BACK OF THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS.

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a golden radiance. Somewhere a song sparrow was bubbling over with a vesper preludium. The little river spun itself in yellow meshes down among the trees. The air was heavy with the odor of flowers and hay.

"You see," said John, "this place belongs to Pop Swarthout, and there is a Mrs. Smith in it taking care of it for him. We'll go in and look at it presently when you are rested."

"We must not forget our train," she said. "I shall be starved to death before we get to New York, and Harold must be very hungry. I wonder if we could get a glass of milk here?"

"Oh, I guess so," said John quite indifferently. "Let me tell you about this place. Are you comfortable?"

"Very. I wish we had more time."

"Plenty of time, my dear. Do you know you look just like my old Holyoke girl as you sit there under the roses. Confound it, I think the air up in the woods by that sylvan cottage has brought back your old expression. Well, as I was going to say, Swarthout wants fifteen hundred for this place, but I can get the other for five hundred, and I have always said to myself when I found my extravagance running away with me, I will take my wife's advice."

"There are many old houses like this in New England," said Lucy musingly, as she rested her chin on her hand and gazed away into the purpling West. "I think it is rather colonial. Not one of them ever has a bay. I used to wonder if our grandfathers knew how to make a bay."

"It's the easiest thing in the world to put one on. I'll show you my plan for improving—that place in the woods."

"How many rooms are there?"

"In that little cottage?"

"No—in this."

"I'll show them to you—but first we must get a bite."

Tilka appearing at the door at that moment, he said, "Mrs. Smith, this is my wife, Mrs. Dennison. I want to show her over the house. Can you give us a bite of something to eat?"

The women looked at each other with quick appraisement, and Tilka said:

"The dinner has that long been waiting for you that it will soon be no good."

"Dinner," cried John jumping up. "What a capital idea. Come, my dear Harold, my boy—dinner. How does that strike you?"

He gave his wife his arm with a sudden courtliness, and Tilka held the door open as they went in. Even a tired and hungry woman must melt under this treatment.

Tilka had prepared a banquet. That exemplary Norse woman rose in John's estimation suddenly to the proportions of a gigantic fairy. She had obtained a white cloth somewhere and the pine table disappeared under an inviting spread, with a monster dish of lady's slippers garnishing the centre with dewy color. She had managed to roast a little breast of lamb—Heaven only knows how—before the open fire in the kitchen. She had fresh peas that melted in the mouth, and little round crisp radishes; heaped-up bowls of luscious strawberries and jugs of cream from Mrs. Swarthout's; a white loaf of home-made bread and a platter of fresh butter from some unknown source, and, to cap the climax, a lettuce salad, cool and fresh and odorous.

Tilka had served everything at once and stood proudly surveying her performance with her bare arms akimbo.

"Are you not going to sit down, Mrs. Smith?" asked Lucy.

"I guess you talk some business, hey, ain't it, while I do my work?" said Tilka, backing out.

"Extraordinary consideration on the part of Mrs. Smith," said John, *sotto voce*. "My dear, I hope you've got a good appetite."

"It's a luxury to eat a dinner that somebody else has prepared," said Lucy. "Where do you suppose she got those splendid berries?"

"Why, she picked them in the back yard. That woman would make her fortune if she had a piece of land—like that we saw in the woods—and it was all cleared and drained. Don't hurry—plenty of time. I want you to walk down the hill and see the grove and the river and the garden and the stable."

"Why, is there a grove—and a river—and a garden—and a stable?"

"You bet," said John. "Every modern convenience except hot and cold water, stationary tubs, and gas. Let me help you to some more of these peas—they, too, are out of the back yard."

"I'm afraid," said Lucy, "that we are robbing Mrs. Smith."

"Very well," said John, "if you have any conscientious scruples of that kind,

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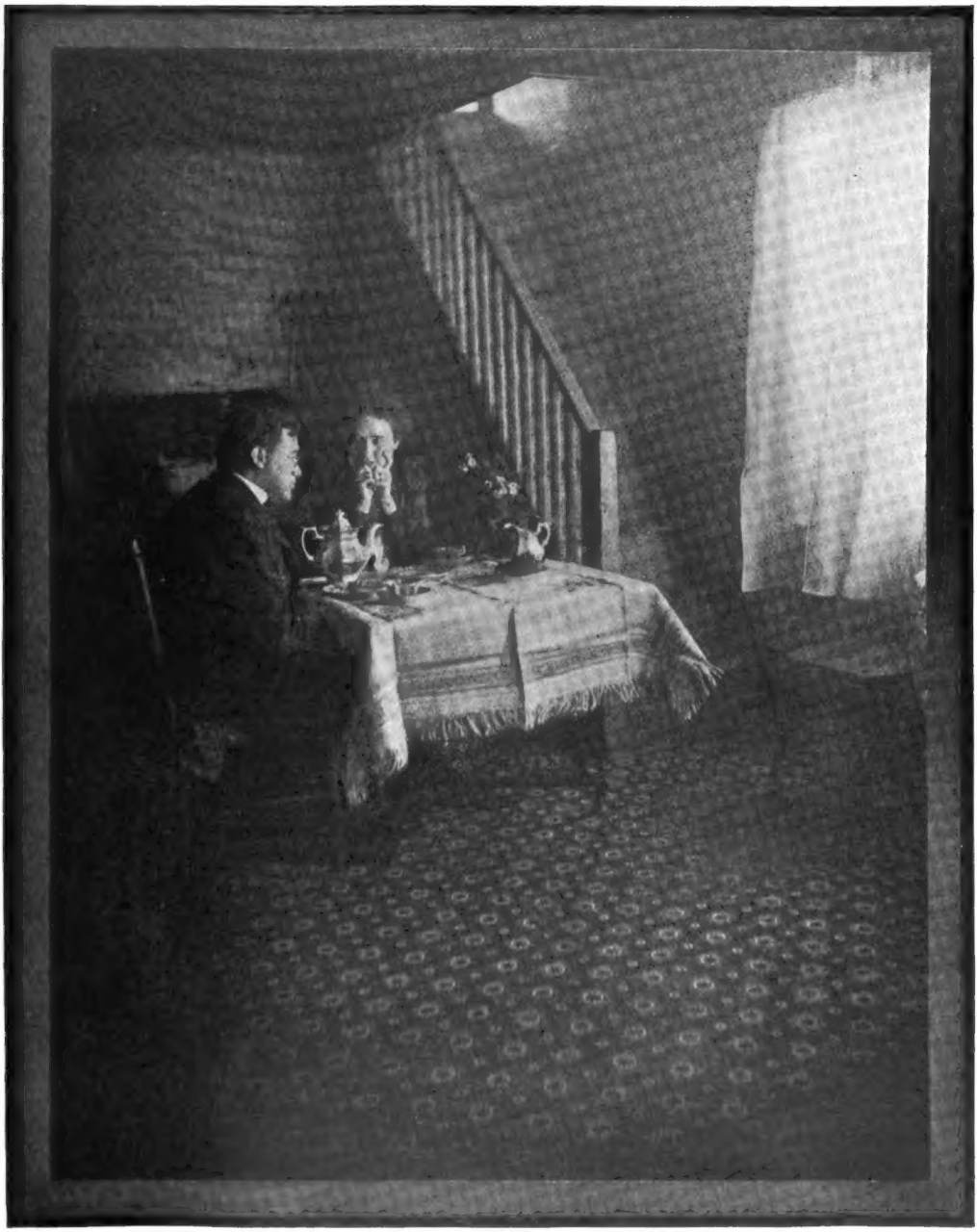
watch me—and Harold. You do the talking."

Presently, when the meal was finished, John took his wife through the rooms, venturing to disparage them a little with great delicacy. The large chamber overhead with its rose embroidered windows and its meagre but tidy furniture, with a bed on which was a spotless and restful white counterpane, caught Lucy's eye. "What a fine room we could make of this, John, if it only had a bay window."

"Do you think so? You should have seen the rooms in the other house."



"IT'S A LUXURY TO EAT A DINNER THAT SOMEBODY ELSE HAS PREPARED."

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They inspected the kitchen and walked out to the brow of the hill, and Lucy showing some signs of weariness, John led her back to the porch again. She would have given much to have been able to take her corset and her heavy shoes off and sit in that rocker for the rest of the evening. But what does a man ever know of those things.

"You don't say much, my dear," remarked John. "I've been waiting to have you decide. Can't you make up your mind?"

"You prefer the other place, don't you?"

"I'm going to leave it all to you."

"Well, as I feel a little tired, we can talk it all over as we go back to the city."

"Oh no, let us make up our minds while we are on the spot," said John.

"Mine is made up," said Lucy. "I much prefer the house in the woods."

"What—you don't mean it?"

"Yes. In the first place, it's so sequestered, and you have set your mind on it."

He looked at her with considerable astonishment. "You are not serious," he said.

She kept her face very straight, though she turned her head a little away. "Yes. The other place has grown on me since I've been here."

"Oh, but I'm not at all set on the other place, my dear."

"What—not set on the filling and ditching—and grubbing— Why, John, do you know, I think it would be quite a novelty to live in a bath house."

Then she broke down, and began to shake a little and John began to whistle.

"Sweetheart," he said, "I give it up."

"Oh, don't," she replied. "You brought me to this dreadful place so that I would appreciate the other, didn't you? For Heaven's sake, let us go back to the sylvan spot in the wild wood." Then she put her handkerchief over her mouth and there was nothing left for John to do but to pull it away, at which she said quite earnestly:

"It's all right, John. Now let us catch our train. I'd like very much to spend a day or two here, but I must get back where I can take my things off and think it all over."

"You don't have to go back to do that," exclaimed John. "I smuggled your wrap and slippers into my travelling bag. They are up in your chamber. You can make yourself comfortable in your own room and get a good night's rest, and be up with the lark to eat a breakfast that will be waiting for you without your getting it. It's all yours, and all you have to do is to take possession and put your name on the bond. It's all done and fixed beyond recovery."

"But Mrs. Smith?"

"Don't say a word against Mrs. Smith. She is a fireproof brick hired for a week and subject to your orders. Now go up and make yourself comfortable, and hurry down. I'm going to give Harold a ride on the back of our horse. Did you catch that?—our horse, he's of Arabian blood. Wait till you see him."

Lucy stood alone in the chamber, gazing thoughtfully through the roses. To be so suddenly converted from a guest to a hostess and mistress, was a little confusing. There was something like a suspended pout on her lip. John, at the last moment, had left her out of the determining act and consummated their scheme in his own way. The pout grew a little more distinct. Suddenly she heard the voice of Harold, and she pulled the roses at the window aside and looked out. The boy was seated on the white horse, his father holding him on as the animal came slowly through the grass under the window with his head down. She heard John telling the boy that it was a work horse, but that his mother was going to have a pony and then she would let him drive it, wouldn't that be fine?

The evening light fell across the group pleasantly and they looked very happy. The pout slowly disappeared. After all, she said, he is thinking only of me. Then she hurriedly put on her wrap and went down.

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It is worth noting that a change of attire sometimes affects a woman's disposition. Lucy came out quite buoyant and beaming. When John said apologetically that the horse was only a "preliminary plug" to do the rough work, she patted him on the neck and said she thought he was "just lovely."

The June twilight fell on them, walking together under the trees; the stars came out; the frogs began their evening hymn before Harold evinced signs of sleepiness, and they returned to the house. John had to show her every point of vantage and color it with his ideal improvement. When at last they sat down in the chamber and Harold was put to bed, Lucy said: "Now then, John, you've shown me everything except the accounts."

Out came the pad. She looked it over somewhat rapidly and said: "Are you quite sure that it will bring all the results that you have been dreaming of so long? I almost tremble for fear you will be disappointed."

"And so I might be, if it were a dream. But it isn't. It's a plain matter of fact. I've kept to the mathematics of it with my teeth set, and I am determined that it shall be no dream for you. The great job for me will be to make it worthy of you."

That was quite rhetorical for John, and to take the edge off, he paraded his pad.

"Listen," he said. "I've calculated that we cut our rent down to fifty dollars a year. That is the interest on five hundred dollars and the taxes added. Just take that piece of paper and pencil. I'd like to see what you make it. Have you got rent, fifty dollars?"

"Yes," said Lucy. "Rent—fifty dollars."

"Then put down help, man and woman, twenty-five dollars a month—that's three hundred dollars a year— Have you got that?"

"Yes, but where is the help to come from at that price?"

"Never mind that now—we'll ask Mrs. Smith about it to-morrow. Put down commutation at nine dollars a month—that's a hundred and eight, isn't it?"

"Yes—a hundred and eight——"

"Horse and cow at a maximum—say, one hundred and fifty a year."

"Gracious," said Lucy, "I didn't know that cows cost anything to keep in the country!"

"They don't, after you've been in the country long enough. Now add living expenses—say twelve hundred a year. What do you make it?"

"I make it one thousand eight hundred and eight dollars. My, country life comes high, don't it?"

"True—but consider what we are getting for the money. There are some things that do not figure up well. First of all, we've our own home. Then we have our girl back where she belongs—out of the kitchen. Finally we have a prospect. There isn't a mathematician on earth can put that down in numerals. Every stroke of work we put upon this place is like putting money into the savings bank. I feel like going and hammering a nail in somewhere now—don't you? Then there is something more, but I don't figure on it yet. I only contemplate it as an alluring margin. That garden ought to pay our interest and cut our living expenses down one-half. We've been figuring on a cow as an expensive luxury, but she might turn out to be a handy producer."

"But John," and this was said with a hesitating reproach in it. "You haven't said a word about the sixty miles of railroad travel every day; the ride from the station in all weathers; the possibility of accidents."

"No," said John, carelessly; "and I haven't said a word about the luxury of doing one's duty when it isn't a hardship, and taking the man's load on one's own shoulders and redeeming the promise that I made to you when you took me for better or worse. I haven't said a word about the roses that will come back into your cheeks, and the songs that will begin to nestle around your heart again and break out from

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our baby's lungs. I haven't said a word about the inspiration there is in work and danger and drudgery when love stimulates them, and victory stands ready to crown it all. Do you think I can command the language to do these things justice?"

"Why, yes," replied Lucy. "Do you know that as you stand there now, it seems to me that you would have made a splendid exhorter. Mrs. Smith will think you are preaching."

John laughed. "I guess she takes me for a missionary already and expects me to convert her man."

"Then I'll encourage her in the morning by telling her how you converted me. Now, I'm going to bed, for we have to catch the train in the morning."

"Can't you get that infernal train out of your head? You're not half converted. If you were, you'd go to bed and sleep without a thought of trains. You would know that I will go to the city, bundle up all our effects, and dump them at your feet here, and all you have to do until they arrive, is to take your boy by the hand and rest yourself among the roses and let Mrs. Smith do the walking with her stalwart legs. If you are not converted to that extent, then have I preached and plotted for nothing."

It was not so easy to go to sleep with all these things tumbling over each other in her mind, but somehow the soft, cool air, with its burden of rose bloom, swept past her steadily as she laid on her pillow, and presently she sank into a half-consciousness that love was deliciously fanning her with a new wing.

The next day, being without John's stimulating presence, she set about her own unbiassed scrutiny, as a woman will. She inspected everything carefully, noted that the kitchen had no shelves, that the vestibule was dark and narrow, that the ceilings were low, that all the water had to be carried from the well, that the boards in the floor were not altogether level, and that the plaster was smoky. Then she went out to see how the house looked from the road, and could not help wondering how it looked to other persons who passed by. Did it strike them as a gentleman's place. It was certainly very old-fashioned and plain and just a little bit lonely. What would her friend Kate say to it?

While she stood there, leaning thoughtfully upon the awry fence, a buggy, driven leisurely by an elderly man, stopped in the roadway opposite the gate. The man had a bag containing something on his knees. He leaned out of the vehicle and saluted her with what she thought was a superfluous amount of smiling good nature.

"Good morning, Mrs. Dennison," he said, "I am the lawyer that your husband may have mentioned to you. Braddock is my name. Do you know anything about cats?"

"Cats?" repeated Lucy with some wonderment, as if she had misunderstood him.

He held up the bag smilingly, and Lucy saw that something inside it was moving.

"They say," said Mr. Braddock, "that if you carry a cat in a close bag for three miles and turn the bag around several times, the animal will not find her way back. Do you know anything about it?"

"No, I don't," replied Lucy a little tartly. "What kind of a cat is it?"

"Just the ordinary kind. Black cat. I'm very much interested in the experiment."

"Is it a good ratter?" asked Lucy.

"Just the ordinary ratter," said Mr. Braddock.

"Why not give it to me, poor thing? I am very fond of cats and I may need it in this old house."

"Yes, you will need a cat," said Mr. Braddock with an irradiating smile of satisfaction. "These old country houses swarm with rats. I'll send you up a cat. How do you like tortoise shells—they are generally considered good ratters? Perhaps you would prefer a Maltese cross?"

The man was evidently insane. Lucy stepped toward the gate for security. "What has a Maltese cross to do with cats?" she asked.

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MR. AND MRS. SWARTHOUT.

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COWS COST NOTHING TO KEEP—AFTER YOU HAVE BEEN IN THE COUNTRY LONG ENOUGH.

"I beg your pardon," he replied. "I should have said a cross of Maltese stock. I suppose you intend to improve the old house?"

"Why yes—such is my husband's intention."

Mr. Braddock seemed to glow with exultant satisfaction at the idea of improving the house.

"Just so," he remarked, "modernize it, I believe is the word." And he put his hand softly to his mouth, as if to restrain a too exuberant sense of humor. "I'll send you up a good modern cat, Mrs. Dennison."

Lucy's eye flashed a little at his benignant irony. "Don't rob yourself," she said. "My husband will probably get a mastiff to protect the place, from—rats, and other things——"

"Just so. Mastiff for rats," and up went the back of his hand to his mouth to check his hilarity, as if mastiffs for rats was one of those dear old witticisms that fill the heart with kindly merriment. "We are going to lose one of our oldest inhabitants, Mrs. Dennison—Jacobus Sneider—he lives three miles up the road and is on his death bed."

Lucy noticed that his eyes twinkled as he said it.

"I was going up to make out his will. They *will* die you know."

"What is the matter with Mr. Sneider?"

"Nothing. He's just doing the ordinary dying. You see he's ninety odd years old and he has lived here all his life. Death has no surprises for such a man. In most cases the distinct line between living and dying is obliterated long before the end approaches. I have a paper that needs your signature, Mrs. Dennison. Perhaps I'd better stop and have you sign it."

Lucy wondered if this was a ruse to get into the house while her husband was away. But before she was aware of it, Mr. Braddock put the bag containing the cat, under the seat, got out, hitched his horse, with an indulgent smile, and she was compelled to accompany him to the house. As he held the parchment down with one hand on the table and pointed with a long finger of the other hand to a spot where Lucy was to write her name, he remarked with a winning complacency, "The women told me that I should have put the cat in a covered basket instead of a bag. It doesn't strike you, my dear madame, that such a trivial difference would make any change in the experiment, does it?"

Lucy looked at him with that monitorial air of reprimand that comes so easily into a woman's face.

"Did you say that your friend up the road was dying?" she asked.

"I may have mentioned it," he replied, with a new smile that seemed to indicate that dying had touched some pleasant chord of humor in him. "You have made up your mind to settle here among us, I believe."

"Isn't that question rather superfluous, Mr. Braddock, after I have signed the paper?"

"Perhaps it is—perhaps it is," said Mr. Braddock, as he waved the bond in the sunlight to dry the name. "I shall assume that you intend to, and will send you up the cat."

She watched him with staring curiosity as he went back to the buggy. In spite of

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his beaming affability, he left behind him the impression that he was laughing in his sleeve at John's experiment, and Lucy could not help feeling a sudden hatred for him. "I believe," she said, "the man is half-witted." She saw him climb into his buggy and deliberately turn round the bag containing the cat, and then take his hat off and salute her before he started the horse.

"Tilka," she said, "are there any rats in this old house?"

"Rats?" exclaimed Tilka. "I guess there are not so much rats as one, else I find him."

The girl had a large basket on one arm and a tin pail in her hand. "I think," she said, "you come to the garden with me and see what it will grow for you."

Just as they started out to find the garden, a woman in a sun-bonnet, black dress, and white apron, appeared at the stone fence and accosted them with a call. She had evidently come across the field instead of taking the road and was stopped by the breastwork.

"It's Mrs. Swarthout," said Tilka. "She make call on you, I think."

"Aire you Mrs. Dennison?" called the woman.

Lucy put her hand to her mouth, trumpet-fashion, and called back: "Yes, I am. Who are you?"

"I am Mrs. Swarthout. I came over to see about the milk."

Lucy looked at Tilka.

"It is the pay for the two quarts of milk what I have got," said the girl.

"Will you not come in, Mrs. Swarthout?" called Lucy. "We have no telephone."

"No, I thank you," Mrs. Swarthout called back. "I only came over to see about the milk. You had two quarts."

"Gracious," said Lucy. "Did we?"

There was a space of seventy-five feet intervening between the conversing women, and as Mrs. Swarthout did not intend to come any closer, Lucy must advance or continue to shout. She rather resented Mrs. Swarthout's irrational proceeding, and held her ground. Tilka had no such scruples. She dropped her basket and pail and said:

"You give me ten cent for the two quarts and I fix him."

"Is that what the woman is screaming about?" asked Lucy as she felt in her pocket.

Tilka laughed as she took the ten cents. "It is goot business, I think."

"Rather picayune business," said Lucy, as she went off toward the garden.

It thus happened that her introduction to two important personages in the little drama she was to play was rather unfortunate, and as is often the case, she utterly misinterpreted both the lawyer and the farmer's wife through her first impressions of them.

(*To be continued.*)

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TERROR.

THE STORY OF A DEER'S LIFE

By Maximilian Foster.*

Illustrated by Carl Rungius.

SPRING touched the last snow in the gullies, and through the gaps the brooks roared, leaping down the slope toward the blue reaches of the lake. Mount Morris, shrouded on the flanks with streaming vapor, loomed overhead, and on every side lay the forest, dotted in the distance with yellow clearings—islands in a wind-swept sea of greenery. Broken ridges lay at the east, and at the south and west the hills rolled down to the flat country where Bog River winds—a silent stream drifting between tangled thickets and the morass.

The brush parted and a spotted fawn looked out. Its nose—a black dot against the livelier color of its hair—wrinkled at a passing gust, and its ears pricked to and fro. Somewhere out on the lake a loon was babbling to its mate—a laughing, mindless burst of sound flung back in gossiping echo from the hills. The fawn paused, dismayed. "*Blaa-aa-a!*" it cried; and, at the call, the mother doe stood out, a timorous yellow creature, slinking through the alder thickets. She harked a moment to the lake bird's cry, and then together she and the fawn passed along the shore, their way upon the edge of the burnt ground and the black timber near the falls. Farther on were the lower sheets of the river—the brown dead-water where the first pads of the season were sprouting from the lily-roots. But at the crook of the bay, where Jenkins Brook pours down the slope, the doe flung up her head and stopped.

There was something in the wind, a faint, indefinable odor. The air-current faltered a moment and then flew about, eddying up the valley of the stream, and was gone. But still guardedly the doe went on, the fawn skipping along the trail, unmindful of all the world.

They crossed the flat and came out through a copse of birch-poles upon the river-bank. Beyond lay the big clearing, and at its farther edge the old camp on the carry. A thin wisp of smoke trailed from its chimney, and in the dusk its window

* This is the second of a remarkable series of Wild Animal stories by Mr. Foster. The first, "The Conqueror," appeared in the February issue, and the next will be "Legs" (the Coyote).

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"THE SPOTTED FAWN, HALTING AND CURIOUS, SNIFFED NOISILY, STRETCHING OUT ITS LITTLE NOSE AND WAGGING ITS EARS."

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"ONE CONVULSIVE LEAP CARRIED THE BUCK HALF-WAY TO THE SHORE."

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gleamed, staring like an eye toward the black forest. Along the ford pattered the doe, the fawn still skipping at her heels, and heaved up the bank. A breeze sighed in the tops, swirled toward her, and—bump! bump!—twice she jumped and, panting, stood still.

Somewhere was a dog. The rounding breeze had brought the scent, but from the baffling air she could not tell the direction. The spotted fawn, halting and curious, sniffed noisily, stretching out its little nose and wagging its ears like hanging chestnut leaves. Then two small white forms came tumbling out of a bush and faced them.

They were dogs, sure enough—the wind told that. But they were small, very small—mere puppies, in fact. They saw the deer and stopped suddenly, so suddenly that one of them almost turned a somersault. *Ooof!* it said in astonishment. They sat down, their tongues hanging out, each puppy with an ear cocked. With their forelegs planted far apart, they stared at the two strangers; then one bounced forward. *Ooof—oof!* he barked. Bump! bump! bump! Away went the doe and the fawn, snorting *whoo!—whoo!*—and after came the enemy. They followed, their infant voices yapping shrilly in the evening quiet; and, almost mad with terror, the deer fled, leaping the thickets, thumping and crashing through the woods. Once more they splashed across the stream, and cleared away up the slope, while the hounds nosed, still crying, along the scent till the river cut off the chase.

That was the fawn's first experience of terror. Its next was still more direful. A week had passed, and it lay under a windfall, while the doe went down for a noonday drink at the brook. It crouched in a little nest of leaves, its color merging closely into the yellow-brown covering of the forest floor; both ears were pressed flat against its neck, and but for the two big eyes, winking and bright, one might have thought it dead. A twig snapped near at hand. The fawn crouched lower, holding its breath, and with its lively eyes peeping all about. Again the brush cracked, and a man stepped out. He had a rod over one shoulder and in his hand was a string of trout. He walked on, scaled clumsily over the windfall, and was just dropping to the other side, when, with an exclamation, he clutched the tree, and hung poised. "Hello!" he cried softly. Just beneath him lay the fawn, limp and simulating death, all but its eyes, which snapped in excitement. Softly the man put aside his rod and fish, and then inch by inch slipped down till, with a sudden swoop, he fell upon the fawn.

There was no struggle; the spotted creature rested limply in his arms as though it were dead indeed. Its head hung down, its four legs trailed, and but for the beating of its heart and those two frightened orbs one might well have thought it lifeless. For a few moments the man petted the forest stray, blowing softly into its nostrils, and before long the fawn plucked up courage. It stood on its feet, the man's arm about its neck, and made no effort to get free. Presently it licked his hand, and he laughed. He blew once more into its nostrils, picked up the rod and fish, and walked on, looking backward over his shoulder. At his heels tripped the fawn. For a few steps they went along together. "Scoot!" the man cried, waving an arm. "Scoot—I don't want ye." But the fawn still followed. Then the man set down his rod and fish again, and drew a knife from his belt. Its glitter distracted the little creature, and it drew near, sniffing, its innocence manifest. With a swift gesture the man seized the fawn by the ear, crumpled the thin tissue in his hand, and with a sudden, upward stroke, slit a V half-way from the butt to the tip.

"*Blaa-aa-a!*" cried the fawn, overcome with terror and pain. It fled away along the forest, bounding right and left, and its face covered with blood, while the man, chuckling, went on his way. After that, whenever it fell upon the trail of a man in the woods it sniffed once and then bounced off, quivering, and with one ear still a sore memory of its adventure.

Midsummer came. On the ridges and in the swamp the black flies, the midges, and the harping mosquitoes grew unendurable. Then the deer took to the lakes at dawn and evening-time, and sometimes in the middle of the day. At the soft edges of the ponds they soused in the tepid water, and fed largely on the lily-pads. All were as red, almost, as the maple leaves in autumn, and fat, round-barrelled, and happy. But middle August came, and a sudden change fell upon the forest herds. The fawn, standing one day in the shallows beside the doe and a big buck, saw something come stealing like a spectre across the pond. The

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buck pricked up his ears and stared, and the thing halted, drifting as silently as a log upon the water. Again he went on feeding, and the thing moved. The fawn, hardly understanding, saw it slip forward, and once again the buck threw up his head. Then a splitting crash broke the silence, the hills cried back with a thousand voices, and a sound of thunder rolled to the sky. One convulsive leap carried the buck half-way to the shore; again the silence broke with the detonation, and down he plunged, his velvetted antlers beneath the water. Why did he fall? Why did he lie there with the shallow about him crimsoned? Rushing to the shore, the doe and fawn sped away, leaving the fallen buck behind.

The fawn had hardly recovered from this adventure, when one night it fed with the doe on the mud-flats of a distant lake. Along the bank they walked—*slosh—slosh-slosh*—sometimes pausing to nip at the floating pads. They turned the point, and out of the gloom, more silent than the forest's midnight closes, came a black, formless shadow—a spectre gliding upon the waters. The doe snorted, yet did not move, and at the sound a red eye of light flashed through the blackness, streaming across the bog and transfiguring with its powerful ray the dark edges of the woods. Palsied with fascination, the two stood quivering. A moment's silence followed, a roar burst over the quiet of the night, and the dead forest shocked with reverberating noises. Something flew by the fawn, whistling shrilly as it passed, and the doe was down, struggling. Once she *blaa-aated* despairingly to the fawn, and the agonized creature, understanding the alarm, raced to the shore. But the doe did not follow, and, halting once to look back, the little thing saw the jack-light turned upon the inert form, motionless forever. Peace then passed out of its heart, and, like the other deer, it became a hunted, harried creature. It fled far back among the hills, leaving the ponds and the destroyer upon them, and alone, shy, ever on the lookout, began its life anew.

But even here its peace was broken. One day, just after the dawn, a thin, piping cry came trailing toward it over the ridges. *Ooo-ooo-o! Wooo-oo-oof-oof—oof-ooo!* It listened, its heart beating madly. A dog—yes! The cry drew nearer—dog music, but in the ear of the fawn a terror-striking clarion, a wild and awful clamor. Remembering its early experience, it sped away toward the lake, the long-drawn howl closing nearer. Panting in horror, it reached the water, and had no sooner set out swimming to the other shore than a boat put off after it. Mad with its fears, it pushed on, half leaping from the water with every stroke. But the chase was short; a hand reached out and seized it by the tail, and with one violent struggle it fell back, waiting dumbly for the stroke of the killer.

"Bless me," said a voice, "ef it ain't the fawn I slit along ago las' spring. Shoo! Git out, there!"

A paddle slatted the fawn upon the back, it was headed toward the point, and, scrambling weakly ashore, darted through the woods.

Time came at last when the woods no longer sounded with the rifle's crack, and then fell the snows. Day by day they grew deeper, and the herds, stayed in their wandering, grouped on the slopes of the mountain or sought the hollows at the foot. Their summer coat had changed to blue, a thick, storm-defying pelage. As the drifts grew higher the bucks and does drew together in small bands, and trod down paths, breaking out new ground as the browse grew thinner. Each was stained on the flanks by the riotous weather; their ribs flattened out; their hair grew ragged, and they were a disorderly crew before spring set in on the lowlands. But as the sun

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grew warmer, as the sprigs of green showed on the southern slopes, a nimble sprightliness infected the deer, and they broke their winter yard, leaping in sport and playing about the mountain. Thus the spring and summer passed, and the fawn had lost its spotted coat. It was now a yearling buck —a lithe, graceful creature, yet ever affected by its terrors.

With the beginning of autumn his fancy fell upon a doe, a stray from the big timber across the lake. He played before it, his gallantries vigorous and sometimes rough, and the doe fled. But the spike-horn followed, nosing along the trail till, with a sudden clatter of hoofs, another buck rushed from the thicket and confronted him.

"*Whooo-oo!*" said the spike-horn, startled. But the other gave him no time to ponder. His neck was big and bristling, and the veins, swollen with blood, had discolored his eye. Without ado he fell upon this younger rival, jabbed him unmercifully in the flanks, and drove him clattering through the forest. The yearling was dismayed. Heretofore he had looked only on man and dog as perils; but now one of his own kind had arisen, mad and battling, and had well-nigh slain him. Sore and spent, he toiled once more into the hills, and here he learned another lesson.

In the swamp at the foot of the valley was a herd of does, hiding from the gallantries of the bucks. The yearling went among them and was suffered to stay. But he had hardly come when again he heard the direful cry of a hound, making music on the trail. Together with the herd he ran, and presently saw one of the does, hampered by her fawn, fall back behind. He stopped an instant to listen to the dog; once more the wild clamor of the beast resounded in the forest, and then he knew the chase had set upon him and the following doe. She was breasting through the bushes, the fawn at her heels, but she had no sooner

"FLATTING HIS HORNS ON HIS SHOULDERS, AND CREEPING, FERRET-LIKE, UNDER WINDFALLS."

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caught up to him than she leaped aside. Bewildered, he followed, and again she turned. Again and again she tried this tactic, till more confused than ever he kept on his way. Much ground had been lost; the hound was drawing nearer. He heard another voice strike in—there were two hounds—they were on his track. In a flash he understood the doe's antics. She had deliberately cast him in the trail, desperate in the effort to save herself and her young. A wild fury seized him. He turned to battle with the dogs, and stamping the fallen leaves, he raised the hair on his neck, his eyes red and baleful. Nearer grew the baying, a tempestuous, awe-inspiring riot of noise. He looked along the forest aisles and saw them, the first hounds he had seen since that day when the two puppies had pursued him across the lower stretch of Bog River. One look convinced him. They were the same dogs—big at the shoulder, with drooping ears, and jaws dripping with eagerness. They sighted the waiting deer, and their voices broke into a shrill, maddening clamor. He paused an instant, overcome, and then, his courage failing, whirled about, and blindly striking through the brush, fled away to the distant shore of Little Tupper.

He had learned at last the one, masterful, selfish lesson of the wilds—the necessity of self-preservation. And in that moment he was changed. All the innocence of the fawn departed, shed like a winter coat in spring. Crafty, sly, and brutally selfish, he took his place among the herds, fought for his own from buck and doe alike, and in the face of peril became a slinking coward. Again, when he heard the dogs upon his trail, he circled the mountain till he found another deer, and running along the trail a piece, leaped off sideways, leaving the dog to pick up the scent. But when the scent was breast-high and the hound followed, however he dodged, he had another trick. He would play on before the chase till he found a stray herd of deer, and dashing between them, would mix his own track in a confusing puzzle among theirs. He rarely took to water, for experience had taught him that death lay around the ponds, and that no deer could tell when or where a boat was lurking at the shore, ready to set out in pursuit.

Encompassed by all these dangers, he spent his years about the mountain. His antlers grew, and he was strong and vigorous. He could play on for hours before any living hounds, and when he had tired of their attentions, he swung them off upon the trail of others. There were two hounds, however, that he tried no tricks upon—hounds that hunted in a couple. He dimly suspected that they were his friends of old, the two from the clearing at the head of the lake. Whenever he heard them ranging through the forest, hot on the scent, he sped away, swimming every brook and lake within reach till he had shaken them from his trail. His terrors multiplied whenever they were abroad.

One autumn found him with heavy, branching horns, and a renewed desire for a mate. So he tracked through the forest, pursuing the elusive does that fled before. He had crossed down near the head of Horseshoe Pond, and was climbing a bank, when his feet struck against an upright band—an iron railroad-track. He turned aside, and in the open right-of-way found the travelling good. So he kept along in the darkness, and had just turned the bend above the outlet when far away he saw a light, and heard the ground click and tremble beneath his feet. Amazed, he stood and watched, waiting. At direful speed the

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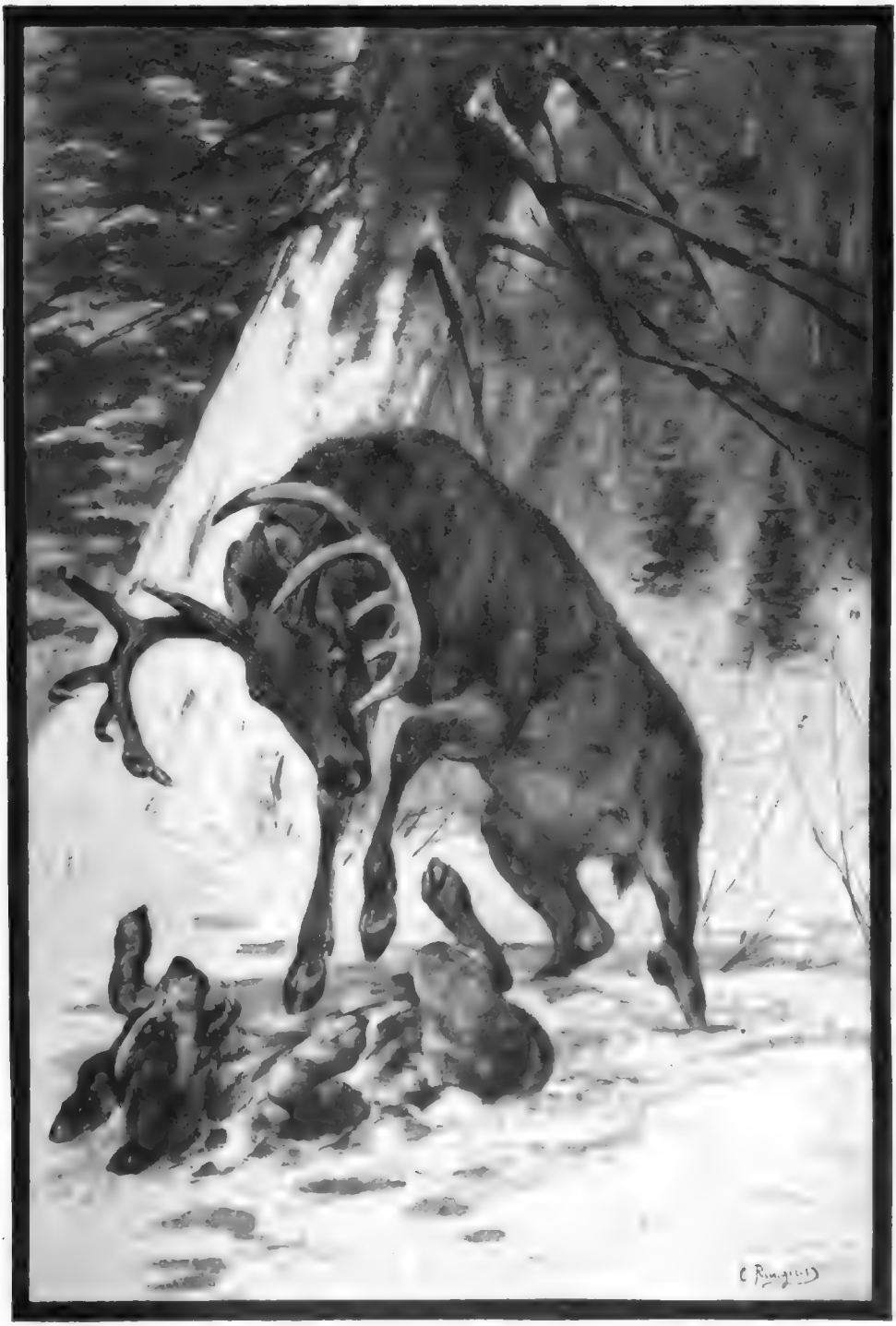

"LIFTED BOTH FOREFEET TOGETHER, AND WITH A POWERFUL, SWEEPING STROKE, BEAT IT DOWN."

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round orb neared him. It flashed in his eyes, a bewildering planet. A roaring noise as of a great wind was in his ears, and then the night screamed with a terrifying sound —*hoo—hoo-hoot-hooo!* He wheeled about and fled; he heard the woods din again with the brazen noise, and linked along, racing madly, though ever falling nearer to the monster rushing up behind.

It was almost on him when he leaped aside, and turned, prepared to fight, to die in a corner. But the thing, clouded in white vapor, thundered past, blinding lights flashing before his eyes. When it had gone in a last flurry of dust, he sped away—*whoo! whoo!*—snorting in mad terror. Days after this he clung to a thicket, and each day, at certain hours, heard the dreadful thing rush by, hooting in the distance.

He found his mate at length, winning her after a battle with another buck. The beaten deer was smaller, a weakling before him. The buck, lurking along the Mud Pond trail, saw the pair coming, and like a whirlwind burst upon his chosen rival. They struck together, their horns locked, the spikes of the younger but a feeble weapon to his own. With a sudden heave he turned the spike-horn buck aside, and gored him cruelly in the shoulder; then unmercifully goading, prodding with all his strength, drove him down the slope.

In the spring there was another fawn, his own. He suffered it to follow him and the doe about, but that was the end of his care or affection. When the fawn was weaned, and the doe sought out tender sprigs for its browse, when she found a tender mushroom or a lily-pad more delectable than the others, she drew the fawn toward her. But often the buck, shouldering them both aside, snapped up the dainty, and at times even fought them away from it. Once, while they were together, a hound sounded upon the trail, and instead of flying with his mate, the buck rushed around, mixing up the trails, and then sped away, leaving them to their own defence. They escaped the hound, took to a pond, and were overtaken by a waiting boat. But the doe was in poor condition, the fawn was tabooed by the law, and the waiting hunter let them go. Late at night they found the buck on the upper ranges, idly feeding and quite unconcerned.

Before long the mating time came anew. The buck's antlers hardened sharply, the dead velvet tearing to the butts and hanging in a fringe along his face. During the day he beat his horns upon the bushes, his neck puffing, while his eye grew bloodshot and dusky. For a time the doe stood his crowding, but at last, when he took to harrying the fawn about, she fled, the little creature at her heels. The buck followed, and the mad chase went swinging around the mountain, deep through the heart of the thickest swamp, across the big blowdowns where the trees, in hapless confusion, lay plaited like osiers on the ground. Furiously he made after her, and for days they kept it up, the doe fleeing at every opportunity. Then she subsided weakly; and roughly, more brutally than ever, he drove her on before him.

When the snows came, the buck found a new peril. He was resting one noon behind a windfall when a stray breeze brought him to his feet at a bound. Along the intervale a man was coming—creeping upon the track, cautiously studying the thickets ahead and at the sides. Quietly the buck arose, keeping the fawn and doe between him and the implacable foe who stole so softly forward. But the man saw him, halted with a gesture abrupt and excited, and at that the buck leaped the windfall and was gone, snorting in alarm. A moment later the woods were rent with the thunders of a gun, and a bullet wheened past his ears. But he was unharmed, and halting a moment, overmastered by curiosity, he saw the doe and fawn racing after him, and the man again trying vainly for a shot. After this the buck sought out the deepest tangles for his noonday rest, and the chaos of thicket and fallen timber through which he climbed and crawled to his repose baffled even his most persistent foes. He had a way of flatting his horns on his shoulders, and creeping, ferret-like, under windfalls that a man could hardly pass. Then when an enemy took up his trail, he could hear him afar, cracking and thrashing through the tangle long before he came into view.

These perils hardly sweetened, at the best, his sullen, burly ways. He shouldered the doe and fawn unmercifully till the snows deepened, and then he subsided. But his greediness did not fail, and the fawn had need to be quick to keep a dainty from this conscienceless, selfish bully.

They joined the gathering herds, and with six other deer yarded on a slope above the

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CAUGHT IN A THICKET.

flats. The buck, strong and able, trod out paths through the deepest drifts. When the other deer pressed in after him, he remorselessly drove them away, and left them to their own devices, to break through the drifts if they could. Also, when the bleak winds screamed down the mountain from the north, he chose the spot most sheltered, unmindful of the trembling fawn that lay where it might. He was the bully—he ruled, and he knew it.

A heavy storm swept over the forest, sifting a new layer of snow upon the frozen world. After it, the sun peeped out, it grew warmer, and there was a new gurgle and clinking in the ice-armored brooks. Listlessly the deer shuffled up and down the yard, but the warmth had hardly stirred them when the wind lifted anew, blowing with a savage bitterness from the north. At dawn the snow had crusted, and when the big buck tried to tread down new paths, he cut himself unmercifully about the hoofs. With lolling tongue he was looking out along the forest, debating, when a wild cry—a sharp, querulous howling—lifted above the murmuring of the wind among the trees. *Oof—ooo-oooo! Wooo—oof—ooo!*

It was a dog. He drew himself together with a shock. Nearer came the sound. With wild eyes he looked along his trail. The dog was in the yard. It was coming! Turning on his heel, he fled, and at the instant the voice of another hound was added to the clamor. Then he knew. His old enemies had returned.

The buck shot down the open path, starting the other deer. He dashed among them, pushing right and left, agonized in the effort to escape, yet still intent to lose his track among theirs. But at that instant a hound appeared in front; there was a wild babel of dreadful sounds. He saw the dog spring upon the fawn. It fell, struggled madly, and then the hound worried it upon the ground.

Frenzied, the buck turned aside. The dog was in his path, and one stroke of his sharpened hoof would have slain the creature at its work. But his own precious life was at risk. He fled, and, unconscious of the cutting crust, crashed through the forest. Bump—crash—bump—bump! In mad terror he raced along. Once he heard the fawn blat piteously, and the cry quickened him. But he had hardly reached the crest of the slope, when again he heard a hound give tongue. He was pursued. He saw the hound leap from the last path in the yard and come racing after him, sometimes galloping along the crust, and again breaking through. The buck was almost spent; the hound drew nearer, its tongue hanging from its red and dripping jaws. At every

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step it gave tongue till the forest was filled with the sound.

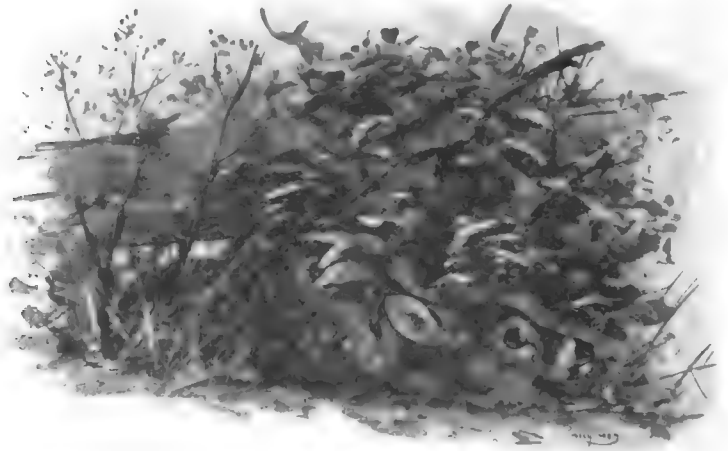
The buck could go no farther. He turned, his neck ruffled, a red, ugly gleam in his eyes. He was cornered, driven to his last stride, and must fight. *Boo-ooof!* roared the hound. It sprang at his throat, but the treacherous crust gave way, and there it lay at the feet of the buck, wallowing and defenceless.

For an instant there was silence. The dog, bewildered, lay there, the buck looming above it. Then the deer lifted both forefeet together, and with a powerful, sweeping stroke, beat it down. Again and again he struck, furious. The snow grew red beneath his hoofs, and silently he kept on—a wild, remorseless destroyer. Before long the huddled bundle of fur beneath his feet neither moved nor made sound, yet still he kept on. He saw nothing, heard nothing. Fury possessed him.

A man appeared in the brush. He held a striving hound in leash—the mate of the one lying dead in the snow. At sight of the stamping buck the man shouted, while his dog made strenuous efforts to break away. "Down there!" cried the man, beating the creature about the head, but its efforts only grew more frantic. It whined, trembling with eagerness, and then bayed hoarsely.

At the note the buck halted an instant, staring about, his awful fear renewed. He saw the hound break from the leash and spring toward him. Then, wheeling, he fled away again.

His only chance was to regain the yard, to find the tracks of the other deer, and to turn the dog upon their trail. But as he circled down the slope, the inexorable creature at his heels gaining at every bound, he felt his strength deserting. He plunged on, his tongue out and his eyes wavering. He reached the yard and raced along the path. At the turn he almost fell upon the fawn's inert body. Recoiling in horror, he turned down another path. It ended against a wall of snow, and the dog was close at his heels. There was no retreat. He leaped again upon the crust, and wallowed into a nearby path. Down this he raced, and again it led to the fawn. He tried another path, yet still could not shake the hound from his heels nor find where the other deer had left the yard. Once more he tried and failed—and the hound had him by the throat. Blindly he struggled, striking out with both feet. One crushing stroke fell upon the dog; it gave a long-drawn howl and fell before him. Again he fell upon the enemy, striking and slashing with his sharp forefeet, and as he stood crushing it beneath him, a rifle cracked in the woods. Then he died.



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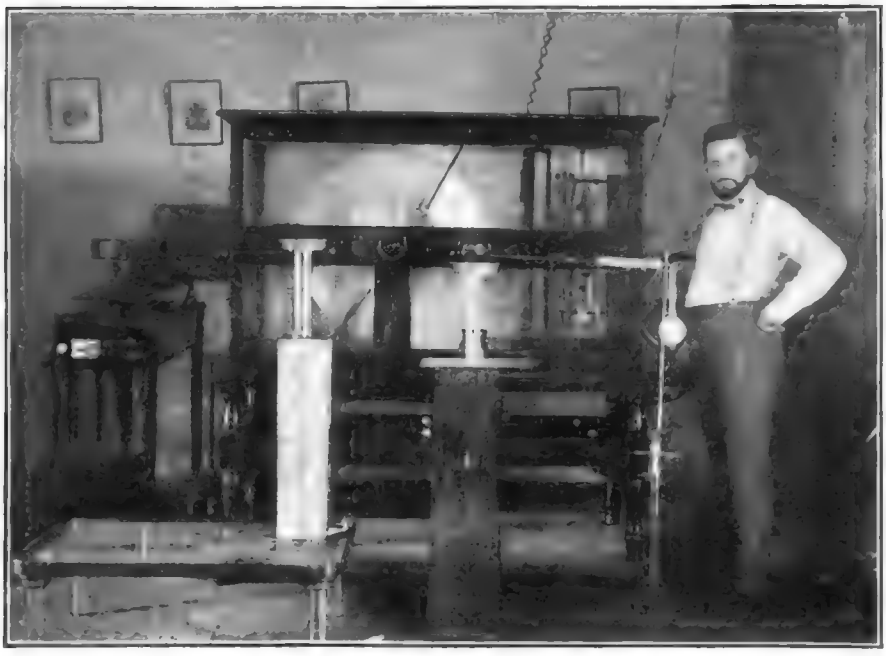
ELMER GATES AT WORK IN HIS LABORATORY AT CHEVY CHASE.



MAKING RAIN BY ELECTRICITY.

THE REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES OF ELMER GATES—HOW SHOWERS AND THUNDERSTORMS ARE MADE IN THE LABORATORY—A NOTABLE ADVANCE PROMISED IN PREDICTING WEATHER CHANGES.

By Clifford Howard.

ELMER GATES, of Washington, D. C., has recently made experiments that go a long way toward solving the riddle of the weather. In his laboratory at Chevy Chase, a suburb of the National Capital, he lays bare many of the phases of this long-cherished secret of nature and answers the problem that for ages has been a mystery to mankind: What is the cause of the weather?

His answer is *Electricity!* And with this subtle and all-powerful force at his command, he produces at will in his laboratory all of the various manifestations of weather—high and low barometer, dryness, moisture, rain, lightning, water-spouts, etc.—and makes clear the methods by which nature accomplishes her work; revealing thereby the marvellous fact that the human race owes its very existence to electricity as the vital source of all weather conditions; the producer of the rain and the sunshine and the changes of temperature upon which the life of the world depends.

One of the most striking features of his demonstrations is their simplicity. Suspending a large fluffy ball of cotton from the ceiling by means of a dry silk thread, he charges it with electricity from a powerful electric machine. As he does so the ball grows perceptibly larger, the electricity causing the fibres of the cotton to repel one another.

In this simple and familiar experiment, explains Gates, we have a demonstration of the cause of low barometer, the sign of bad weather.

You look incredulous. What has a ball of cotton to do with the weather?

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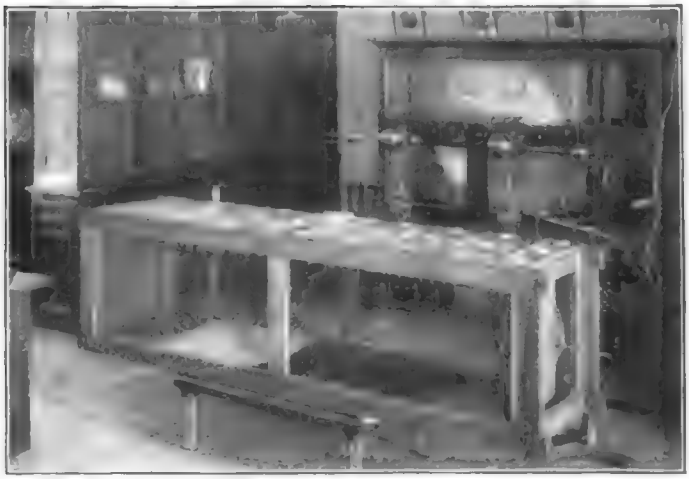


GLASS BOX USED TO DEMONSTRATE THAT MOISTURE FLOWS FROM THE POSITIVE TO THE NEGATIVE POLE.

Simply this: It shows that when an expansible body is electrified it spreads out and becomes less dense. Now, that is precisely what takes place when a quantity of air is charged with electricity. It becomes lighter, its pressure is reduced; and this is directly proved by placing an open bulb in the centre of the cotton ball and collecting the electrified air, which, upon measurement, is found to be appreciably lighter than the surrounding air of the room. When, therefore, a mass of air over any particular region of the world becomes charged with atmospheric electricity its density is diminished, its pressure grows less, and the result is that the barometer goes down.

But how about a high barometer? Does electricity cause good weather as well as bad?

For answer Mr. Gates suspends a second cotton ball about two feet from the first. In a short time you will notice the two balls approaching one another through electric attraction, and as they come nearer together you will see that each of them is growing smaller.

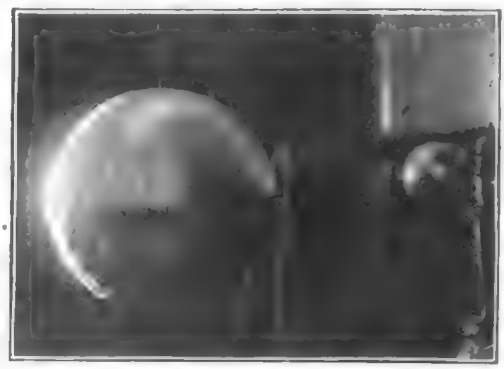
Here you have a phenomenon exactly the reverse of the other; and applied to the weather it demonstrates that when two masses of air of opposite electricity approach one another they become denser, there is an increase of atmospheric pressure, and consequently the barometer goes up.

But what is of special importance is the fact that when one mass of air becomes electrified it is bound sooner or later to induce an opposite charge in some neighboring mass of air, just as the first cotton ball did with the second, in accordance with well-known principles of electricity, and the result is that they are then mutually drawn toward one another, increasing in density as they do so. Thus "lows" and "highs" follow one another as a natural sequence; bad weather being in reality the cause of the good weather that follows; and so the merry-go-round of storm and sunshine goes on forever.

Now, if electricity is the cause of changes in the density of the atmosphere, why not make daily observations of the electric conditions of the air and thus be able to predict when and where high and low barometer will occur?

Gates sees no reason why this should not be done. Nowadays the Weather Bureau is obliged to wait until the changes in the barometer actually occur before the official predictions can be made. According to the proposed method, forecasts could be prepared days in advance; and Gates is now at work, during his spare time, devising an instrument to be used in making meteorological observations at great heights.

It is a machine that propels itself through the air and returns safely with the self-



APPARATUS USED TO DEMONSTRATE ELECTRICAL EFFECT OF THE SUN UPON THE EARTH.

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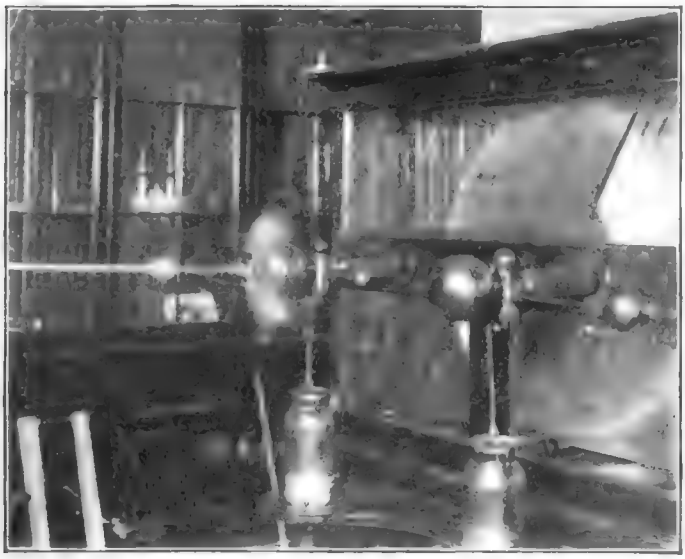
recording instruments that it carries with it. It has already ascended to a height of nine miles, and its inventor expects it to reach even greater altitudes; thus enabling him to explore regions of the air that heretofore have been inaccessible.

In the large electrical room of his laboratory he opens two windows, eight feet apart, on the south side of the room. By means of an electric fan placed at one of the north windows the air is driven out of the room, so that the only air entering it shall be that which comes from the outside through the two open windows. The two currents of air are made visible by placing a pan of smoking substance on each window sill. One of the currents is charged now with negative electricity and the other with positive from the electrical machine, and the phenomenon shown in the cotton balls is here repeated as in nature; the two masses of air approacning one another and mingling together almost as soon as they enter the room.



SMOKE GOES DIRECT TO NEGATIVE KNOB OF MACHINE AS SOON AS ELECTRICITY IS GENERATED.

But now follows the most astonishing part of the experiment. The day chosen for it is one on which the atmosphere contains a large amount of moisture. Now, when the two currents of air mingle after entering the windows you will notice a slight mist forming where they meet, and in a short time you will see that the floor beneath is wet. In other words, it is raining! —raining in the laboratory, while the weather outside is bright and clear.

If the two currents of air are not electrified they do not mingle until they cross the room, and there is no sign whatsoever of rain, mist, or moisture.

It is evident, therefore, that the formation of rain is due to electricity, and what has taken place here before you in the laboratory is a reproduction in miniature of what takes place in nature. It is the coming together of electrified masses of moisture-laden air that gives us our showers and our rains.

And when these masses of air or clouds are very heavily charged with electricity we have also thunder and lightning and other stormy conditions, as may be seen by watching the action of the two cotton balls. If they are highly charged they will spring together with a spark and a snap; then separate and come together again, if the charge is still maintained; keeping it up until the electricity has spent itself and equilibrium is restored.

While explaining these facts, Gates injects a quantity of black smoke into one of the cotton balls and charges the ball with electricity from the positive pole of his machine. No sooner is this done than the smoke comes out of the ball and proceeds in a straight line to the other ball.

Before explaining the significance of this phenomenon, he lights a piece of camphor gum, and, placing it four or five feet away from the electric machine, the smoke from the burning camphor goes straight to the negative pole of the machine.

In these experiments, he tells you, we have a visible demonstration of the fact that electricity is capable of transporting material substance. In each of these experiments it carries smoke a distance of several feet through the air, from the positive to the negative pole. And herein lies an ex-

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planation of the manner in which electricity carries moisture from one place to another.

In one end of a glass box about eight feet long, he places a quantity of air heavily charged with moisture, while the other end is supplied with very dry air; the two compartments being separated by a partition of thin and very porous paper. When left undisturbed it requires several hours for the moisture to diffuse itself through the box. But note what happens when the end containing the dry air is connected with the negative pole of the electric machine and the moist air is charged from the positive pole. Inside of a few minutes the moisture will be found to have gone over to the opposite end of the box!

"Now let me show you a still more practical application of this phenomenon;" and as he speaks Gates brings forward a small box of growing plants. "The earth I put into this box was perfectly dry; so dry that the seeds I planted would not sprout. I placed it here, in this large room, and gave the seeds no water or moisture whatsoever, and the result was that they did not come up. At the expiration of a couple of weeks I connected the box with the negative pole of the electric machine and charged the air of the room with positive electricity. What was the result? The earth in the box became moist and the seeds sprouted within the next two or three days.

"The experiments I have made with this phase of the subject all go to prove that moisture flows from the positive to the negative pole; and by means of a crucial experiment of great importance I have found that water evaporates more quickly when charged with positive electricity."

These particular discoveries of Gates solve a problem that has long been a puzzle to weather observers, who have noted that very frequently more rain will fall in a given region than could possibly be contained in the clouds within the rain area. But, as just said, these experiments of Gates clear up the mystery. They show that moisture may be carried from one region to another; so that while it is raining in one place large quantities of vapor may be flowing to that particular locality from surrounding regions where the weather is clear. With nature's tremendous forces in operation this transportation of vapor from one place to another may ofttimes involve distances of hundreds of miles and rates of speed far in excess of moving clouds or wind.

"Perhaps you know," continues the scientist, "that a current of air is continually streaming from any sharp point charged with electricity. Now, it is not

SMOKE FROM BURNING CAMPHOR, ON END OF GLASS TUBE, ASCENDS WHEN ELECTRIC MACHINE IS NOT IN OPERATION.

carrying the deduction too far to suppose that under similar but vastly more powerful charges of the earth's surface, currents of air may be carried from sharp peaks or points upward into the higher strata of the atmosphere; and likewise, when such a discharge takes place downward, it may carry a current from higher to lower regions, thus producing cyclones, whirlwinds, water spouts, and other phenomena of the same kind, due to the meeting and twisting of opposite currents. Let me show you an artificial water spout produced on this principle."

He secures a saucer of water and connects the bottom of it with one of the poles of the electric machine. Then taking

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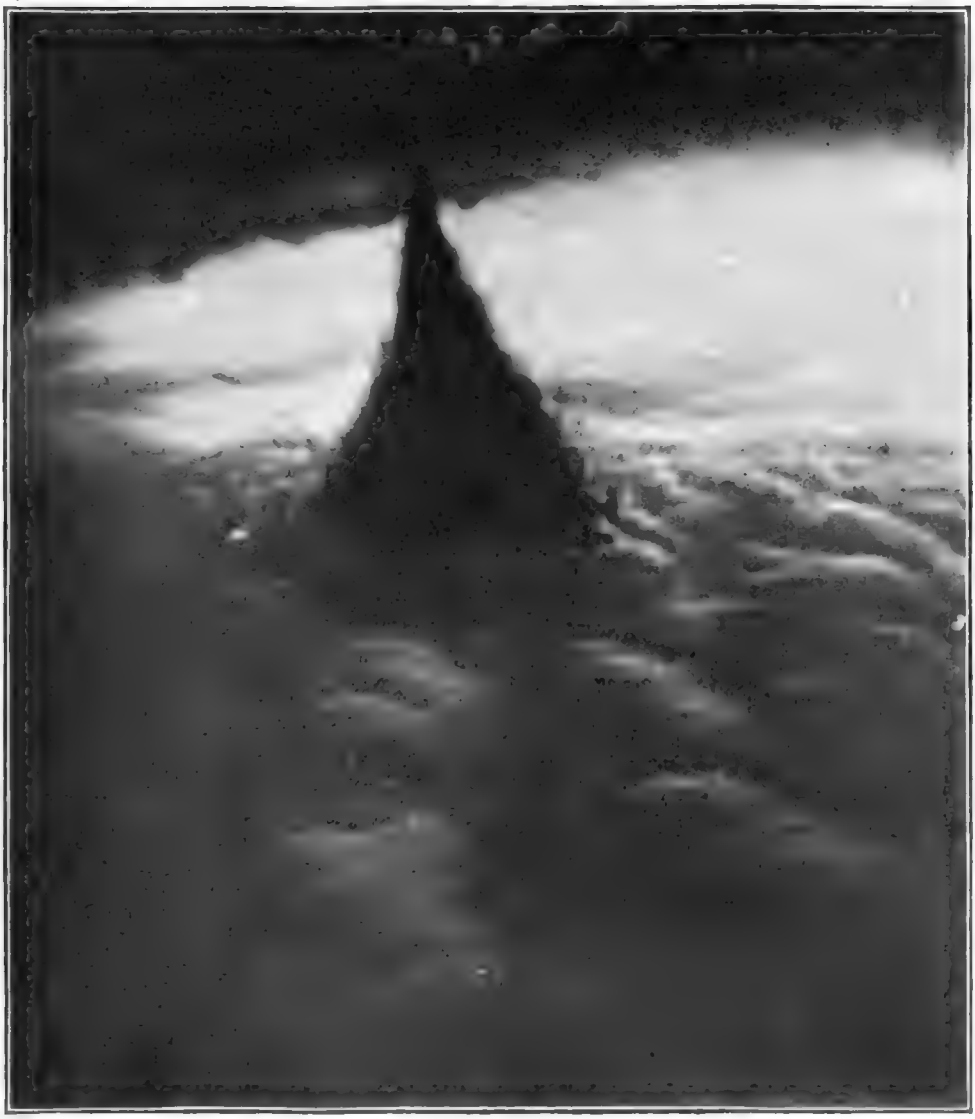

A REAL CYCLONE.

From a photograph in the possession of the United States Weather Bureau—the only one ever taken successfully.

a rod charged from the opposite pole he holds it above the surface of the water. At first the water becomes agitated; then it begins to gather and rise in the centre, and finally, as the charge is increased, it forms itself into a spout and rises bodily in the shape of a conical column and touches the rod held above it.

Whatever the phase of the weather, whatever the action of the elements, Gates's experiments prove that electricity is primarily the cause of it; that all meteorological phenomena, from the calm of a summer's day to the tempestuous storms of the equinox, are nothing more nor less than manifestations of electricity.

But where does all this electricity come from? The amount of electrical force represented in a single thunder storm or a cyclone is beyond all calculation. Then where does it come from? What is the source of this ever-present, never-ending power that produces the constant changes in the weather throughout the world, day

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after day, year after year, and age after age, without cessation and without diminution?

The answer is a startling one. It opens the way to the borderland of one of the great mysteries of our solar system. It brings you face to face with possibilities of stupendous import. It is nothing more nor less than that the earth is a gigantic electric-producing machine. Our world, in common with the sun and the other planets, is not only a vast generator of electricity, but is also kept in motion and controlled by electrical forces.

INSTRUMENT TO DEMONSTRATE CAUSE OF EARTH'S ROTATION ON ITS AXIS.

When the arm, to which is attached a movable metal disk, is revolved on its pivot in front of the large bar, the disk rotates on its axis at the same time, if the large bar is magnetized. But if the electricity is cut off, so that this bar is non-magnetic, the disk remains stationary while revolving around the bar on the end of the arm.

"I prove by experiment," says Gates, in explanation of this wonderful phase of his discoveries, "that when an insulated body is revolved before a magnet it produces electricity upon itself. Now, the earth is an insulated body and revolves in an intense magnetic field produced by the sun, the great central magnet of our solar system. The earth is insulated because the air that envelops it is a nonconductor, and for that reason the electricity generated by the revolution of the earth is not thrown off, but is retained and manifests itself in what we call the weather."

"And you say that the rotation of the earth on its axis is an electrical phenomenon also?"

"Yes; such a conclusion is rendered probable by my experiments. Not only the rotation on its axis, but its revolution, too, about the sun is the result of electricity or electro-magnetic action. We know that the sun rotates on its axis. Now, I find by experiment that when a magnet rotates it causes magnetic bodies within its influence to revolve about it. The nearer they are to the magnet the faster they revolve, and this is precisely what we observe in the case of the planets. And I have also discovered that a sphere revolving about a magnet turns on its axis. This is due to the fact that the side nearest the magnet is slightly retarded by the effect of the attraction, and this causes the globe to rotate while moving in its orbit around the magnet. So we see that the sun by its own motion causes the earth to revolve about it and that this in turn produces the rotation of the earth on its axis, which gives us our atmospheric electricity."

"Then meteorology and astronomy are closely related?"

"Certainly. You cannot separate the one from the other. It is quite probable that astronomical observations and calculations will soon constitute one of the factors of weather forecasts. We already know that the positions and the motions of the earth have a general effect upon the weather, as in the changes of day and night and the different seasons; but we will be able to go farther and make more definite predictions, based upon the state of the earth's electricity, which is subject to modifications through a number of astronomical causes. Let me give you an illustration of how another planet, for example, may affect the electrical conditions of our sphere."

He takes a large paper globe, insulated with shellac, and suspends it by a silk thread in the vicinity of a powerfully charged positive pole of the electric machine. The knob of the machine represents the sun, and the paper globe the earth. By induction the earth becomes charged with negative electricity, and the amount of it is measured. Then, between the earth and the sun is placed a planet in the form of another paper globe. The effect of this is a perceptible increase in the electricity of the earth. If the planet is now moved to the opposite side of the earth, away from the sun, the earth's electrical charge diminishes.

By this curious and significant phenomenon you have an indication of how the planets in their relative positions toward the earth may affect its electrical conditions,

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and how by careful observations it may be possible to definitely determine these conditions and their results.

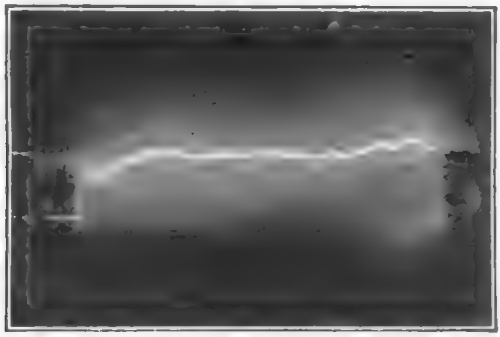
Gates has planned and expects soon to make an instrument to measure and record atmospheric electricity. This, in conjunction with the machine already alluded to, and in conjunction with the knowledge he has gained for the world in these remarkable discoveries of his, is destined to revolutionize the study of meteorology and make it possible to predict the weather upon scientific principles as true and as certain as those that now guide the astronomer in his calculations. So that before long we may have official forecasts of the weather for many days in advance, and forecasts that may be relied upon with far more certainty than those which Uncle Sam gives us from day to day under the present system.

Strange as it may seem, Gates has not undertaken these investigations because of any special wish to unravel a mystery that has been bothering the human race since the days of Noah, nor because of a desire to add to his reputation, but merely for the purpose of studying the mental processes by which scientific discoveries are made.

Gates is preëminently a psychologist. His life work is devoted to a study of mind, and his laboratory at Chevy Chase is large and thoroughly equipped for his own special lines of research. It consists of a number of buildings fitted up with all that pertains to the practical investigation of science, and here, with a corps of assistants and employees, he pursues his studies and experiments in a domain of investigation that will ultimately embrace all branches of knowledge.

Though he is only a little over forty years of age, he already has to his credit a long list of valuable inventions, as well as a number of scientific discoveries. All of these are the result of experimental researches made for the purpose of determining the conditions under which the mind works out the problems of invention and discovery. This is done in order to learn how the mind may best be trained to accomplish such results. He is never as much interested in the discovery or the invention itself as he is in the intellectual and subconscious processes by which it is produced.

At the same time it is his intention to eventually establish various scientific departments in his laboratory for the purpose of carrying out to practical application the discoveries resulting from his investigations. The nucleus for a meteorological department is already established, consisting of the apparatus and appliances used in his experiments and of a large collection of rare and valuable books on meteorology, donated by the late Professor Henry A. Hazen, of the United States Weather Bureau, who took a very active and enthusiastic interest in Gates's investigations of the subject and was the first to recognize and declare the importance of the discoveries that these investigations have produced.



A LABORATORY FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

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THE VOICE OF SLANG.

By William J. Lampton.

Permit me to present myself:
I am Slang,
The so-called inelegant and unauthorized
Expression of current concepts,
Low in origin,
But high in popularity,
And my pertinence
Precludes the possibility
Of punitive proscription,
As my prevalence
Prevents prohibition.
In less elaborate language,
I am a superior substantiality;
Exert your powers of propulsion
Upon my progress.
I do not emanate
From the well of English
Pure and undefiled,
Because it is my mission
To remain in that
Glossologic reservoir
And keep its waters
Thoroughly agitated;
And I accomplish my purpose
To the gustatory admiration
Of the feminine sovereign.
Possibly I may be lacking
In Addisonian elegance,
But I arrive at destination
With identical simultaneousness,
Which is the object of my presence;
While for ordinary colloquial ends,
I may say, without fear
Of successful contradiction,
That I am
A feathered denizen of the forest.
I am the universal tongue,
For I am in everybody's mouth,
And the individual
Who does not know Slang
Argues himself unknown.
I live in the lines of the novel,
I glisten in poesy,
And the columns of daily papers
Are brilliant by reason of me;
The lips of the maid and the matron
I may kiss whenever I please,
And the dignified doctor and lawyer
Embrace me with lover-like ease;
The high and the low are my subjects,
The cultured and vulgar are mine,
And the students of every known college
Accept me as something divine;
In other words,
I am in the propulsion,
And if you recognize
An estimable entity
When it falls within
The angle of vision,
You will be exigent
In placing yourself
In juxtaposition to me.
As a decorator of diction
I am the only geologic formation
On the sandy margin
Of the sea;
And, if I do not possess
The terrestrial sphere,
I compel it to speak my language.
Homer and Virgil and Milton
Were not dilatory,
But I am conscious
Of my conversation
When I say
If the Iliad and the Æneid
And Paradise Lost
Had been written according
To my style,
They would have been beyond
The horizon of ocular demonstration,
And don't you let
The waters of Lethe
Obliterate it.
However, if I continue
To aërate my personality
With calefied atmosphere,
You may infer that
I am agglutinated on myself,
So I will merely add
That I am the Neuter Pronoun
Of modern expression
And permit it to proceed
With that understanding.
See?
Are you on?
Do you tumble?
What are you going to do about it?

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BULDY JONES, *Chef de Claque.*

By Frank Norris,
Author of "The Octopus," "McTeague," etc.

Illustrated by Penrhyn Stanlaws.

THE first time I saw Juliana was in the Gardens of the *Palais Royale*, while the band of the *Garde Nationale* was playing a *potpourri* of "La Favorita," the work to be performed that same evening at the Grand Opera House.

"Pipe her off!" says Horse Wilson. "Quick! There she goes with Buldy Jones. Mind your eye. That's her, Juliana."

"Juliana?"

"'Member about her?"

As I was still a *nouveau* in the *atelier* Julien, I had not yet learned the traditions and legends of the place, so The Horse explained. (He was a colonial Englishman from Australia, a man with no education, but a wonderful colorist.)

"Oh, I s'y," he observed. "Not know abaout Juliana! W'y you *are* jolly green. Well, here's the how of it. She's a orphan-born so you might s'y. Just turned up fit as how-do-you-do on the steps of the *atelier*—Julien's, y' know—one morning, sucking her thumb, kicking up her heels."

"Kicking——"

"H'ut! you bounder. She was a young 'un—a byeby."

"Oh, a foundling, then?"

"Aye, and the students at Julien's adopted her; called her Juliana. And ever since they have supported her. Once a month the hat goes 'round. Strike me straight, Julien's has been food an' drink, an gran'-dad an' brother an' sister an' forbears to Juliana."

"Does she pose?"

"Not in the public *ateliers*. Only to a few chaps. To Buldy Jones, of course, an' to Bismarck an' Bayard, an' once she posed to me. I did my *hors de concours* from her. Of course we're in love with her. Bismarck an' Bayard an' me. That goes without s'y-in'. But she only loves Buldy."

"Does she paint?"

"Lord love you, no. Man, she *sings*, like a bally night-in-gyle. She'll be on the styge soon. *Would* go now, but we're sitting tight, so as to make her *début* more of a whoop-an-bang affair. We're backin' her, y' see. Buldy Jones an' me an' Bayard an' Bismarck. Buldy he puts up the lucre. He's got oodles of it. And we others—well, we sort of fetch-an-carry like. We got Bertrand—y' know of him, the big *impressario*—to take her up, an' he an' Buldy air wire-workin' an' bell-hangin' an' spring-pushin' to get her on somewhere. We can make the *Châtelet* with "La Dame Blanche" without harf tryin'; but Bertrand an' Buldy want better'n that for the young 'un. He's fair dotty about her—Bertrand."

JULIANA.

And just here the God-from-the-machine, Buldy Jones, came up. He was—it is possible the affair may be remembered—the big American who fought the baseball duel with Camme. He was enormously wealthy, and a college-trained athlete, but preferred the painting of miniature Louis Quinze pictures (and he six feet two in his boots!) to private yachts or the coaching of football elevens at home in America.

"Say," he began excitedly as soon as he was within speak-

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ing radius—" say, have you heard ? We've pulled it off. Bertrand got a letter from the director last night. Juliana has just told me."

" I s'y, ol' chap," began The Horse, " *don't* tell us it's a go."

" That's *what!*" declared Buldy Jones.

" Strike! in what ?"

" ' Van Arteveldt '—the page's part."

" Oh, nifty, where ?"

" Well, Horse Wilson, where do you guess ?"

" The *Châtelet.*"

" Another shot."

" *Opéra Comique.*"

" Clean miss, m' son."

" The *Renaissance.*"

" No score."

" Buldy, it ain't, it *ain't* the Grand Opera House ?"

" *Bull's eye!*" shouted Buldy Jones.

" Oh, mee Gord!" gasped Horse Wilson, collapsing weakly upon a bench.

II.

In honor of the great event Buldy Jones gave a little dinner in his studio; and here I had the chance to get a good look at Juliana and become acquainted with her. She was not very pretty, but one forgot that after the first five minutes; indeed, would not have had her different for the prettiest face in all Paris. It goes without saying that she was smartly dressed, but neither did that count for much. Juliana was a squirrel in its wheel, a bird in its cage, a butterfly in its sunshine; she was perpetual motion—eyes, tongue, hand, wits were in one unending quiver. She effervesced, she bubbled; nimbleness that puzzled sight and sense was hers, and agility that stupefied, and delicate, swift little flashes that dazzled you and entranced you. So that in ten minutes' time I was in love with her, and I, too, became one of the band, content—no, delighted—to " fetch-and-carry " for her.

But that evening was not one of unalloyed gayety. A complication had arisen. As every one knows, there are two page's parts in " Van Arteveldt," both equally important. Juliana was cast for one of these, but Bismarck that evening brought the news that another *débutante*, a niece of one of the directors of the Opera House, was to sing the other. This *débutante's* name was Straus, mademoiselle or madame we did not know, nor whether it was Anne, or Mariette, or Angelique-Henriette-de-Rohan-de-Pompadour; just Straus, flat, crude, stubborn, Teuton Straus. There she was, Straus, a great block of stone come smash into all our hopes and delicately-woven plans and intrigues.

" Name-of-a-name!" exclaimed Bayard (the Frenchman), when Bismarck had delivered himself of this news.

" 'Ere's a rum go, for fair," cried Horse Wilson.

" Dose ting!" exclaimed Bismarck. " Say, dose ting, dey meks me soh sick bei der stomach in. Der Herr Direktor will hev der *claque* enstructud, *nicht war?* Ach sure. Und der Straus will to der roof be upplaudut, und vat we get ? Vat Juliana get ? Nodding, bei Gott!"

" What do you think, Buldy ?" said I.

" We're stuck," he observed.

" Oh, *mon p'tit* Buldy!" exclaimed Juliana, and with that began to cry.

" Is it as bad as all that ?" I asked of Bayard in French.

" Ah, I believe you," he answered in the same language. " No chance. The director will do his possible to achieve an unbelievable success for this kind of a bad canary. It is as he says, this Bismarck. The director will instruct Roubauld—that's the *chef de claque*—to *bissé* Straus and to acclaim Juliana—not at all. This Roubauld gives the note to the *claque*, the *claque* gives the note to the audience, the audience gives the note to Paris, and Paris gives the note to the world, *et puis voilà.* No chance."

" So Roubauld rather commands the situation ?"

" Roabauld," observed Bismarck, " iss der kaiser von der Frainch Ubera. He hes der bower oaf a Bersian satrap mit der resbonsipilitee oaf a veaning beby."

" Oh, he's a czar, right enough," commented Buldy Jones. " He never even appears in the Opera House. Works through his lieutenants. No one knows who *they* are. Places them in a part of the house where the *claque* can see 'em, and manages the business with a code of signals."

" As how ?"

" Well, let's say he wants only a moderate applause. He pulls his mustache, or something like that, and next day the *Figaro* says: ' The audience at the *début* of Mme.

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"'THERE SHE GOES WITH BULDY JONES.'"

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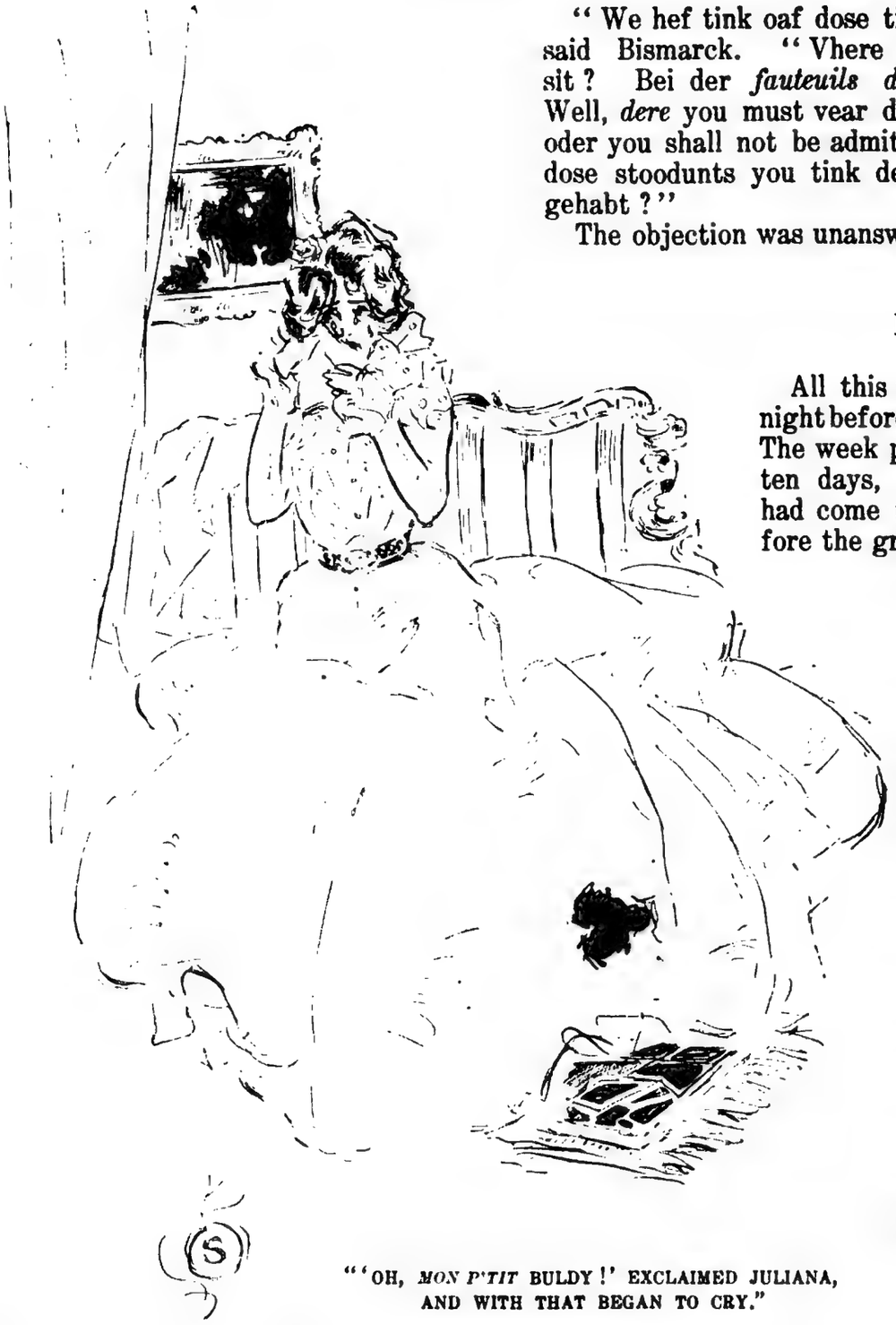

"'OH, *MON P'TIT* BULDY!' EXCLAIMED JULIANA, AND WITH THAT BEGAN TO CRY."

"We hef tink oaf dose ting long dime," said Bismarck. "Vhere dose *claqueurs* sit? Bei der *fauteuils d'orchestre*, eh? Well, *dere* you must vear der evenun dress oder you shall not be admit'. How menny dose stoodunts you tink der evenun dress gehabt?"

The objection was unanswerable.

III.

All this was only a fortnight before Juliana's *début*. The week passed, and then ten days, and at last we had come to two days before the great night. We had been able to do nothing. Horse Wilson had observed that "'ere was a proper mess," and one and all we agreed with him. Juliana had made up her mind to go through with it as best she might, and trust to luck and her own talents. Already the other *débutante* was being boomed, and when the posters came out her name was in huge letters, large even as that of Escalais, who sang the leading *rôle*, while Juliana's did not even appear at all.

On the second day before the performance Buldy Jones and I walked to St. Cloud, and took a very late luncheon at a little *café* in the town. The kismet that watched over Juliana plainly directed our steps thither, for before we had left the place we had made a most important discovery. It was luck—sheer, inconceivable, unprecedented bull luck—of the kind that takes your breath away, and as often as not so dumfounds you that you are unable to act on it.

So-and-So, "*se trouva un peu froid*" (found itself a trifle chilly).' Vigorous applause, he adjusts his opera-glasses. Enthusiasm, he uses his handkerchief. There you are. Francisque Sarcey! what does he count for—or the singer's voice? Not a bit of it. Reputations are made by the twirling of a mustache, and the world recognizes a God-given voice by a man blowing his nose."

"Why not buy Roubauld?"

"Son, I'm not rich enough."

"Well, pack the *claque*. The students——"

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BERTRAND.

But—kismet again—it was part of this wonderful luck that we had the sense to use it.

We had finished our luncheon, and were burning the sugar for our coffee, when Buldy Jones fell into conversation with the man who played the violin in a little four-piece orchestra that had been strumming and scraping in the back of the *café* for half an hour previous. I do not remember now what started their talk, nor do I remember how the subject of the *claque* at the Grand Opera House was introduced, but all at once—a bolt from the blue—I heard:

"Ah, yes, it is I who am the *sous-chef* for the week. In the daytime I perform upon the violin at this *café*, but in the evenings, hah, *autre chose*, I direct the *claque* at the Opera."

"Well, well! You don't tell me," said Buldy Jones. "Quite so; the *cuk-cuk claque*. I would very well wish, monsieur, to offer you something to drink."

We drank with the *sous-chef* of the *claque* of the Opera, and the drink was *Veuve Cliquot*. We were stupefied with admiration at the manner of his playing of the violin. We allowed him to pretend that he was quite a figure in the *beau monde*, and, ah, we assured him that in the next Franco-German war the *cuirassiers* would stable their horses in the Reichstag buildings of Berlin. He lived in the Rue du Temple, numero 20, did this indiscreet *sous-chef*; that also we found out (in case of emergency), and he would be at his post in the *café* of St. Cloud until five o'clock of the evening on which Juliana was to make her bow to the audience of the Opera. Would he not permit us to invite him to dine with us that evening? Indeed, he would be charmed. At this very *café?* As the gentlemen wished. Till Monday, then. Till Monday, *bien entendue;* and we parted from him and retired around the corner and leaned against the wall to get our bearings, and to be assured that we yet trod the stable earth.

"He's Roubauld's man," faltered Buldy Jones.

"The minion of the potentate."

"We—we—we—*got* him. We got the man who's got the *claque*."

"But, Buldy, do we *dare?*"

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Buldy, "I don't know. Oh, man, if we—we *could* suppress him—at the last moment—on Juliana's night, the *claque* won't know what to do, and Juliana will break even with Straus, and that's all we want."

IV.

We found the "band" at Julien's pottering over their

HORSE WILSON.

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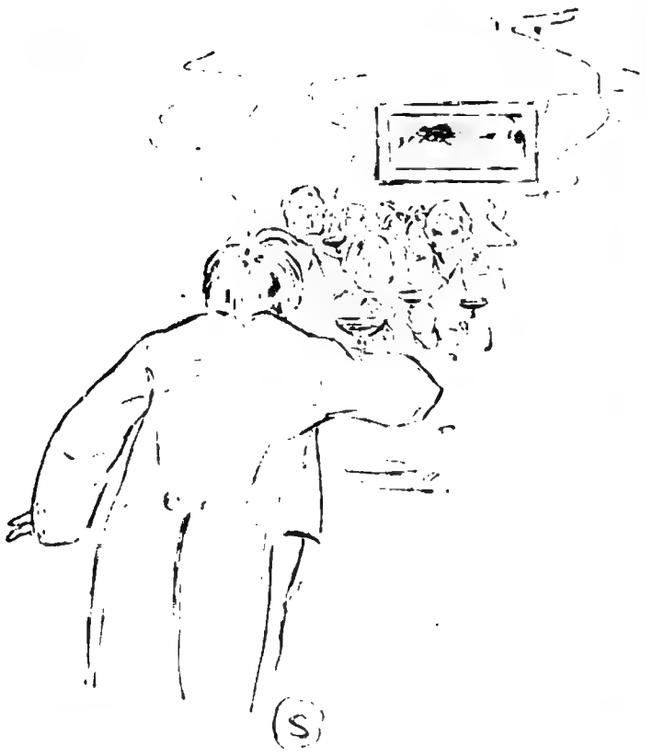

esquisses for the week, and our talk was long and vehement. We felt like a committee of insurrectionists plotting countermoves.

As a result of it all, Bismarck, Horse Wilson, Bayard, Buldy Jones, and I foregathered in the *café* at St. Cloud about four hours before the curtain went up on the first act of "Van Arteveldt." The *sous-chef* was there, and Buldy Jones began ordering a dinner that consisted chiefly of things to drink. Half-way through, Bismarck raised his champagne-glass.

"Gesundheit!" he exclaimed. "Gesundheit, Devanbez." (This was the *sous-chef's* name.) "Hier iss der goot success oaf der yunge leddy vat meks der *début* to-night, eh?"

"Ah, the mademoiselle who sings the *rôle* of the page."

"Yes," observed Buldy Jones; "we hope you will give her all the encouragement she deserves, Monsieur Devanbez."

"You may count on me, messieurs."

"Which," muttered Horse Wilson in English, "is just wat we won't do, you bally old rotter."

"Fill 'em up again," said Buldy Jones, when the toast had been drunk. "I've a better one to propose."

We filled them up and proposed "The *Claque*;" we filled them a third time, and proposed "the Opera"; we filled them a fourth time, and—standing—gave "*L'Armée Française*." It was then that Devanbez began to sing the "Marseillaise," and we shook hands furtively under the table, for we saw the beginning of the end.

When he developed oblique and scathing sarcasm in his remarks to Bismarck's, interspersed with terrible observations as to Alsace and *la revanche*, we concluded that our cause was won. It was about quarter to seven.

"Aha!" Devanbez was saying. "Wait then a little, you others, you Prussians. The lion sleeps, the lion of Belfort. When he shall awake himself"—he struck a terrific attitude—"he will in one mouthful eat you, thus." He devoured an olive—pit and all—at a gulp.

"He freezes me with terror, this man," murmured Bayard.

But Bismarck was particularly touchy on his nationality, and at this promptly remembered that he was a German.

"Pouf! paf! Dot line von Bailvoort!" he said to us derisively. "Unzer Fritz hev alretty yet long dime cut der claws of him. If dose Frainch soldier coom cross der frontier, say, I tell you vat ve do, ve Broosians, ve hev der boliceman arrest 'em."

Devanbez understanding only that he was set at naught, leaped up.

"RENTED AND DONNED FOUR ABOMINABLE DRESS SUITS.

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"What-is-that-which-it-is-what?" he vociferated. "I tell you the next time Bazaine will not betray us. Ah, no, Germany is going to have the bad quarter of an hour——"

Buldy Jones had to interfere to prevent hostilities.

We left the *café*, taking Devanbez between Buldy Jones and myself, and walked through the woods in the direction of the railway station. By that time Devanbez was no longer a factor to be considered in the affair of Juliana's *début*. His hat fell off twice. Each time Buldy Jones picked it up and clapped it upon his head.

At the station we learned that the Southern Express from Paris to Chalons was due in about five minutes. Buldy Jones bought a ticket to Chalons and return, and put twenty-five francs into the vest-pocket of Devanbez, *sous-chef de claque*. We had no more than time to complete these arrangements when the train charged into the station.

DEVANBEZ, THE *SOUS-CHEF DE CLAQUE*.

"Up with you," said Buldy to Devanbez. "The Paris train, monsieur. Here's your ticket. *Bon voyage!* Steady! Not there—you bought *first* class, don't you remember? In with you! Guard! Where's the guard? Here, this man, our friend, is to get down at Chalons, understand? You're off, Devanbez. Good-by."

"*Au plaisir de vous revoir, messieurs! Hoopla! à bas Bismarck! Vive la République!*

"*Allons, enfants de la patrie,*
Le jour de gloire——"

But as the train drew away Bismarck shouted after it: "*Hoch der Vaterlandt! Hoch der Kaiser!* Doand you forged to *bissé* Straus to-night."

V.

Shall I ever forget that night—the night of Juliana's *début!* Looking back at it now it resolves itself into one stupendous blur of unfamiliar sights, into one vast blare of confused and raucous noises. I know now just how the First Consul felt when he faced the throng in the Hall of the Ancients, frightened at the uproar he had unchained, at the pandemonium he had provoked, but with just enough courage to face the music, just enough daring to carry out the plan that might succeed, or that might collapse.

After we had sent Devanbez off to Chalons, we thought for the moment (as the train carried us back to Paris) that we had brought off our *coup*, that we had done the best we could. But all at once Buldy Jones complicated the situation still further.

"Look here," he said abruptly; "I'm not saying much, but what do you think of that?"

With the words he exhibited two or three slips of paper, with the air of one who flourishes a banner. We looked at them stupidly.

"I s'y, ol' chap," said The Horse, "what's it all abaout? Get on with it. What's these?"

"This," said Buldy Jones, holding up a blue oblong of pasteboard, "is the ticket for Devanbez's seat. *Will* you look where he sits?"

"*Sapristi!*" murmured Bayard, as he looked at it. "He has a box, the ruffian."

"No," said Buldy Jones, "*we* have it. Now, then, cast your eye on this. I found this and the ticket in his hat. 'Member, it kept falling off?"

"*Du Lieber Gott!*" exclaimed Bismarck.

"Why, man alive!" cried Horse Wilson. "Why, Buldy Jones! S'y, strike me straight. *It's the code.*"

"Right you are, m' son. It's the signals he uses to direct the *claque*, and *we get 'em.*"

"But, oh s'y, what a rummy go! Buldy, y' can't, y' don't mean to s'y that—that

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—oh, my aunt!—that you're going to *use* 'em?"

"Son," said Buldy Jones, tapping his chest, "watch me."

We boomed into Paris on the stroke of seven-thirty, we hacked it across the city *ventre a terre* to the *Maison Lafitte*, caught the proprietor in the act of shutting up, and rented and donned four abominable dress suits, four broken opera hats, and four pair of grewsome white gloves. Breathless, hysterical, shambling in our rented plumage, we debouched into a box in the second tier next the stage, were kicked into a realization of our surroundings by Buldy Jones, and sat up with quaking hearts to face the glitter, the murmur, and the perfume of *le tout Paris*. The overture was being played.

"Buck up, buck up!" adjured Horse Wilson. "No need of funking."

"That's what I say," growled Buldy Jones. "We're losing our nerve when we hold a straight ace-high. Now, attention. I'm going to try 'em."

The overture was drawing to a close. We could see the *claque* perfectly well, two rows of the *fauteuils d'orchestre* filled with solemn nondescripts in dress suits (that, like ours, were, no doubt, rented or borrowed), melancholy harlequins, stuffers, bought like dishonest voters in an election at home.

"JULIANA . . . WORE THE COSTUME OF A PAGE."

"Steady now," muttered Buldy Jones. "I guess we think that overture rather nifty. What's the signal?—oh, I remember."

The eyes of the harlequins were furtively turned to our box. The overture closed with a flourish of violins and a ruffle of the snare drum, and Buldy Jones passed his hand through his hair. Instantly a loud, well-sustained clapping of hands developed. The *claque* was obedient, and a little after the audience followed its lead. The leader of the orchestra turned about and bowed. The *claque* still applauded.

"Here, down brakes," said Buldy Jones. "He don't need to get it all."

"Right, oh," muttered Horse Wilson. "Shut 'em off. Shut 'em off. They'll keep it up all night if you don't."

Buldy Jones folded his arms. Promptly the applause died away, and the leader of the orchestra, left stranded in the middle of a bow, returned precipitately to his seat and tapped for the prelude.

The curtain rose and the opera began. A chorus by the burgesses of Ghent was followed by an aria and *recitatif* by the captain of the city-watch. Then the sister of Van Arteveldt and her *confidante* appeared and sang a trio with the captain; after this the sister was left alone (the part was that of the Leading Lady, and was sung by Escalais herself)—and intoned an elaborate solo.

"S'y, give her a show," said Horse Wilson, "she's doing her best."

"All right," answered Buldy, who was familiar with the opera. "She has a high note along in here pretty soon. I'll touch 'em up then. Ah, there it is!" He stroked his hair, absolute silence; he repeated the motion, no response; and poor Escalais, who seldom failed to get a hand at this point, was forced to go on with but a feeble flutter from isolated corners of the house, for the audience, depending on the *claque*, unquestionably followed its lead.

"Say, then," exclaimed Bayard, "there is something which does not go."

"Some blyme thing wrong," observed Horse Wilson. "Where's your bloomin' code?"

Buldy Jones put his hand to his pocket, then turned suddenly pale.

"Boys," he gasped, "I left it in my

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other pocket when I changed at Lafitte's. I was working these first signals from memory."

VI.

"*Himmel!*" groaned Bismarck.

"And Straus and Juliana both come on in the very next scene," I cried. "There, the chorus is coming back, and here comes the Duchess of Ghent; the Queen and court come on in a jiffy."

All at once the *claque* roared to the roof; there were even cries of *bis, bis*. The acclamation came squarely in the middle of a chorus of old men, a number that was only a "filler," and never applauded.

"What did you do? What did you do, Buldy?" cried Horse Wilson.

"I don't know. Here's the devil to pay. *I'm making signals without knowing it*. Darn fool *claqueurs*, they'd yell *encore* in an *entr'-acte* if they got the tip. I—oh Lord! there they go again."

"Shut 'em oop. Shut 'em oop den."

"Dammit, I've folded me arms till I'm black in the face. They must have two codes, an' we only got the wrong one somehow, or only got part of it right. *I* don't know, I'm all mixed up."

Suddenly the *claque* stopped with terrifying abruptness, and the music on the stage made itself heard again. We could see the leader of the orchestra looking distressfully at the *claque*, and on Escalais's face there was a sign of gathering wrath. Twice within the next three minutes Buldy started applause at the most inopportune moments. It was precisely as though a party of children were playing with the levers and throttles of a locomotive. The house began to grow uneasy. There were cries of "*Assez! Assez!*" from the gallery.

Then all at once Juliana appeared. She wore the costume of a page, and was supposed to deliver a note from the queen to the captain. The presentation gave her the excuse for her entrance song.

She began to sing, and that, too, surprisingly well. She was not nervous. The audience fell quiet.

"Now den," whispered Bismarck to Buldy Jones, "tink oaf sometings. Der *claque* hev der eye on you."

Now there is a pause in the first page's song, between the first and second movements, while the orchestra elaborates the

"WE HELD THE KEY OF THE POSITION, AND WE WERE POWERLESS."

motif, and it is just here that the singer should get her first hand. Also at the same point the second page—which was Straus—is supposed to enter at the back. Later on she takes stage and interrupts the first page, has a song of her own, and the number closes with a trio between the two pages and the captain of the watch. After this enter the queen and all the court. It is the finale of the first act.

But as Juliana was singing the last bars of the first part of her song Buldy Jones saw that the *claque* was not going to applaud. Again and again he stroked his hair, fluttered his handkerchief, pulled his mustache, nodded, winked, coughed, all to no purpose. The *claque* remained impassive. They were waiting for their signal. They would obey us implicitly. In a second it would be too late. This was Juliana's principal number. We held the key of the position, and we were powerless.

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"THE DOOR OF THE BOX WAS FLUNG OPEN, AND THERE STOOD . . . ROUBAULD."

"Lord, I can't start 'em!" groaned Buldy Jones.

"Maybe," I hazarded, "the audience will applaud of itself."

"*Niemals,*" groaned Bismarck. "We hev in der tsoup gefallen."

Just as Juliana was on the last notes there were hurried steps in the corridor outside, the door of the box was flung open, and there stood, not the *sous-chef*, not Devanbez, but the satrap, the autocrat, the czar himself, Roubauld.

"Oh, the bounder!" exclaimed Horse Wilson.

Buldy Jones turned about, saw Roubauld, rose to his feet, and in the movement the *claque* saw its signal, and burst out into such a tempest of applause that the chandelier shook again.

But Roubauld was a general. He took in the situation at a glance, and before he deigned to notice us stepped to the front of the box and made some barely perceptible gesture. The *claque* knew its master, and cowered to silence.

We saw our victory turned into defeat, but in the next second, and before Roubauld could speak, Horse Wilson cried:

"*Hi, we've started the house for fair, and you can't work that, old man!*"

It was true; the *claque had* started the audience before Roubauld could interfere, and a very creditable applause was under way from gallery, loge, and orchestra.

Then Roubauld did a daring thing. His authority was at stake, the wrong *débutante* was being *encored;* his machine was cracking; he was desperate. His signal was so cleverly given that none of us perceived it; but the *claque* that the minute before had been tumultuous in applause, recognized it, and began to hiss and call, "*Assez! Assez!*" Part of the audience followed suit; but we in our box suddenly burst out into shouts of—

"*Bis, bis! Encore, tres bien, brava Juliana!*"

And just at this, of all moments, Straus made her entrance.

VII.

The *claque,* obedient to Roubauld's direction, began a vociferous demonstration, but by now the people in *our* part of the audience, Juliana's part, seemed, as Horse Wilson put it afterwards, to "pipe the whole gyme." They answered the *claque* shout for shout, cheering where they hissed, crying "*Encore!*" to their "*Assez!*"

Part of the house was shouting "Juliana," part "Straus," while another part, feeling itself exploited, began to vociferate:

"*À bas la claque! À bas la claque!*"

The whole opera was interrupted. Helpless, the leader of the orchestra sat in his place, his baton swinging uselessly at his side. The singers on the stage stared blankly out into the tumult.

Through the open door at the back of our box entered four *gensdarmes.* Roubauld, with the air of a Richelieu, indicated us.

"These are the people," he said. "*Mettez ces gens, à la porte.*"

"Gyme's up," said Horse Wilson with philosophy.

But when one of the officers put his hand on Bismarck's arm, the Prussian suddenly trumpeted like an elephant.

"Gedt oudt, *bube.* Gedt oudt, *spitzbuch.* Tek der hend avay off me." Then suddenly losing his wits altogether, thundered: "Me, I am den Broosian! I doand be arrest bei no demn Frainchman! *À bas la France! Hoch der Kaiser!*"

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In a twinkling a dozen voices from the gallery yelled:

"*À bas l'Allemagne! Vive la France!*"

"*À la porte, à la porte le Prussien!*"

"*À la porte, la sale tête!*"

Our box was in full view of the audience, and every one could see Bismarck and the *gensdarmes* grappling with each other. Below us, in a box of the first tier, a lady screamed. In the amphitheatre whole parties, scandalized at the uproar, were getting out. A nervous little gentleman in evening dress, who evidently mistook the whole situation, and believed a panic impended, appeared on the stage, exclaiming from time to time:

"*Messieurs, mesdames, un peu de silence. Il n'y a pas de danger; messieurs, je vous prie, il n'y a pas de feu.* There is no fire, sit down."

Fire. It was the fatal word. No doubt three-fourths of the audience knew the small gentleman was confused. Not so the remaining fourth. There was no panic, but some three or four hundred people left the building. They did not stand on the order of their going, and the more they were reasoned with the angrier they became.

In a single glance over the auditorium I saw four fist-fights going on in different quarters of the building. Fully a hundred men in the gallery were standing on their feet shouting:

"*Vive la France! À bas l'Allemagne!*"

Others vociferated:

"*À la porte, à la porte!*"

The *claque*—Roman soldiers in the destruction of Pompeii—still kept up an incessant: "Straus! Straus!" while from gallery and pit came answering calls of "*Encore! Bis, bis! Tres bien!*"

"*Hoch der Kaiser!*" bellowed Bismarck.

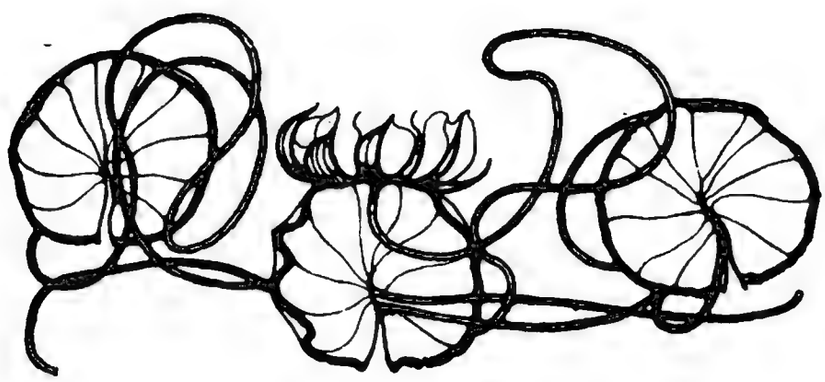
"No fire. No fire. Sit down, *messieurs*," pleaded the little man from the stage.

And in the midst of this clamor, this swirl of confusion, the curtain fell.

We were duly and formally arrested, and passed the night in the prison of Saint Lazare. The next morning Buldy Jones paid our fines, and by noon we were once more our own men. But we were no sooner liberated than Buldy Jones marched us to the nearest kiosk and bought the morning's *Figaro*. The article we sought for read as follows:

"At the performance of 'Van Arteveldt,' at the Opera last night, a young *débutante*, whose stage name appears to be Mlle. Juliana, acquitted herself of her *rôle* with astonishing credit. Her first song was received with acclamation, and, indeed, it is almost permissible to add that the young lady created a veritable furor.

"A party of intoxicated German students took this occasion to insult the Republic, and were arrested by the *gensdarmes*. Unfortunately the audience misunderstood the cause of the disturbance, and believing that a conflagration was at hand, left the building. There was no panic. The German students were arrested. It is not believed that the affair will engender any grave international complications."



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A GOOD LIE GONE WRONG.

By Eleanor Hoyt.

Illustrated by Clara D. Davidson.

"NOW there is a man who doesn't believe a word I say," remarked Nancy calmly, as the lawyer walked away. The man who came often looked injured.

"Where did you know him so well?" he asked with the acid accent that rejoices the heart of a woman.

"Your inference isn't flattering, Bobby, but your jealousy is; so I'll forgive you. I find it easy to forgive a nice man anything save a lack of interest in me. It really makes very little difference to me whether he is interested in my faults or my virtues, so long as the interest is there. So you don't believe me either?"

"I didn't say that."

"But you know me so well, and it is a poor syllogism that will not work backwards. Do be logical, Bobby. It's the proud prerogative of your sex, and you really must cling to a few rights, in spite of the new woman. Now I do not pretend to logic, but I take off my hat to it when I meet it in a man. There have been moments when I've suspected myself of a leaning towards logic; but I've always taken strenuous precautionary measures whenever I saw the symptoms. I wear a rabbit's foot and a white elephant to ward off the calamity. Heaven deliver me from a logical woman. I would rather wear bloomers than logic. I'd consider it less of an infringement upon masculine privileges."

"But where did you know him so well?" persisted the man who came often.

"Now, curiosity is distinctively a feminine vice," continued Nancy, reflectively. "From Adam down, men have been devoid of it. That's why they have so much room for logic in their make-up.

"When you look as vicious as that, Bobby, I feel that I could almost love you. I've hoped, at times, that you would shake me violently when I didn't behave well. Your amiability is the one lamentable thing about you. When I was younger than I am now, I read that somewhere down in Africa there is a tribe in which the regular method of courtship is for the love-smitten man to hit his adored one on the head with a club. If she lives and regains her senses, she feels firmly convinced that he loves her. That book gave me a mighty leaning toward the field of foreign missions, but I dare say it's all spoiled down in Africa now. Probably effete modern no-

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tions have crept in with the explorers and missionaries; and the man has put away his stuffed club and sends his lady violets and chocolates. This is treachery to my sex, Bobby, but mark my words: if you want a woman to adore you, beat her! Don't nag at her; that's maddening. And don't be patient with her; that's fatal."

"But why doesn't he believe you?"

"My dear young friend, in your last incarnation, you were either a bull-dog or a leech. Your stick-to-it-ive powers are more than human. He doesn't believe me because— Bobby, this is a very sad tale—a most mortifying tale. I don't figure nobly in it. Are you sure your affection for me will stand the strain?"

"It has had tests that make me feel measurably certain of it," said the man who came often.

"Well, once upon a time, I visited my aunt in a small Massachusetts town. Some way or other the fact that the scene is laid in Massachusetts makes my bad behavior seem worse than it would in a New York setting. In Kentucky or California I'm positive anything short of breaking all the commandments wouldn't give my conscience a flutter. But my aunt did live in Massachusetts. So did the judge. He was the youngest judge in the State. The other lawyers said he didn't know any law, but that he could make a hitching-post vote for him if he turned his eloquence loose on it. That's much better than knowing law, Bobby.

"When I went there to visit, the hitching-posts had all been won over, and the golden-tongued orator didn't have anything to practise upon. No, Bobby, this isn't a disguised advertisement of Bryan and free silver. I hate ghost stories. This is a simple tale of love and war.

"Well, as I said, material was needed. Somebody has remarked that genius implies two individualities, a brain to conceive, and a brain to receive. I was willing to be offered up on the altar of genius. I've always said that I would rather be a part of a man's great success than have a pale anæmic little success of my own. I have contributed to a great many successes, Bobby. That's a comfort to me in my darkest hours.

"So I saw the judge, very often. He is the most entertaining man I have ever known. I entirely understand the hitching-post's point of view. I would have voted for him for any State or municipal office. There were times when I felt that I could give him my vote even if he were proposed, or did propose for a private and domestic holding.

"There were other men. They were needed to keep the judge at his best. One may wipe the other men out of the foreground of the picture, Bobby, but it is always well to have them hovering in the middle distance, so that, occasionally, one of them may be brought forward as a pace-maker.

"The judge says that he is Irish. I have a firm conviction that his ancestors lived in Africa and understood the use of the stuffed club. His system is a nineteenth century translation of the original African version. I liked it. I really did. I had never been bullied and adored, at one and the same time, by a distinctly vertebrate being; and the sensation was pleasant, but awesome. I was just a little bit afraid of him.

"The summer went by, pleasantly enough; and, when October came, I wasn't as interested as I had been. Or, yes; I was as interested, but I had grown used to the sensation. It was like taking a tonic. One finally reaches a point where the tonic doesn't spur the system. Caviare and cocktails lose their effect, if taken regularly. That's a great natural law, Bobby, that ought to be in the manual of compulsory education for young men and women in love.

"The other day I saw, in a magazine, a column headed 'First Aid to Wounded Hearts.' I feel that I could make such a column both edifying and helpful. Do you know, Bobby, the Chinese have some very knowing proverbs. One of them is engraved on a charm that was given to me by a Chinese student at Harvard. Did you ever see a Chinaman in love?—But that's another story. About this proverb. It looks like a dismembered spider; but my Chinaman said it meant, 'Do nothing too much.' I wish I had a pocketful of those charms, Bobby. I'd like to distribute them among the men I know best.

"The judge was well educated, but he needed to read the Chinese classics. He was delightful, but I yearned for novelty. Even the maids have their Thursday afternoons and Sunday evenings off.

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"Just when my yawn was getting beyond polite control, something happened.

"The judge had been at the house on Saturday evening, and I had promised to go for a walk with him at two o'clock on Sunday—not that the judge loved walking, Bobby, but that he hated other Sunday callers. Sunday morning, one of my aunt's friends telephoned to me. She was to have a Cleveland man to dinner. He was rich and handsome and clever and jolly, and he liked all the things I liked, and he could flirt in six languages. In fact, he was a registered lady-killer, but was himself invulnerable. She wanted me to meet him. I positively must help her. The baby had been croupy all night and she was a wreck. Her husband was down with grippe and stupid as an owl. Humanity demanded that I should save the Paragon of the World from a stupid time. Wouldn't I, couldn't I come to the rescue and dine with her, at one o'clock?

"Now, Bobby, that Cleveland man seemed like a direct answer to prayer. I couldn't consistently turn from the gift of a kind Providence. To be sure, there was the judge. He was off in the country for the morning, so I couldn't send him word. Then, too, I doubted his thinking the excuse valid. Men have absolutely no sense of proportion in such matters, and I've often noticed that altruism isn't the 'magerful' man's crowning virtue.

"I hesitated. I was too fond of the old friend to be willing to offend him, but my soul did thirst for fresh fields and pastures new. I could have stood the wealth, beauty, cleverness, etc., but the 'lady-killer' and 'invulnerable' caught me. Never, never should the name of my father's daughter go ringing down the corridors of time with a stigma of cowardice clinging to it. A lady-killer and invulnerable!——

"The judge went to the wall. I went to the dinner.

"The blessed baby was croupy enough to need his mother. The father was grippy enough to sleep. The Cleveland paragon was most of the things in the advertisement—but invulnerable? Well, I don't know.

"I had thought I might hurry home after dinner, and that possibly the judge would wait. So I had ordered the carriage at 2.30. It came, and I offered to set the Paragon down at his hotel. It was a glorious October day. We climbed into the trap. The air was like wine. The Paragon sighed something about the beauty of the country on such a day. I felt that I was retiring from the field too early in the engagement. My heart made one last effort to be true to Poll, meaning the judge. Then I said,

"'Would you like a country drive?'

"He would.

"We had it.

"At 6.15, I drove up to my aunt's door. The Paragon had been dumped at the hotel. The sun was down. The color had gone out of the day, and the pangs of remorse had set in. I knew I hadn't been decent, and I had an awful conviction that I had offended the judge, and that he wouldn't come around easily. I liked him better than sixteen of the Paragon, and I didn't know how to propitiate him.

"I've always contended that the way of the transgressor is hard—to find; but I had found it, and it seemed that the Sunday-school books were quite right. I was even ready to believe that a little boy who would fish on Sunday would be drowned.

"If any other man had been in question, I would have told him the truth calmly, and allowed him to like it or dislike it as he chose; but I didn't want the judge to dislike it—or me; and I was afraid of him. Let this story be a warning to you, Bobby. Don't be awesome. You may win the girl by it; but you will probably drive her from the path of childlike frankness and veracity.

"I said to myself:

"'Nancy, my child, verily, *descensus Averni* is appallingly *facilis*. You must lie, lie stoutly and consistently. So may you keep your friend with the bad disposition, though you may lose your self-respect. You would probably miss your self-respect much less than you would miss the friend with the bad disposition.'

"Monday morning I called up the Court House on the telephone. The judge's voice was honeyed. That made me uneasy. I apologized. He quite understood. That was uncanny. I confounded myself in explanations. I descended to trivialities. There I made a fatal error. A well-told lie never goes into details, you know. I told the man at the other end of the 'phone how worried I had been because I had to go to the dinner, how I hurried home the moment I could escape, how I reached there

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NANCY.

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just after he left, how sorry I was that he was too impatient to wait even a few moments.

"He said 'yes, yes,' to everything. His voice was as the voice of a cooing dove, Bobby. He begged me not to bother my head about the matter. He hadn't misunderstood me for a moment.

"I rang off. It all seemed too good to be true, and his angelic confidence in me made me feel like a 'houn' dog'—as my Virginia cousin would say. But I made an offering to Mercury, god of lies; and, that evening I put on my new pink frock. The judge didn't come. He didn't come the next evening. Bobby, he never saw that pink frock! It was worn out before he spent another evening with me! I didn't meet him anywhere in society, for he didn't go out at all during the rest of that winter. Occasionally I did meet him on the street. He was as genial as a May morning. He beamed on me. He even stood by the carriage and talked to me, if some one else was with me. Really, you know, it was maddening. I couldn't ask him what was the matter, when he gave me no reason to think he was offended and treated me most amiably. He had a right to stay away from the house if he wanted to do it, and I was too proud to protest. I felt sure there was something wrong about that Sunday business, but what could I do?

"In February I came home. In June I went back to my aunt's to spend a month. No one knew I was expected; and the day after I arrived I went to a picnic. The judge was there. Every one was surprised to see me, and he seemed a trifle upset, but he was very cordial. In the afternoon the crowd started across the woods to the place where the servants were to have supper ready. The judge happened to walk with me, and I sprained my ankle.

"I really did, Bobby; no fake at all. It swelled so that my shoe had to be cut. I tried to walk and not make a fuss; but we lagged behind, and finally I couldn't take another step. I just dropped down on the grass and the tears came into my eyes. The judge plumped down beside me and saw the tears. He had never seen me cry before. I seldom do it, Bobby. I have a feeling that crying before a man is taking an unfair advantage, making a duelling opponent stand with the sun in his eyes, or something of that kind. I do like a fair fight. Then again, Bobby, I'm a thrifty soul. Tears, like a lie, are too good a thing to be wasted. They should be reserved for crucial occasions.

"But I cried. My haughty friend thawed slightly.

"'Why, you poor child, is it so bad as that?' he said.

"I nodded. Sympathy was the last straw. My ankle did hurt so, and he had been such a horrid brute, and I felt so shamefully abused that I wept floods. It was a disgusting exhibition, Bobby, and I'm not pretty when I cry. My face all screws up and gets swollen and splotchy. But the judge did the only thing a rational man could do, under the circumstances. When I got my breath— Bobby, you can't help being bad-tempered, but you needn't be impolite. You've an evil mind. I was about to explain that I was choked with tears.

"Well, when I did get my breath, I told him what I thought about his behavior. I was positively eloquent over my wrongs. I would have convinced any jury.

"'Of course you were not in any way to blame for the coolness,' said the judge.

"'Indeed I wasn't. You never had a better friend.'

"'And that October Sunday?'

"'I explained about that and you said it was all right. Why weren't you honest about it? I hate a man who can't tell the truth.'

"Oh, Bobby, didn't I just lay myself open to an upper cut?

"The judge smiled. I didn't like that smile.

"'Yes, I know. I suppose I was unreasonable. You did hurry home and got there just after I left.'

"His tone was queer. It had an unnatural sweetness about it. But there wasn't anything for me to do except stick to my story.

"'Yes,' I said.

"'Well, my dear young woman, it may interest you to know that when I left your house, at three minutes past two, I called on the girl who lives next door to you. I don't remember her name.'

"'Margaret Wilson,' I said faintly. A great light began to dawn upon me. No one ever called on the Wilsons. They were utterly hopeless.

"'Exactly. I had been invited to call

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there, but had never intended going. I changed my mind and went. I made a very long call. Miss Wilson was quite fluttered by the sudden burst of appreciation. I suppose she wonders why I never came back. I stayed until I saw you get out of the trap at your door. Then I looked at my watch. It was fifteen minutes past six. I took my hat and went home. I wasn't happy, but I tried to give you the benefit of the doubt.

"'Your telephone story the next morning did away with the doubt. I hate a woman who can't tell the truth. I don't allow any woman to make a fool of me twice.'

"Oh, Bobby, Bobby, if he is ever like that when he sentences a criminal to death, the poor thing will never live to be hanged. I touched bottom in shame and mortification. He got up and towered over me. He looked horribly big and angry. His tone was enough to wither me. I heard my hair singe.

"Then suddenly the humorous side of the thing rolled over me like a flood. To think of the touches I gave to that lie, while all the time he knew the truth! How I patted the story and bolstered it up and polished it, and then tied myself up in a hangman's noose, while he listened with that detestable smile. The joke was on me, and I would have appreciated it if I had known I was to die the next moment. I dropped back on the moss and positively howled for glee. Then I had hysterics for the first time in my life.

"The judge was livid with rage.

"'I thought you might have the grace to be ashamed of it. But it seems I don't know you yet.'

"I wiped my eyes.

"'Oh, yes. I'm ashamed, but it's the funniest thing I ever heard.' And off I went into more hysterics.

"He glowered.

"'Stop that, or I'll lose my temper and shake you!' he said. African ancestor to the fore, you see.

"I sat up and looked defiant.

"'You're the one to be ashamed,' I said. 'Are you proud of having such an ugly, vicious disposition that even your best friend is afraid to tell you the truth, and is driven to lying because she can't depend on your sense of justice, and can't bear the thought of losing your friendship?

"'I wouldn't have lied to any one else. I hate lies. I had done a foolish thing and was sorry, and I cared such a lot about what you would think, and I knew you wouldn't be manly and kind, and—' Well, Bobby, I'll spare you the details.

"It was a beautiful piece of special pleading. At the end of it the judge and jury would have freed the original defendant and sentenced the original plaintiff to be hanged by the neck until he was dead.

"The judge was most contrite.

"I finally forgave him.

"A woman makes a fatal mistake, Bobby, if she ever allows a man to think he is forgiving her. The judge and I have been the best of friends ever since; only he doesn't believe anything I tell him, unless I swear to it before a notary, and he has his doubts then. That's why he keeps on asking me to marry him. I tell him I can't do it, but he doesn't believe me. It's a most painful thing to have a bad reputation, Bobby. I hope my experience will be a warning to you."

"It will," said Bobby, with gloomy significance.

Nancy laughed.

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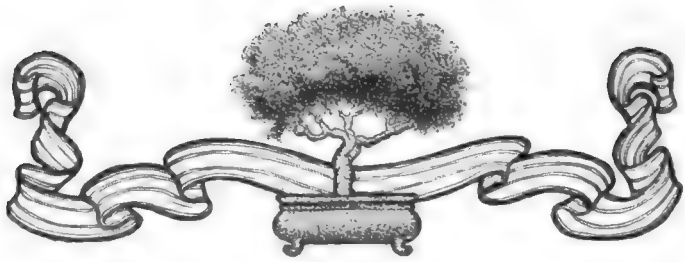

HOW TO GO ON THE STAGE.

A CONSENSUS OF OPINION FROM OUR MOST FAMOUS ACTORS AND MANAGERS.

By Franklin Fyles,

Dramatic Critic of the *New York Sun*, and Author of "The Theatre and its People."

More than a thousand persons have written to me, within the past two years, asking substantially the same question: "How may I go on the dramatic stage?" Probably the right answer to nine hundred of them would have been, "You can't." Of all who desire to become actors, not more than one in ten possesses the natural qualifications to warrant a hope of success in any degree. Moreover, the supply of mediocrity is so much in excess of the demand, and the probability of distinction is so remote, that no one should carelessly encourage even those aspirants who are outfitted with voices, faces, and figures good enough for theatrical purposes. As those physical advantages do not always, even with the best use that their owner can learn to make of them, enable him to become more than a tolerable actor, not much hope of fame should be held out to the young men and women who, perhaps, mistake a desire to act for an ability to do it.

But there is another and reasonable view to take of this subject. Most of us have to earn a living. The choice of work is not so much a question of fame by and by as of bread and butter right off. We might starve, or become aimless idlers, according to our circumstances, if we waited to find a way to sure success. All the professions are overcrowded. The placard of "No application for engagement received" might just as well be hung at the doorway of every law, medical, or editorial office as at the portal of the theatre. That is what I have thought in reading the letters of inquiry about going on the stage. They have come from all parts of the United States, but not from all kinds of persons. Hardly any of the writers have betrayed a lack of at least a fair education. Few have failed to express their desire directly and clearly. Many have given reasons, real or fancied—such as proficiency in elocution at school, or experience as actors in amateur performances—why they deem themselves fit to get into a theatre by the stage door instead of the public entrance. So I have not felt like replying to all of them, "Don't try." I have, instead, advised them to go to the travelling and the resident managers, especially those with companies of moderate merit and scant prosperity, and offer themselves for inspection. Possessors of good looks and crude abilities will not fail, with some persistence, to secure in that way a trial, if not much remuneration. But if they find that not one in a succession of twenty experts is favorably impressed at all, then they should be convinced that they have been mistaken about themselves, and that they have simply sought an opportunity for their ambition to "o'erleap itself."

A considerable proportion of my correspondents have come back at me to ask how, in case they decide to persist, they may best acquire sufficient training to develop themselves from novices into some facility in acting. Shall they take lessons from some nearby expert in stagecraft, or come to New York for a course in a dra-

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matic school, or go at once into humble stage service as supernumeraries? I do not like to advise on those points. Indeed, I will not. But I will cheerfully repeat—with the permission which I have obtained from them—what some men of dramatic fame have said to me on the subject.

"There is," said Mr. James A. Herne, "no dramatic education at all comparable with actual stage life. A student may go to school until he grows gray, but he's got to go on the stage to be an actor. Mrs. Herne and myself had the benefit of the real stock system—the varied round of characters, the legitimate and helpful hard work, and the association with the best actors of the time that accompanied it. That schooling it is utterly impossible for a young actor to get nowadays. Being naturally studious and ambitious, with perhaps exceptional powers of absorption, we have succeeded—in a measure, at least."

Now Mr. Herne is given to positiveness of opinion. He is a strenuous advocate and exponent of naturalism in the writing and acting of plays. He is an occasional lecturer on that subject. Might he not be an extremist in his views of the training of actors? I made up my mind to talk, at the first opportunity, with some eminent player of a radically different type—one whose abilities seemed more spontaneous than calculated, whose performances had the appearance of being good because he couldn't help it rather than through deliberate exertion, and whose words might carry to anxious aspirants the conviction of robust sincerity. Such a man surely was Mr. N. C. Goodwin.

"If I had to choose between a graduate fresh from a dramatic school and an actor whose training—of about equal length—had been acquired by actual practice on the stage, I should be strongly inclined to favor the latter," Mr. Goodwin said. "While I thoroughly recognize the earnestness of the work done in the schools in gaining control over the mere technique of the actor's craft perhaps more quickly than can be acquired by active practice on the stage, the latter course has the greater advantage, that an actor, by appearing regularly night after night on the stage, gets to know his ropes automatically almost as a sailor does on a ship. He takes his stand on the vantage ground of practice and constant association with performers better than himself. In the storm and stress of a first night's excitement he can generally be relied on to keep a level head. The stage-fright period has long since passed him by. However talented a graduate from a dramatic school might be, I should hesitate to entrust him at first with any important part. With all his earnestness, from sheer inexperience or fright he might ruin the scene. I have found stage-trained actors more plastic and showing a more intimate knowledge of their business than those graduates that have come under my notice. So much, however, depends on the amount of talent latent in the actor himself. I am convinced thoroughly that no teaching, however fine, can implant a power of acting. You can only develop what is inborn. All must come from within. The conception should, in order to ring true, emanate from an artist's own brain. Neither Mrs. Goodwin nor myself has ever been helped materially by tuition, except that, of course, a judicious and competent stage manager is always able to suggest improvements in a performance. But the part and its treatment must be mind-directed by the performer himself. Voice and movement must be prompted by sympathy with the matter."

Mr. Richard Mansfield is the Sir Henry Irving of America. I mean that he is eminent as both actor and director. He is the actual, not the merely nominal, producer of the plays in which he figures. You may have read anecdotes of his despotism as the autocratic ruler in his own dramatic domain. Those which represented him as a man with ideas and the disposition to carry them out were probably true. By no other process than that of complete dominance can such results be reached as those which he accomplishes in his productions. Actors in his employ are said to be under more absolute control than those drilled by any other man except Mr. David Belasco, though no one can rehearse a play efficiently without being dictatorial. So I was glad to get him away from his work and induce him to talk about it.

"I don't believe you can teach a person to act—that is to say, to really act," said Mr. Mansfield. "You can teach him what to avoid, and you can tell him what to do; but you can't teach him to do it, unless it's in him. We have people who speak words and go through arm and leg exercises every evening on the stage, who are not actors.

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It's funny telling you this—it's like carrying coals to Newcastle. I daresay the so-called schools of acting accomplish some little good, but the people who have come to me after studying in them have been always obliged to commence, like those who have not studied at all, on the lowest rung of the ladder, for the reason that experience alone begets confidence. The actors' school is a pretty big place. First, second, and last there is the voice—the use of it; its care and retention. Then deportment and manners. But no, I cannot go into the whole matter just now; it's much too big for me to express. There's the soul—and the heart—the mind—they've got a lot to do with the art of acting, and the art of moving and swaying an audience. I never saw a creature that had never suffered, or did not know the meaning of suffering, act—really act. And you can't make an actor. You can advertise him, and manage him, and puff him, and skyrocket him—sooner or later he'll come down 'a stick.' An actor is born, not made. After he's once born he can be cut and polished; but he's got to be a diamond, or a ruby, or a sapphire, or even only a topaz, to be worth the process. I'm sorry to say that lots of the material much admired to-day is only glass or even paste. Some people prefer it, but it has no lasting value; it doesn't ring true, and it can't cut glass—by that I mean triumph over the shoddy and imitation article. There seems to be a good deal of lecturing of late years by actors—in fact, some of them do more lecturing than acting. I, my poor self, have declined invitations to talk to universities. I haven't the slightest doubt it amuses the students and the professors, and everybody there gets a free gratis entertainment; but you can lecture yourself blue and black in the face, and you won't teach anybody anything about the art of acting.

"My dear Fyles," Mr. Mansfield resumed, rubbing his glasses to hide a twinkle in his eyes, "you know very well that I can't act; so it's useless for me to tell you where I learned how not to do it. I traveled with small companies, and for thirty shillings a week, all over England and Ireland and Scotland, and there's hardly a town or a burgh or a hamlet that hasn't suffered something at my hands. I kept that up and avoided punishment for seven years and more—and I then descended upon the coast of America, and—you can tell the rest—I am not making my confessions yet. And before I ever ventured upon the stage I had knocked all about Europe, and Europe had knocked me about. I had seen and observed and suffered. It's truly awful for a man to take up the profession of acting who doesn't know how to handle a knife or fork properly! My dear wife also learned all she knows of the art in the school of experience, and I—being a bad actor, and therefore an excellent critic—taught her, and she was my greatest pupil—often admirable and always good—the best actress it has ever been my fortune to act with. I compelled her to leave the stage because she was never appreciated at her true value, and because—but that has nothing to do with your subject, and is another story. The actor is *nascitur non fit.* I'm sorry, but it's all your own fault, for asking me questions, that I bore you thus. Still, after all these years, 'twas pleasant to be remembered. B'ism Illah!"

It is not invidious to rate Daniel Frohman's stock company as the best in America. That is to say, it is the direct descendant of Lester Wallack's, Albert M. Palmer's, and Augustin Daly's, and has advanced beyond them by keeping at the fore in the progress of stagecraft. It is not uncommon to see plays brought out by other managers, with stronger casts and finer mounting, but nowhere else than on his stage are the excellences of art and letters so finely and uniformly exhibited in plays and players both. Moreover, Mr. Frohman is the directing head of his theatre, the guiding mind, and the upholding hand. So I naturally desired to get his views as to efficacy in the training of actors.

"The school-trained actor," Mr. Frohman said, after we had got well into the subject, "is so much better fortified with the technique of the stage that his progress should be more rapid than that of the untrained beginner. Old actors are wont to say that the stage itself is the only good training-school for actors. This was true of the days they referred to, when there was less demand for actors, when there were fewer theatres, and when only the limited stock companies in all the cities, large and small, furnished the entertainment. The whole system of theatrical management and stage custom and methods has changed since then. Where acting was a fine art among the principals, there

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was less care and attention to the general production of plays than now. But schooling does not make the actor. The training must be applied to the responsive dramatic temperament, and nourished by that delicate and pervading mental quality known as dramatic instinct. But to bring the question of the selection of the best material for the stage down to a purely elemental point, I should say that the first consideration, both with men and women, is that of personal appearance. This is an important factor in the selection of actors, though with women more than with men. The hero of a play is not required to be a thing of beauty; with a heroine it is the first qualification for preëminence. After the purely physical conditions are met with, the extent of the dramatic temperament, and other qualifications in that direction, are to be considered. Without the latter, beauty alone has no real value on the stage. The process of stage training, therefore, takes a long time in the beginner before the manager can count upon him as qualified for an important part. Many who adopt direct connection with the stage learn and develop quickly; but the school-trained beginner justifies some degree of security in the fact that he will carry himself well physically—will know what to do with his hands and feet; will manage his voice, and will know how to suit the action to the word and the word to the action, without being shown by the stage manager. The musician expresses himself similarly through the perfection of technique attained by constant practice. School training enables the musician to acquire the five-finger exercises necessary to compose his tunes afterwards, under the inspiration that may come from his personal ability. The demand made upon him by the part he has to play is the same with the stage novice."

Mr. David Belasco is the only American dramatist with famous skill as a developer of actors and a master of stagecraft. Association with him in authorship had made me know him as a veritable genius of the theatre. "You and I have had many a day of discussion as collaborators," I said to him across a dinner-table set for two. "Now I want you to talk a bit for me to publish."

"While the stage has gained greatly through the influence of the dramatic schools," was Mr. Belasco's meditative start, "it would be a mistake, in making up a company, to show a preference for graduates of dramatic schools over actors wholly stage-trained. On the other hand, it would be unwise not to take the dramatic school into serious consideration. As an institution it is here to stay; its advantages are real, and its influence is for the betterment of the stage. The truly ideal cast, all things considered, would be made up of actors who had received the benefits of both methods of training. The player who undertakes the real work of the stage with such an equipment as the school can give him has the better chance for success. The conditions are practically identical with those of the lawyer, the doctor, the teacher, or any other professional man. From the preparatory school he goes to the college; from college to the graduate department; from the graduate department out into the world. And it is in the real world of activity, and by virtue of its lessons and experiences, that he achieves actual failure or success. If, however, a manager were obliged to choose between the school-trained actor and the stage-trained actor, he would be more nearly safe in taking the latter. For, after all, the stage itself is the actual teacher, and no school can supply those experiences and emotions which come only from having faced audiences of all sizes and tempers, and which are so necessary to the making of a thoroughly equipped player. Yet, it should be remembered that the schools have done much good in the way of equipment, and that their graduates possess a distinct advantage in the first struggles for recognition."

Mr. Ben Teal is the stage director for Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger, who bring out many plays, ranging widely from the dignity of religious drama to the frivolity of extravagance. "Generally speaking," Mr. Teal said, "I am not in favor of dramatic schools as they are at present conducted. Theoretically they look well enough, and perhaps are so to an extent, but in their practical results I have no faith. I have had occasion to look into their management, and find that, while they are conducted with the greatest possible integrity and the most laudable ambition, they are defective in the very particulars where strength and accuracy of thought are required; that is to say, in the heads of departments. Without an expert, acknowledged beyond question, at the head of each department, very little

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can be expected of students, save in a fragmentary way, and this is always dangerous. Now, as to talent, that is not dependent upon either the school or the stage; that is God-given, and requires development in the best possible way. That way, in my opinion, is by actual contact with those who have already served a severe and thorough apprenticeship, under the mentorship of a thoroughly competent stage director, and in the employ of a management resorting only to the best methods for the presentation of an entertainment. Observation, association, and the study of those more experienced than oneself often lead to that which will materially assist in the development of latent gifts. Nothing can compare to the sunshine and showers of experience for the true promotion of talent. The real soldier as distinguished from the play soldier is always the more amenable to discipline, whatever its form and however severe and rigorous its measures may be. The person who has acquired a practical, technical knowledge of his work by an actual stage experience is of much greater service to the manager, to the playwright, and to the stage director than is the person who has acquired a certain kind and a certain amount of knowledge in other than a practical way. One has realized, the other is still in the field of speculation. My preference for the wholly stage-trained persons, as distinguished from the graduates of dramatic schools, is based absolutely upon experience and common sense."

Mr. Joseph Humphreys is the general stage director for Mr. Charles Frohman, and in that capacity comes into professional association with more actors than any other man on earth deals with in their actual work. "I am absolutely without bias, prejudice, or preference," he said, "except in favor of tractable talent. Mr. Frohman is, in a way, a patron of one of the schools, and some of its graduates come into our companies every season. We choose the fittest, of course, and find them satisfactory almost always. That they are young men and women of culture—ladies and gentlemen—is a delightful merit, I assure you. But so are most of the recruits to the theatre in these better days. We encounter very little of the personal roughness which some people imagine is common behind the scenes. Keen and cultured minds are the rule among the young folks whom we take into our forces, and absolute novices we never accept. But we do not discriminate between the school and the stage as the plea of training, though our experience with the former has given us a high regard for the best of them."

Mr. George C. Tyler had some positive ideas. He is the directing member of Messrs. Liebler & Co., who are extensive producers of plays, and, besides that, are notable for stage ventures of a distinctly literary character.

"I can hardly imagine," Mr. Tyler said, "a manager basing his selection of an actor for a part upon his being a graduate of a dramatic school or rejecting him for a similar reason. God or nature makes actors—not a dramatic teacher. A person possessing a natural fitness may learn something at a school, but even this possibility depends largely upon the capacity of the instructor and his ability to correctly impart his own knowledge to others. I can readily conceive of a condition where even an instructor possessed of real knowledge may practically ruin a promising actor; for the real artist must represent his own conceptions of character—not be an imitator. The people that nature really intended for the stage, I fear, are few and far between, and this averment is not limited in any sense by sex. A manager sometimes thinks he has engaged a real artist, only to find that he has made a grievous mistake, not perhaps because he has miscast the person, but by reason of certain faults, mannerisms, or vices—no other word will apply—of disposition, that make greatness impossible, and popularity, that much-sought virtue, difficult to attain. All the dramatic schooling in the world would not make an artist out of that person, though it might aid in concealing these defects from the public; but it may also accentuate them, or even create in an actor vices or faults that he did not before possess. Hence, in selecting an actor for a part, I simply seek a quiet moment, light a cigar, and try to pass before my mind's eye the persons with whose work on the stage I am personally familiar, and who, I fancy, may be fitted by nature and acquirement to properly impersonate the character, and possess the face, form, and personality adapted to it. I try to ascertain whether he is adapted to the part, and once satisfied as to that we are up to the test. Then, and only then, can I tell whether I have

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erred or not. There are so many things that enter into the necessities of the capable actor, many of them that no dramatic school can supply, that I sometimes doubt whether those institutions are any public benefit. 'You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear,' and if dramatic teachers engage in that impossible task, then let us abandon hope for them, as they but serve to crowd the profession with would-be artists whom managers are persuaded to experiment with at the expense of the public, and mainly because they are cheap. Put me down as preferring 'the real thing,' no matter where it comes from."

Eugene W. Presbrey is a stage director whom some of the celebrated "stars" depend upon to rehearse their new plays. Thus he has handled (literally handled, as you would say if you saw him put some of the actors through their parts) a good share of the acting-talent on our stage. He is a lecturer, too, in one of the dramatic schools, and so knows all phases of the subject.

"Acting comes from capacity, intelligence, experience," said Mr. Presbrey. "Talent is inherited capacity plus the untrained effect of environment. Intelligence is the disposition to observe and comprehend. Experience is intelligence plus opportunity, and the sum is knowledge. Temperament is the combination of all three factors. Marked talent easily finds its way to the stage without previous training, and talent avoids the school. Talent alone cannot succeed. School training does not make an actor; it lays the foundation. To become a good actor one must add to capacity and intelligence long and persistent experience upon the stage itself. The untrained actor, though he may have passed years on the stage, is seldom tractable and never generally serviceable. The best actors of past and present have been wholly stage-trained. But the stage of to-day has no time for the training of actors; it has only time to exhibit them. The school idea is not yet perfectly formulated. It is too young to have complete authority. Still, the best actor of the future will be obliged to show a diploma from a recognized school before he enters his profession."

Mr. Victor Mapes is the stage manager for Mr. Daniel Frohman. He said: "As far as the elementary requisites for stage work are concerned, I have not been able to discover that it makes any appreciable difference how the first training was acquired. Theoretically, one might suppose the school graduate would show a superiority in the development of the voice, and in the various secrets of pause, intonation, and emphasis, which underlie the art of diction. In actual experience the fact is doubtful. As regards make-up, stage presence, gesticulation, and facility of characterization, the same observation applies. They appear to be as easily and satisfactorily acquired by experiment and practice on the stage itself as by detailed instruction at the school. In one respect, however, the benefit of school training is clear. It inculcates in the actor a willingness to accept suggestions, and a desire to profit by them. The wholly stage-trained actor is nowadays too frequently lacking in this useful and important quality. In the beginning of his career he has probably been obliged to rely chiefly on his own resources for whatever success he may achieve, and by the time he reaches a metropolitan theatre, he has grown accustomed to work out his salvation in his own way. It is difficult for him not to regard all interference as invidious, and he would prefer to dispense with suggestions. This attitude, if persisted in, becomes a serious obstacle both to his usefulness to the manager, and to his own progress as an artist. In general, actors who have been thoroughly drilled and drubbed at the training school are less liable to the failing."

There is nothing like approaching a subject from all sides, especially the practical one; and it seemed to me, after time and chance had enabled me to fill a pigeonhole with records which I have quoted, that it would be well to finish up with what the largest buyer and seller of stage talent might say. That factor in the theatrical business is Mrs. E. L. Fernandez, an intermediary agent between many managers and hundreds of actors.

"While I in no way want to laud the merits of the dramatic schools," said Mrs. Fernandez, "still I think that they are of great value both to the beginner and the manager. For many years the youth of this country have thought there was no preparation necessary to go on the stage; in fact, they do not think education, even so much as the proper speaking of the English language, a requisite. In many instances, after they have failed in other pur-

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suits, they turn to the theatre. I have had them come to me and say: 'I have to make my living—I do not know any trade—I am fitted for nothing, so I am going on the stage.' Yes, dramatic schooling is valuable. It at least shows the aspirant that acting is a profession, and that study and work fit one to enter it. True, many have achieved great success without dramatic schooling, because genius cannot be kept back. A beginner equipped with a knowledge of the technique of the stage, as imparted by first-class dramatic teachers, comes to the manager better prepared than the clerk who has got tired of a store and yearns for the stage. Again, the pupils of the schools are in the main fairly well educated, have been used to decent society, and can enter or leave a room with ease. The men can wear dress suits. Do you not remember actors of small parts, and some of big ones, who wore dress clothes like a laborer does his Sunday suit? Those are the people who have jumped in without preparation, and, while many of them have turned out to be very good actors, it has been a hard row for them to hoe. I can point to one of the leading matinée idols of New York to-day, a charming fellow of respectable family, but of the lower class, whose dress coat was such a trouble to him that he bought a second-hand one, and wore it at home hours every day to get used to it. I welcome the schools that train the men and women in the necessary things of the stage. I find that for the tiny parts the managers give preference to the students. Of course, lots of those who study hard fail when they come to do the actual work, and are lost in the great struggle; but so it is in every profession. Only a few succeed. Another fact is that the schools turn out every year ten capable girls to one young man. A manager said to me at one of the school matinées: 'I can come to any of the performances and pick up six or eight clever actresses, but not one actor. Why don't some smart young men go to the schools?' I am a rabid advocate of studious preparation for the stage. I hope and pray for a national theatre, when dramatic art will get the help of the government."

My own advice to the dramatic aspirant is to first find out whether you possess the natural gift of mimicry, of making believe, of seeming to feel as you do not. If you are comely in person, and your voice is strong, you may, without further qualification than ordinary intelligence, get as good a living in the theatre as you could elsewhere, and perhaps better. But lacking the inherent and not-to-be-acquired ability to impress yourself upon others, to engross them with the subject you try to illustrate, to impersonate clearly to them the individuals of your anecdote, to send it all through their eyes and ears into their hearts and souls, you need not hope to become more than an ordinary player.

Mr. Charles Frohman, the theatrical manager who produces more new plays than any other man on earth, is a man of so many affairs that celerity is the essential point in his methods. He has done more than any one else to encourage the good writing and acting of plays, but playwrights and actors must go to him with tangible evidence of talent if they hope to place their products or services with him. However, a dramatic school has him for a patron, and gives its trial performances in one of his New York theatres.

"Few people understand the relation of the dramatic schools to the stage," Mr. Frohman said to me. "They serve the same purpose of the theatrical manager that the intelligence offices serve for those seeking domestic help; they sift the available talent, and place at the manager's disposal a short and carefully selected list of the best novices in the art. The dramatic schools are the theatrical manager's intelligence offices. When he is in need of new actors, he applies at the schools, and, instead of being given a hundred aspirants to make his selection from, he gets eight or ten, who have been trained and tried out by their teachers, and whose special values as histrionic quantities have been ascertained. In this way the schools not only save the manager much time and trouble, but really provide for him ready-made and accurately gauged talent, and save him from the mistakes that might arise from experimenting with aspirants who lack stage training and discipline. As to a manager's preference for graduates of dramatic schools over wholly stage-trained young actors, it is not a question of methods, but of material. The manager does not concern himself with what has brought about the result, but with the result itself. He wants the actor, and he takes the best that is at hand, whether stage-trained or school-trained."

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ADVENTURES IN NEWS-GETTING.

THE MYSTERY OF RUSSELL SAGE'S ASSAILANT—HIS IDENTITY DISCOVERED FROM A SINGLE BUTTON BY A NEW YORK REPORTER—"NERO," THE GREAT NUBIAN LION, AND HIS FAMOUS OUTBREAK—GETTING AN ACCOUNT OF THE LOSS OF THE "VICTORIA"—HOW TWO NEWSPAPER MEN REFORMED THE PEST HOSPITAL ON NORTH BROTHER ISLAND.

By Allen Sangree.

ABOUT two o'clock one wintry afternoon in December, 18—, when Wall Street babel echoed loudest, Russell Sage, the eccentric multi-millionaire, was much astonished, on looking up from his desk, to find himself confronted by a stranger who had entered his private office unannounced. The man was thin and nervous, but withal so commanding in attitude that the door-keeper had credited his statement of having an especial appointment at that hour.

Striding toward the desk, his eyes glittering with a strange wildness and one hand held back with aggressive uncertainty, the intruder demanded $1,500,000 in cash. The alternative, he assured Mr. Sage, was immediate death. The amazed banker knew that he had to deal with a desperate man; he felt that the quiver of an eyelash might for him beckon eternity, but still he hesitated. The sum was large. Let him consider.

Rising from his chair, he stood uncertain what to do, while a messenger-boy whistled in the hallway, and a few errant puffs—advance-guard of a gale at sea—rattled the windows, and the boisterous shout of curb-stone brokers reached his ear as from a distant shore. His face must have betrayed his intention, for the madman suddenly drew out an ominous-looking parcel, flourished it about his head, and hurled it to the floor.

In the ghastly explosion that followed Mr. Sage, it may be remembered, suffered no injury, while a third person present, the unfortunate Laidlaw, was painfully hurt. As for the would-be murderer, he was so completely annihilated that nothing remained by which he might be identified.

From a newspaper man's view-point this attempt on Russell Sage's life was the most important event of a year It was a dire tragedy, it concerned the rich, and mystery swathed it in heavy folds. Who was the man, and what were his motives? Was he, as Mr. Byrnes, then Chief of Police, asserted, one of a band of anarchists who had plotted to kill all the millionaires in New York, or simply some crazed soul with a "mission"?

Mr. Byrnes chose to adopt the former theory, and with the assistance of three hundred detectives he gathered in a houseful of suspicious characters. The finding of a man who declared that he had been asked to ally himself with such a plot lent color to this impression, and added to the consternation that already had its abode among wealthy folk. The mystery, however, declined to be resolved along these lines, and seven days elapsed only to find the police still groping for a clew.

At this crisis the city editor of one of the largest New York dailies, perceiving public interest to be more fervid than ever, called up a dozen of his cleverest reporters and assigned them to this one story. "Boys," he said, "we've got to find out who that man was. The boss says it must be run down, and you know what that means. It's an ugly story, that's sure, for the police have nothing to give you; but get out and hustle, and see if you can't make Byrnes look cheap." He then put one man in charge, outlined a scheme of procedure, and the reporters stepped out on their difficult assignment.

Among the number was a young man

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named Isaac D. White, who particularly wished to succeed in this assignment, because he had already earned some reputation for analytic ability and close observation. White appreciated, what every reporter soon learns, that a good mystery-story takes precedence over any other in a newspaper, because increased sales are invariably registered in the business office while the perpetrator of a celebrated tragedy is still unknown. It is the sort of thing that appeals to the public, and the paper merely reflects the universal craving for enlightenment.

Such a story, too, is the most difficult to cover, because persons to whom any revelation may be undesirable are certain to place obstacles in the way of investigation; and the only aid that a newspaper man might expect—that of the police—is oftentimes withheld from motives of jealousy or indifference. The reporter, therefore, must depend largely on his own resources, and the one who succeeds is reckoned valuable to any paper. His reward for merit by an outsider would be considered ridiculously inadequate, consisting, as it does usually, in a gruff acknowledgment from the city editor that he wrote "a good story." But that to a reporter is worth any trouble, even worth risking his life if necessary.

White first visited the wrecked apartment, which he found a mass of *débris*, with one end entirely blown away. No vestige of a clew appeared until, after one hour's tireless scrutiny, the reporter discovered two links of the dead man's watch-chain embedded in the wall. Nothing else was to be had, and tucking the links in his pocket he went uptown to the morgue and deposited them with the other remnants. These were limited to the unknown's head, a piece of his black diagonal coat, portions of underclothing, *and a charred button*, about which were collected some reporters and detectives, arguing on the impossibility of identification with such meagre material.

On looking over the articles a second time, White discerned something on the back of the button that urged him to make a more rigid examination. His heart beat wildly when the scraping with a knife revealed the name of a Boston clothier, a clew that had escaped every other eye. Fearful lest he attract attention, he did not trust to jotting the name down, but, with the words seared on his memory, replaced the button and made some irrelevant remarks to sidetrack suspicion. Once out of the building he sped away, sick with excitement.

Now had this reporter been a novice he might, on arriving at the office, have cast himself upon the city editor's neck from pure joy. But the seasoned man makes no such mistake. While working for a newspaper one should contain himself in the most dramatic circumstances. White only had to mention his clew to acquaint the city editor with its significance, but he also, being trained in the same school, made no demonstration. What he did was to take out his watch, glance quickly at a time-table, and turn in his chair to remark shortly:

"Next train leaves for Boston in forty minutes. Go and get that cloth and the button without fail, take 'em along with you, and—have your copy in early!"

Upon that he turned away wearily, vexed, to all appearances, at being disturbed. In reality his mind dilated with hope; he could think of nothing else. And the reporter! He reeled with the breath of life; but he knew his business.

In Boston White pounced on a directory, found his clothing-store on Milk Street, and was assured there by the manager that the button had been attached to one of their suits. A clerk soon dragged from the top shelf a roll of cloth whose texture corresponded with that of the fragment, and the cutter now came forward to identify the workmanship. "The shoulder," said he, "is the most difficult part to fit, and the arrangement of the seams complicated. Every cutter has his own particular style, and that's a sample of mine." White now felt so certain of success that when the name of Henry L. Norcross, a note broker on an adjacent street, appeared on the books as purchaser of the only suit made from that roll, he telegraphed to his paper:

"I have the man. Preserve me three columns."

And he was right. In a few hours he had found the dead man's family and positively identified him, after a heart-rending scene with his mother, who then learned her son's fate for the first time.

Next morning Simla and Buenos Ayres knew that Henry L. Norcross, a man born of humble parents, discontented with his station in life, and rendered desperate by reading books on socialism, was he who had

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attempted the murder of Russell Sage. But only two persons knew that a New York reporter with the aid of a single button had saved Norcross from a nameless grave, and solved a mystery for the whole world.

On the following day White was busy reporting an elopement.

THE STORY OF "NERO," THE GREAT NUBIAN LION.

NEWSPAPER men, from deep experience, have come to believe that everybody, at some time or other, enjoys seeing his name in print. This may be unjust to a few, but their modesty is, on the other hand, easily counterbalanced by the obtrusiveness of the many. To be hoodwinked into publishing an advertising article for a person or an institution is the constant dread of reporter and editor. Accordingly, when the story of an actress stopping a runaway team, or a politician saving life at a fire is laid on the city desk for dissection, a frown is apt to appear on the editor's brow, and the copy-readers leer with suspicion. In spite of long experience and utmost vigilance, however, some enterprising press-agent (always himself an ex-reporter) will contrive a scheme so brilliantly original as to dupe his wary adversaries.

About nine o'clock one morning some time ago news came to the editorial rooms from Police Headquarters that the reserves in four precincts had been called out to subdue a vicious lion, which had broken loose in Twenty-sixth Street near Lexington Avenue, killed his trainer, and was now devouring this unfortunate man.

The city editors sniffed a bit. But they could not overlook such a startling incident, and only cautioned the reporters to investigate narrowly. First to reach the spot was the late William B. Tuttle, one of the ablest writers and most astute reporters who ever served on a metropolitan daily. Tuttle found the neighborhood packed with a crowd of 5,000 people, who were so completely panic-stricken that it was impossible to elicit any sensible information. The only answer to all his questions was a succession of horrific roars that came from a stable in the middle of the block, where "Nero" was presumably tearing fresh victims limb from limb. With each roar the mob shouted and screamed, as it tugged now this way, now that, while women fainted and children were being trampled under foot. Some struggled to advance, others to retreat, and all the time hundreds more were hurrying to augment the crowd. Spurred on by competition and the thrilling situation, Tuttle, with the greatest difficulty, wormed his way out to a telephone, and calling up the office, described his predicament. "Is it or is it not a 'fake'?" demanded the city editor eagerly. "Nobody knows," shouted back the reporter. "The crowd's so terrific that I can't see the lion, only hear his roars. Certainly sounds like the real thing." "Well!" exclaimed the city editor angrily, "you get into that stable instantly, d'ye hear? But wait; tell us what you have now before you go, and then chase back for more. Hire some one to hold this 'phone, and don't lose any time. We've got an extra on the street already."

With the aid of a fire-badge Tuttle now succeeded in penetrating the police lines directly in front of the stable, whence came roars of increasing vigor. Suddenly there burst from the door a man bespattered with blood, his clothes in shreds, and his features convulsed with fright. In his hand he bore a pitchfork dripping with blood. "Lion's eating up all the horses now," he gasped. "But we're using the irons on him, and 'll soon have him quiet. No, no, keep back, for God's sake! If he sees you we won't be able to hold him!"

Tuttle and the other reporters waited to hear no more, but clinging to the nearby telephones sent down graphic accounts of the tragedy, while artists hurried back, making their sketches *en route*. The furor maintained itself unabated for nearly an hour, policemen and keepers preventing any one from endangering his life by approach. It was not until every evening paper had scattered two-column stories all over New York and started them out to the provinces that a morning newspaper man eluded the pickets and peeped through the cracks. What he saw was a miserable old lion, half dead with age and the mange, rolling on the floor in agony as white-hot irons pricked him on every side. Close by lay a dead horse, whose blood had supplied realism to the humbug. People wondered, next day, why the morning papers told nothing about "Nero," the ferocious lion, that had killed his keeper and terrorized half a city.

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FROM BOSTON TO NEW YORK, VIA LONDON.

EVENTS in the newspaper world crowd upon one another like battalions of military in an endless charge. Almost in every happening there lurks an opportunity. It may go by on tiptoe or with a crash and a rumble, always in a fraction of time. But Occasion in this business, as in any other, hath all the hair on her forehead, and one must catch her as she approaches, or miss entirely. The reporter who recognizes this once or twice may be advanced in rank and salary; those who consistently recognize it become eminent.

Big opportunities present themselves oftenest to editors because they understand better than reporters what comports with a paper's policy, can set a commercial value on news, and tell whether a $5,000 cable toll is likely to compensate itself in an added circulation. The American editor, determined on a news-gathering project, is not easily balked. Once when a spring blizzard made impossible all communication with Boston, and an event of national importance was transpiring in that city, Chester A. Lord had his London correspondent cover the story by cabling from England to Boston, and then wiring it back to New York. It cost a pretty penny for cable-tolls, but his paper next day was the only New York sheet that printed any news from Boston.

THE NEWS OF THE SINKING OF THE "VICTORIA."

ONE of the best illustrations of persistency in news gathering was that afforded by David Graham Phillips when he secured an exclusive account of the sinking of H. M. S. "Victoria" by her fellow-battleship the "Camperdown" in the Mediterranean. Phillips was a London correspondent when a despatch arrived telling of the most deplorable tragedy that ever happened to an English man-of-war in times of peace, and he expected that the London papers would have a full account, from which he could get a story for his own paper. All they printed, however, was the bare announcement of the disaster, and Phillips then endeavored to find a correspondent somewhere near where the British squadron had been manœuvring who would furnish him with the details.

"It's useless to try," the English editors informed him. "There's no correspondent in the vicinity, and even if there were, he could not help us, because the nearest cable station is fifty miles away. Better wait till the Foreign Office gives it to us." But Phillips was not willing to wait. He roused the cable managers to activity, and gained their permission to wire a cable operator on the Barbary coast, whose station was nearest the scene of disaster, and ask him for news. But the operator replied that he had none. Two days had now passed, and London papers were still without any supplement to the original brief message. New York was querying madly, so Phillips again wired the operator, and offered him £100 to visit the squadron and send a story. But the reply came back: "Send money first; have none to hire a boat." The cable management now fairly jeered at the American, and assured him he was making a fool of himself. "The operator is a foreigner," they said. "Probably he cannot read or write English, and you won't be able to make out the message if he ever does send one."

On the third day, there being still no news, Phillips found a bank that would send a cable-draft to this out-of-the-way spot, and on the fourth day there arrived a column story, giving an account of the "Victoria" disaster, that was remarkable for its accuracy and graphic description, even though badly spelled. When published in the correspondent's New York paper the same day, and cabled back to London, the narrative was condemned as a "fake." Not until shown the original despatch would London editors admit they had been badly beaten by their enterprising contemporary.

REPORTERS ON A "QUARANTINE" TUG.

TO make use of these opportunities frequently requires of the reporter a courage that might be construed as melodramatic. It is courage, nevertheless, and newspaper men accept ventures every day that would appall the layman. The reporter looks upon them as part of his prescribed duties. On one occasion a company of reporters hired a tug and went down the Bay to meet a German steamer that had picked up the

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crew of a wrecked United States man-of-war. It was bitter-cold and nearly midnight, so that if the morning papers were to have the story the steamer must be boarded immediately. But the quarantine laws forbade any one to step on the deck of an incoming vessel until the doctors had passed her health papers. Knowing this, the newspaper men decided to take a long chance. Representing their vessel as the quarantine tug, they hailed the steamer, ran alongside, and scrambled on board. There were about a dozen of them, and the German skipper eyed them very closely, but was deceived for a time by the acting of one reporter, who knew the mannerisms of a port doctor. When the captain saw the reporters hustling about and getting news, however, and then sitting down to write their stories, his eyes burned with wrath. Calling the watch, he corralled the entire party. "You're not doctors at all," he exclaimed. "You're nothing but reporters, and I tell you what I'll do. By heavens, I'll put the whole lot of you in irons!"

The newspaper men were not much worried about that, but they were bitterly disappointed not to get their stories in after such a successful ruse. They looked at each other in silence. The captain was still raging up and down the deck, denouncing the profession and the American people in general, while the rescued officers looked on in amusement.

Taking advantage of the skipper's distraction, one reporter signalled that he had a scheme to reach the tug. The others cautiously, and one at a time, passed him their manuscripts. Stuffing them into his pocket, and buttoning up his coat, this man made one dash for the ship's side, leaped into the sea, swam to the tug, and, amidst the cheers of his friends, steamed up to the Battery. Every manuscript reached its destination, and the morning papers had the news.

NEWSPAPER MEN AS REFORMERS.

FOR downright nerve, the exploit of Morrill Goddard has never been equalled by representatives of Park Row. Mr. Goddard, still an editor, had just been promoted from reporter to city editor. While busily employed in arranging assignments one day, an office boy, eyes big and face blanched, slipped in to whisper something to him. The city editor stepped out to the waiting-room. There he found a man who had apparently been just redeemed from the grave, so vitally impoverished and haggard did he look.

"I've escaped from North Brother Island," said he, "and I'm going to pass in my checks, but before I die I'd like to see some paper show up that charnel-house just to get even." And he recited hysterically the abuses that he and his fellow-patients had suffered.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Goddard.

"Why, I got scarlet fever," said the other, faintly; "and—and"—as he sank down—"I guess—you'd better send for an ambulance."

Now the very name of North Brother Island awakens dread in the soul of a New Yorker. It is a little barren spot in Long Island Sound, where are marooned the victims of nearly every known malignantly contagious disease. The atmosphere thereabout reeks with myriad germs of leprosy, small-pox, cholera, and typhoid, scarlet, and yellow fevers. Boats land there but to take over food and medicines, while Health Department officials visit it only when actually compelled. To remain there any length of time is simply suicide. Accordingly, when Goddard announced his intention of landing on the island to investigate the charges he had just heard, a shudder of repulsion passed from desk to desk. Calling the whole staff before him, he outlined the proposition, pointed out its perils, and asked for one man to accompany him. When every one had declined the risk, the very youngest reporter, a lad who had but recently arrived from the West, stepped forward and said he was willing to take a chance.

At midnight of the same day the two men arrived at a gloomy little boat-house on the northern shore of Long Island Sound. They found there a white-painted rowboat owned by the city, and guarded by a sleepy Charon, who angrily refused to enter into the scheme. He was surly to all blandishments, until Goddard passed him a ten-dollar note, with instructions to lose himself for a few hours. The ferryman leered a farewell, and cheeringly asked if they had a few last words to say.

Far below they could hear the roar of surf in the narrow channel of Hell Gate, and in the blackness to the north the dan-

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ger signal in Stamford Light flashed intermittently like an evil eye. The wind was steadily rising and anon shipped petulant seas over the gunwale. The reporters pulled till their arms stiffened in the sockets, and Goddard asked his friend if he wanted to turn back. But the youngster was game. "No," said he stoutly.

They finally rowed in the lee of the pest-island that lay before them, damp, swampy, and forbidding, and pulling the prow of the boat on the rocks, dropped to their knees. North Brother Island was to them less known than Borneo, and they were ignorant of the lay of the land or whether pickets might challenge them. If caught, no sympathy was to be expected from any quarter, and detention on the island was a certainty. With the conditions they soon discovered, residence there with the keepers' hostility would have meant death.

For a long distance the newspaper men crawled through swamps and rushes on hands and knees, until they sighted a tent, lighted feebly by a single lamp. Peeping in, they saw four Chinese lepers who seemed to be in the last stages of disease, and who were immersed in filth. No guards sounding a tocsin, they entered and talked with the lepers, who said that the attendants had not been near them in several weeks, and that they ate only what they could secure by stealth. The victims of various diseases, they said, were not kept in different quarters, but all mingled together.

Goddard saw then that he had a bigger story than he expected. Stimulated to further zeal, he proceeded to enter every tent and shanty that he could find. He next got into a den of small-pox, where the situation was truly unendurable. Men were crying for water and begging for a doctor, but neither nurse nor physician heeded the appeals, for all were snugly housed elsewhere. The reporters attended to immediate requests, gave to some water, others medicine, copied the written instructions that were being violated without exception, and went on to the fever wards. Here they discovered typhoid, yellow, and scarlet-fever victims all huddled together, and in some rooms a small-pox invalid and an occasional leper would be sitting about the fire in mutual misery. It was evident then, as the investigation afterwards proved, that a man might go to North Brother Island with scarlet-fever, and be cured, only to die from some other contagious disease.

Goddard carefully investigated the entire place. Then, when the approach of daylight multiplied the chances of detection, he once more visited the attendants' home, found them all soundly sleeping, and turned shoreward.

The tide in the meantime, however, had risen, and was running so strong that the two reporters, worn out with previous exertions, could not pull against it. They were unable, much as they wanted, to emerge from the encircling malignance, and had about given themselves up for lost when the boat set in a current which swept toward the New York shore. They made a dock about 10 A.M., and tying up the city boat—for which a hue and cry had meanwhile gone up—hastily returned to the office. Their exploit and statements were not credited by the city until both reporters had made affidavits before the court. Inquiries and investigations then followed, which led to the entire renovation of North Brother Island.

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A Ballad of Charlie's Men

By Sharlot M. Hall

DUNCAN and I at the kirk would wed,
And soon should our bridal vows be said,
When a pibroch thrilled through the morning air
And a white cockade gleamed brightly there;
'Twas Charlie Stuart bowed low at my side,—
"O lend me your lover now," he cried,
"And when I march homeward adown the glen
You shall wed the bravest of Charlie's men."

Duncan my lover was fair to see,
Stately and tall as the dark pine tree;
Black was his eye as the deep midnight;
His arm was strong and his step was light;
His words were kind and his laugh rang free;
And oh! he was all in the world to me!
But he marched away through the narrow glen
To fight for Scotland with Charlie's men.

The days were long and the nights were drear,
My heart grew sick with its weight of fear;
For the battle was fought and the battle was lost,
And the hearts of the living must count the cost:
And Charlie Stuart's an outlaw now,
With a price in gold on his bonnie brow;
And never the watchers in brae and glen
Shall welcome the coming of Charlie's men.

And Duncan, my lover, my life, my light,
Was the first to fall in that bitter fight:
With Scotland's banner clasped close in his hand
They laid him to sleep in that stranger land;
Narrow and lonely and low is his bed,
The gorse of the southland blooms thick o'er his head;
But still I roam through the mournful glen
And wait for the marching of Charlie's men.

The mavis and merle in the thicket pipe clear,
But the wail of the pibroch is all I can hear;
The heather a-bloom takes the tint of his plaid,
And the foam on the burn shows the Stuart cockade;
The moonlight that falls on the rocks of Ben More
Is alive with the gleam of his targe and claymore,—
And still in my heart and the haunted glen
There echoes the marching of Charlie's men.

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PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART.

III.—MRS. GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER AND THE ARTISTIC-COMMERCIAL PORTRAIT.*

By Charles H. Caffin.

With Reproductions of Mrs. Käsebier's Photographs, Many Hitherto Unpublished.

MRS. KÄSEBIER will tell you that she is a commercial photographer; unquestionably she is an artist. The union in her work of these two motives forms a study of more than usual interest.

There are several kinds of commercial photographer, all united in the purpose of making a livelihood out of their work, but varying in the ideals which they set themselves. One will give his clients the least for their money, cheapening on material and process, so that the photograph will have not even permanency. Others, either from honesty of purpose or because they are in a position to demand better prices, will use only the best instruments and materials and the most thorough process, so that their prints will stand the wear of time. Among the latter group are many who try in various ways to make their photographs pictures. Lastly, there are a few who succeed in this respect and produce truly artistic work. Preëminent among them is Mrs. Käsebier.

The portrait forms so large a part of her work, that we will study her art particularly in this direction; and it is worth while just to try and reach a mutual understanding of what we mean by an artistic portrait, for really the sitter has a large share in determining the result. The photographer has to give his client what the latter desires or go out of business; so public taste may be a stimulus to him, while the lack of it acts as a constant drag upon the free play of his imagination and skill.

If one asks what is understood by a portrait, the answer in nine cases out of ten will be "a good likeness." And this represents a very important quality; one that is sometimes overlooked by advanced artistic photographers, who in their zeal to make an attractive picture will pay scant courtesy to the features. Yet, after all, to the friends of the person photographed it is, not unjustly, a first desideratum that the portrait shall be a good likeness. But of what? A faithful representation of the features is not enough. Occasionally, it is true, one sees a face so faultlessly and regularly modelled that it has the beauty of a statue; almost always it is "icily regular, splendidly null," and the mere touching of the button may record everything which it has to give us. But generally features are less regular; a faultless detail may be balanced by one less perfect, or the features may all be open to criticism, and yet the whole face charming by reason of its expression. Indeed, we shall admit that play of expression and mobility of features are in most cases the chief charm, while the rendering of these qualities is the most difficult thing in photography. For the source of the charm is its spontaneousness, which in presence of the camera is apt to disappear, the features stiffening. You wish to look your best and succeed in looking your worst, or even like nothing that your friends will recognize. But this expression is itself a radiation from the mind and character within. In the case of a little child, for example, over whose face there is a continual ripple of animation, it is the result of a nimble and sunny temperament. If the photographer can catch the child unconscious, he will probably catch the sunshine. But as the character develops in youth, doubt and hope and wonder and a hundred dim surmises ruffle the surface; the face laughs this moment, is pensive the next; neither is the whole character, only a suggestion of both will suffice. In later life, character becomes more fixed, but often no less complicated. Shall we be satisfied with a rendering of features that does not mirror something of this inner personality?

* This series was begun in the March number, and will be continued.

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You may think the question involves its own answer; but unfortunately it does not do so in the case of everybody. I could name a portrait painter, a fashionable one, which means he has an extensive clientage, of whom it is said that he always secures a good likeness. It may be so as far as the features are concerned, but if you do not know the ladies or gentlemen depicted the portraits will mean nothing to you. You are quite prepared to find eyes, nose, and mouth represented, but in their arrangement you look in vain for individuality of expression, something that will identify itself in your imagination with a separate character, that, as you study the picture, will cause you to feel you are making the acquaintance of an actual personality. On the other hand, the great portraits of the world, which have survived the judgment of time, and are agreed to be great by succeeding generations of cultivated persons, owe their eminence partly, it is true, to their technical excellence, but a great deal more to the undebatable, perennially certain fact that they represent human beings with such insight into character and fulness of expression that, although centuries may have elapsed, and our modern ideas of life be entirely different on the surface, these portraits have a fundamental relation to a common humanity. The painters secured a vivid realization of character, the vital facts which constitute a separate human identity, and we look into their faces as into those of our acquaintances and friends.

Unlike the photographer in active work, the painter can reach his results gradually, having the advantage of many sittings, during which he is learning more and more of the sitter's characteristics. He can scrape his canvas clean and begin again, gradually through mistakes reaching the result which seems to justify him in laying down the brush and saying the portrait is finished. In fact, he is not dependent upon the sitter's appearance or condition of mind at any one moment, or upon his own momentary ability to compass the problem. The photographer is dependent upon both. Such limitations call for very exceptional powers on his part, and explain why so few photographs are really good portraits. The photographer must have not only insight into character, but its keenness perpetually sharpened to a point; he must have the sympathetic faculty to gain the confidence

By Gertrude Käsebier, 1897.

"PORTRAIT OF A BOY."

of his subject, and the same continually, as it were, on tap. But people whose analytical and sympathetic faculties are most alert are just the ones whose temperaments are most susceptible. The least little thing may disturb their equilibrium; the chance remark of a sitter as she enters the studio, some detail of her dress or manner may stir an involuntary antagonism, which has to be gulped down and forcibly put out of memory before the work can proceed.

Again, even among people who realize what a portrait should be, there is much misconception as to what constitutes a good photograph portrait. The most common is that it should be clear and distinct, full of definition, the features clearly rendered, the dress—ah, how important a consideration! —distinctly recorded. Yet if people would study each other across the space of an ordinary sitting-room, they would discover how little definition they, respectively, present. They become patches of color against the colors of the walls and furniture; they are animated, individual personalities, and yet the outlines of their figures are not rigidly carved, but merge with the surroundings, and are softened by atmosphere. Still, how charming they all look, so spontaneously alive and interesting, and how their gowns

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By Gertrude Kasebier, 1897.

"PORTRAIT OF MR. B."

become them! If they would pursue the study further they would find how large a part the distribution of light and shade plays in the attractiveness of the scene. The figures are not lighted from all the points of the compass in a stark glare, like the people on the stage. The real scene is a maze of shadows as well as light, moving with the movements of the figures, giving a hundred different suggestions of piquancy, dignity, subtlety, and so on. Perhaps no one will deny this, and yet he or she will ignore the logical conclusion, and visit the average photographer, who turns on the full light, producing a bald, hard, uniformly lighted picture, unsuggestive, merely obvious, and too often commonplace. Whereas the photographic artist, by skilful adjustment of the light and shade, will reproduce the accidental effects that, I hope, we are willing by this time to concede form so much of the charm in real life. He will go further and make them contribute to the expression of the most refined and persuasive qualities of the sitter's character.

Again, we may have noticed how the charm of a lady's presence is enhanced by her costume happening to harmonize with the colorings of the room. This is, again, an accidental effect, which the artist uses with intention; placing the figure in surroundings which will add to its dignity, individuality, or graciousness, choosing colors which will merge into a prevailing tone; or, if he is a photographer, so arranging his darks and lights and varying their intensity as equally to produce a fine gradation of tone from the deepest dark to the brightest light. And, again, in the texture of the material of a costume there is charm. We need scarcely to be reminded how different is the sheen of satin from the soft, moss-like surface of velvet; how exquisite often is the union of white lace with the white hair of an old lady, what a different charm if the lace is black, and so on through all the textures, whether hard or soft, brilliant or dull. Each has its peculiar attractiveness, and a clever woman knows exactly by which her special characteristics are most helped. But have you considered how the beauty of the texture depends upon the amount of the light upon it and the way in which it reflects it? How hard and relentless, for example, a satin dress is apt to look in full daylight, while it has a subtle charm by artificial light, because the latter is distributed piecemeal with attendant shadow, instead of being all-pervasive. Yet the average photographer, or his client, ignores this fact, and the lady's form, set

By Gertrude Käsebier, 1902.

"STUDY OF A BOY."

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By Gertrude Kasebier, 1900.

Mrs. A. M."

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in full light, seems sheathed in metal. In the same way the lace fichu is made to look like perforated cardboard, the velvet like solid wood.

But why dwell so fully on these points? Simply, because each and every one of them has its share in contributing to the beauty of the portrait, and they are precisely the points which are ignored, alike by the public and the average photographer, but are duly considered by Mrs. Käsebier. So, at the risk of giving much of the play without the appearance of Hamlet, I have dwelt upon these points, because they are essential to a comprehension and appreciation of this lady's work. Her portraits have char-

By Gertrude Käsebier, 1901.

"FAIRY TALES."

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"DICKEY." *By Gertrude Käsebier, 1900.*

acter and individuality; for uniformity of definition and lighting she substitutes the suggestiveness of light and shade; not merely posing her figures, she composes them with the surroundings, and makes the whole composition a beautiful pattern of line and form and color, contriving at the same time that this pattern shall help to elucidate the character. Perhaps by this time we may detect a gentle cynicism in her avowal that she is a commercial photographer. It implies that, while she is making portraits for a liveli-

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By Gertrude Kasebier, 1900

"A GROUP."

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By Gertrude Käsebier, 1900.

"MISS SEARS."

hood as well as practising an art she loves, the exigencies of the profession sometimes interfere with the realization of her ideals;

By Gertrude Käsebier, 1900.

"PORTRAIT."

not always because time and opportunity are lacking for mature study, but because, occasionally, the sitter is not of one mind with herself as to the ends in view, urging, or at least desiring, some compromise with the commonplace. And you cannot conform to the average and be above the average at the same time, so the unreasonable insistence must involve certain tuggings at the artist's heartstrings, justifying a little cynicism.

Whether by chance or design, the majority of illustrations to this article are studies of children. Nearly all of us love a child,

By Gertrude Käsebier, 1900.

"LADY WITH NEWSPAPER."

but not all in the same way. Some are so enamored of the child being the promise of the man, that they would have him a manikin in petticoats or short pants; finding amusement even in that odious form of cuteness known as "smart." Others will load with finery the little limbs that Nature has meant for free action and due acquaintance with healthy dirt. These are not the sort of children in whom Mrs. Käsebier takes much interest. Her children are essentially child-like, fresh little buds of vitality with the fragrance of unconsciousness. She woos them into her confidence, sets them to amusing themselves, or holds their interest, and

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catches them in their unsophisticated naturalness. I turn to her "Portrait of a Boy," and find myself laughing. At him? By no means; he has too much skull beneath that soft thatch of hair, too much possibility of character in those chubbily decisive features and wide-apart, honest eyes to give any cause for ridicule. But the sturdy little face is so deliciously childlike, so unconscious of anything but the something which is making his brain ponder, while he sucks in his under lip in a sort of poise of judgment, as to what the strange lady is trying to do to him, that I laugh, as I have laughed on the top of a mountain, in sheer exuberance of spirit, filled with the sense of abounding wholesomeness. Do you mark the extraordinary realism of the soft, smooth hair and the podgy inequalities of the features? Let us imagine, for a moment, the face, as it would ordinarily be photographed, white and smooth, with only enough shade to indicate the modelling of the features, the background whitish, and the costume defined as if to advertise a tailor's stock. Would the picture have had the distinction of this one, viewed only as an effect of color, of tonal arrangement? Would the head have had the naturalness and character of this one? Far more, would there have been the mystery and the poetry of this child face peering out of the depth of shadow, as it were, into the obscurity of his own future? Perhaps we recollect how the old Saxon likened the life of a man to the flight of a bird through the dimly-lighted hall—"out of the darknes into the darkness." Some such depth and poetry of feeling is in this little portrait.

By Gertrude Kasebier, 1897.

"MOTHER AND CHILD."

Now turn to her "Going to Boston," on page 490. Surely, I may enjoy my healthy laugh again, if only at the plaintive insipidity of the stuffed lamb and the lovely inventiveness of the artist, who dares to be playful and can produce a picture so truly beautiful as this. I turn it upside down and this way or that, and every way it is beautiful. Its adjustment of the forms to the space, the subtlety of mass and line and balance of the dark and light seem equally admirable. How wonderful that quivering thrill of light which appears and vanishes in the line of the string! The picture has the decorative simplicity and exquisite precision of a fine Japanese print, and the feeling expressed by purely æsthetic qualities is echoed in the characterization. This youngster was evidently a person of action with a predilection for the strenuous life. He would be in his element climbing trees, but for the moment must be held in repose without loss of active suggestion. His father has lately taken a journey, the son shall do the same. A valise big enough to hold himself is ready to his left hand, his right one holds his overcoat. He is prepared for a start, and meanwhile the lamb stands there in evidence that he is only playing, after all; and in order that the fun may not be at the child's expense, the lamb is prominently in the light, and the boy's own dear little face in serious shadow. Comparing this picture with the previous one, can we refuse to admit that in an artist's hand shadow as well as light will bring out character in the face?

Can anything be more childlike and unconscious than the expression in the face of "Dickey," and the gesture of the hands? Yet with all this artlessness, how artful is

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the introduction of the flowers, the soft, silk fichu crossed low over the neck, and the stiff little bow, which last adds a quaint spot of emphasis, thus drawing the eye and ensuring that the head shall be the first and last part on which the attention rests. The picture represents a charming little conceit of fancy, which detracts nothing from its serious sweetness.

The group called "Fairy Tales," of a lady and two little boys bending over an album, involves a more complicated problem of composition, lighting, and characterization. I wish that my readers could see the original of this, printed in brown, with such a rich range of tone and varying quality of color: opaque in the background on the right and having a woolly, cloth-like texture; soft, transparent on the children's hair, smooth and lambent on the flesh, and smooth, but crisper on the cloth suits. What complete unanimity of interest in the attitude of the three heads, and yet difference of feeling! One boy, for example, attracted lightly by the picture, the other giving his mind to it, with hand lifted unconsciously to the chin in concentration of attention. I can understand some one objecting that the boy's face is so much in shadow that the features are almost indistinguishable. One may share the regret and yet feel that this loss is compensated by a greater gain in the shrewd revelation of the boy's character. This indication of quiet, penetrating earnestness should be a more precious document for a mother to cherish than one merely of the features, both because it is a much more difficult thing to have attained, and because it dips into the unplumbed mystery of the child's mind. The qualities of his brother's mind, on the other hand, one may judge to be of a more obvious kind, so there is a spiritual suggestion in the contrast of light and dark in the two faces.

A similar quality of spirituality reappears in the "Portrait," on page 487. What beauty of character and temperament is suggested in the older girl! the effect being assisted not only by the suave dignity of the pattern of light and dark, but by the exquisite pose of the figure, the lean of the head, lift of shoulder, and the expression of the hand which rests upon the younger child. The latter nestles very naturally, but the deep shadow is unfortunate, detracting from the roundness and softness. But even so, the picture is most beautiful, having the rich quality, both in tone and spacing, of an old Venetian master.

By Gertrude Kasebier, 1900.
"PORTRAIT."

A quality shared by all the prints we have been discussing is sincerity. I do not mean of purpose and workmanship, which go without saying in this lady's work, but of method. To express the character and make a beautiful picture the means employed have been those of sound and serious art, without any trace of affectation or trick to secure distinction. Of the former, some might see a suspicion in the portrait of "Dickey" on page 485, but I refuse to perceive it, for the face, quaint and dreamy, justifies the treatment. The slight bizarrerie of "Miss Sears" may also be justifiable. The child would seem to be a demure, prim little miss, rather mannered for her age; her hair is dressed in a very formal way, the handsome coat is in style much as her mother might wear, and as she sits with the stuffed dog on her lap and the queer bow on her head, she has the complete self-possession and some of the complacency of an adult. She is not playing a little game like the small boy with the lamb; she seems conscious of posing for a cunning effect. Hence the

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By Gertrude Käsebier, 1900.

"GOING TO BOSTON."

By Gertrude Käsebier, 1900.

"MISS D."

feeling of the picture does not ring true; it is forced, unspontaneous, and the prominence given to the dog seems freakish, the bow tiresome. Still I should judge it a very telling piece of character rendering.

It needs boldness to suggest that there is affectation in the beautiful "Group" on page 486, for nothing could be more simple and heartfelt than the management of the mother's and baby's heads and the expression in each. But why the Japanese costume? Why not? may be the retort. Because this lady is not Japanese, or she would

By Gertrude Käsebier, 1900.

"CORNELIA."

not be sitting on a chair, but kneeling on the floor with her body on her heels in a cosey mass of drapery; and this device of dressing up a subject to make a pretty picture is one of the ordinary resources of the photographer who has not the knowledge of art possessed by Mrs. Käsebier, and is accordingly driven to such shifts in trying to make his picture distinguished. It is my respect and admiration for this lady's art that make me judge it only by the highest standard, and cause me to feel a jar at the least suggestion of insincerity. For this reason I cannot cordially accept the "Decorative Panel." The child is so obviously put

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By Gertrude Käsebier, 1899.

DECORATIVE PANEL.

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on view. The old-fashioned photographer would have put a piece of figured drapery over an arm-chair, and hidden the mother behind it to hold the baby in position. This is not so bold a device, but here we have the tapestry—frequent resort of small photographers—and instead of a draped chair a draped mother with her head bowed in shadow. Of course we know why; but if the attitude and treatment of shadow have

"LA GRAND-MÈRE." *By Gertrude Käsebier, 1894.*

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By Gertrude Käsebier, 1898.

"ADÈLE."

any æsthetic meaning, they indicate profound grief, which is not justified by the possession of so healthy and well-formed a child. Again, one of the main beauties of a child's limbs is their satin texture. So we miss in this picture the full quality of loveliness in the child's figure, and the artistic charm of spontaneousness and unity of feeling in the whole conception. It is a set-piece rather than a glimpse of nature. So most explicitly is "La Grand-mère." The scene is a rude one with mixture of sun and shadow, suggestive of the life of the poor; the old woman is a sturdy, wholesome type, who has done her simple duty, upheld and cheered by religious faith. Surely an artist could have led our imagination to this point without the crude device of making her hold a crucifix to her breast. No; she has been posed, and one resents the artificiality as an imposition. There is more than a little affectation also in the profile

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By Gertrude Käsebier, 1901.

"SISTERS."

"Portrait" on page 489, with its entanglement of hair—dare I call it tousled?—and the self-consciousness of the face interferes with the spontaneity which such a treatment demanded. Yet the artistry of this print, apart from its sentiment, is exquisite. I have the original before me, and the beautiful quality of color in the head, the contrast between the soft confusion of the hair and comparative flatness of the face, the dainty touches of definition in certain of the features, and the suggestive line that passes down the figure, appearing, reappearing, delicately emphasized in parts and fading away into the paper imperceptibly, so that one cannot tell where it ceases—all these exhibit a sensitiveness of artistic feeling and handling beyond praise. If I may

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try to paraphrase the impression with which it affects me, I would say it is like a deep, full breath, passing away in a sigh; a suggestion so exquisitely subtle that I wish the breath had been the expression of a more sincere, less self-conscious feeling. Quite possibly this fancied detection of insincerity may be due to some prejudice of my own. One can only state one's opinion honestly, giving at the same time one's reasons, so that the reader may judge whether the conclusion be good or bad.

What shall we say of "Mother and Child"? Beautiful it certainly is, if only for the delicacy of light and shade in the folds of the lady's white gown, but when we approach the feeling of the picture, do we not find sentimentality rather than sentiment? If so, it was the result of a sudden impulse of enthusiasm. One may imagine the general conception of the picture settled and the artist waiting for her opportunity. The baby suddenly glides into a pose with head thrown back and eyes raised. It is like an infant Christ or wingless cherub. Exquisite! Even the mother shares the excitement of the moment, as one may see from the tense action of the head and fixity of gaze. The picture is taken and is very spiritual and beautiful, yet the pose and expression of the child have not the unaffectedness of a baby. The result is, baby plus the enthusiasm of the artist for something she did not expect to get, and could only have got by accident; certainly not normal, simple, characteristically childlike.

An amazing mastery of subtle effects of light and shade is seen in the picture of a "Lady with Newspaper," in which the open sheets of a newspaper are made to yield a most interesting pattern of form and color, while the mingling of light and dark in the folds of the dress is full of poetic suggestion. In the "Study of a Boy" the difficulty of setting the camera at the window has been triumphantly overcome. The massing of shade upon the left is full and deep in tone, in the original especially a joy to study, and the pensive expression of the young man's face, so admirably unaffected, has a delightful reference to the misty distance of view outside the window. It is a surprising and most impressive picture; strong, deep, and subtle. Of the print, "Mr. A. M.," on the page opposite the "Study of a Boy," I have only the proof before me, so that I cannot speak with such extended admiration as I am sure the picture warrants; for even in this rough state the treatment of the head, and the two hands so strangely echoing its expression, and the placing of these three spots against the plunge of dark, are managed with a comprehension and fulness of artistic feeling most delightful. The beauty of the picture "Miss D." needs no commending. Its appeal is instantaneous and enduring. Only I would dwell upon the consummate feeling and skill with which the character as well as the features are made to emerge from the soft shadow. It is as fine a refutation as could be of the ordinary fallacy that the face should be brightly lighted and defined.

To sum up one's impressions of Mrs. Käsebier's work, as illustrated in these portraits, it is, in the first place, sympathetic, influenced by love and enthusiasm as well as knowledge. She has a keen intuition of character, and a wonderfully swift inventiveness of means to express it, for we may conclude that certainly the majority of these pictures have been done under the ordinary conditions of fulfilling appointments. Each has an unexpectedness of treatment, presupposing a mind stored with artistic resources and an imagination alert and fertile. Equally spontaneous is her sympathy. She has a remarkable power of focussing her interest upon her subject and of discovering the best qualities. The means by which she gives expression to her conceptions are those of a thorough artist, and in almost every case of a "straight" photographer. Indeed, the "Portrait," page 489, is, perhaps, the only example of a picture conspicuously altered in the process, and here it is mainly in the way of elimination. Her resources are the management of line and form, and of light. These she handles, not merely with knowledge, but with a vivid imagination and poetic instinct; securing, as she needs it, dignity or delicacy of line and mass and fulness or evanescent charm of color. The quality of the latter can only be guessed from the illustrations, but many of the originals urge one to use that much-abused term "orchestration of color." No other seems so fitting; for example, her dark passages have a resonant, sonorous quality; elsewhere the effects of light are flute-like in their tremulous purity, or the impression upon one may be of the vibration of stringed instruments, and all are fused into a harmony of tone and feeling.

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"'ONE OF THE YOUNG GENERALS TAKE MY HAN', AN' HOLD IT UP, VER' HIGH.'"

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A COURT-MARTIAL EXTRAORDINARY.

By Katharine H. Brown.

Illustrated by Stuart Travis.

"AUSSI, madame, they is queer t'ings happen up to the Fort. My fazzer, he use' tell us when I's little that we mustn' nev' go there. He use' say, 'Angélique, where mens kills each ozzer, you sees they's—'" She stopped, gazing at me with eyes dark in childish awe. I saw her brown fingers twitch instinctively into "the horns" for her soul's protection.

"But, child, there's been no fighting here in Mackinac for the last century. The most strenuous ghost would have given himself up by this time."

Angélique looked away across the gold-green slope of the Fort hill. "I don' nev' like to call they's name, 'fear they answer," she said, under her breath. "But Colonel Courtenay, he tole me, ev' year, New Year's night, if you creep up to the big dinin'-room, ver' soft, you hears music, an' you see"—her voice dropped to a whisper—"all the Heeltaps march roun' an' roun' in a circle. An' when it strike one, —s-s-sh! they all slide under the table. An' they don' come out, till nex' New Year's."

"What are Heeltaps like, Angélique?"

"He didn't tole me that. An', madame, you know you mustn' ask 'bout such tings, 'less you ain't 'fraid to *fin' out*."

"Didn't you work up at the Fort awhile, when the garrison was there, before Colonel Courtenay left the army? Did anything strange ever happen to you then?"

Angélique's cheeks flamed with a swift pomegranate bloom. For truth, she was a winsome bit, from the black coronet of her Algonquin braids to the arch of her Gascon instep. "No, madame," she answered soberly, "nossing, 'cept 'long of the cote-martial."

"The court-martial! Why, did you ever see one? What was it like?"

"I didn' jus' see it, madame," she confessed; "I tell you all about it, some time. Don' you want to hear 'bout the Loup-Garou?"

"Not till I know about the court-martial. When did they hold it?"

"Madame, did I ev' tell you 'bout the White Trapper, what my fazzer saw, up Great Bear, what witched him so's he couldn'——"

I controlled a frenzied impulse to throw my crutch. "Angélique, haven't I said that I wanted to hear about the court-martial, instantly?"

Angélique looked up at me with a quavering chin. "I nev' tole anybody 'bout it, 'cause I nev' can tell jus' what it all means," she murmured. "One day I say to myself, 'Angélique, you so wicked you ought to be send to the stone house,' the nex' day I t'ink, 'all this ain' nossing but some dreffle big joke,' an' still I don't know."

I held forth on the advantages of open confession for some time. Finally Angélique breathed a little sigh of exhausted surrender, fitted her hands around her knees in the true *raconteur* attitude, and began.

"Well, you mus' know, madame, at Lil' Bear, where my people live, they's ev' so many of us. Me an' my sisters—that's

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four; an' my brothers—ah, they six of those. An' my fazzer, he fish, an' farm, an' work, *so* hard, but he nev' can get 'nough for so many. So when I's sixteen, two years now, my mozzer she put me to work for Mère Leroi, t'ree miles up the mainland. Mère Leroi, she live on a big farm, an' she give me all the sewin' an' the i'onin' to do.

"One day I i'onin', an' in come Mère Leroi, ver' smilin', an' she say, 'Angélique, that peddleman Charpentier, what was roun' the Island las' fall, he come back. He Fazzer Antoine's nephew, you know. He wants stay tel the ice breaks, an' he ask, jus' as soon as he come in, "Where's Angélique?" Here's you' chance, Angélique.'

"Me, I jus' 'spize those peddlemans. These Charpentier, he come to Lil' Bear that summer before, an' he stay *an'* he stay, an' he try sell us tings we can't nev' buy, an' he talk silly to us till my fazzer he jus' chase him off. I jus' hate him, me. An' when Mère Leroi say that, I look back at her offle cross, an' I say, 'I don' want no chance on no peddleman.'

"Mère Leroi, she laugh some more, an' she call somebody, an' in come that peddleman. Madame, you t'ink all day an' you dream all night, an' yet you nev' can see anysing so horreeble. Oh, yes, I know he mus' be good, for he relate' to Fazzer Antoine; but he can't nev' be good to see.

"He come sit down by my i'onin'-board, an' look at me, so!" Angélique stretched her face into an appalling grin. "An' he say, 'Well, lil' birdie! Have Mère Leroi tole you?'

"'Tole me what?' I say.

"'Ain' she speak to you 'bout me? Me what adorre you? How I go to mass an' look an' look at you, an' you nev' know? How I come over here, jus' on purpose to see you? I t'ink I keep still an' not say nossing for a long time, tel I know if you like me, but I can't wait, so I say it now.' An' what you think he do, madame? He grab my han' an' kiss it wis his great big mouf!"

"What did you do then, Angélique?"

"Me, I mos' afraid to tell you. I—I pick up my i'on, an' I give him one slap, so he tumble clear down. An' then I run like I nev' run before.

"I t'ink I run home 'cross the ice to my own fazzer, an' then if I keel that peddleman, they can't do nossing to me. But when I get 'most to the lake, somebody holler, an' I look 'round, but it's just Pierre. Pierre, he Mère Leroi's son, an' we's very good friend.

"'Where you goin', Angélique?' he say, all gasp. 'You run like you t'ink Windigo catch you.'

"I bleeve I mos' scared to death, madame, 'cause when he say that, I cry like I nev' shall stop. An' Pierre, he say, 'Don' you mind, Angélique; on'y yesterday I have a letter from Colonel Courtenay, an' he want one of my sisters come over to the Island an' help at the Fort; they goin' have a big party there, all nex' week. Charpentier, he ain' keel, but he offle mad; an' you better go right 'long.'

"So Pierre, he go bring my skates, an' my clothes all roll' up, an' we slip off, ver' quiet, over to the Island. Pierre, he kiss me good-by twice, an' he say, 'That ole fool Charpentier, he let you alone now or he drink sorrow. He kiss you' han' some more, he get his head broke clean open this time.'

"Well, I go up to M'sieu le Commandant's house, an' they show me what I mus' do. Madame, you open you' eyes wide if you see that place. Madame le Commandant has five young ladies to visit, an' then there come a whole sledge full of generals, greater, oh! so much greater than M'sieu le Commandant, to stay at the Fort. There isn't nossing but parties all the time, an' the house full of roses, like it was summer, an' so much to do! I nev' was so tired before.

"I work there 'bout t'ree days, an' somebody call into the kitchen, 'Angélique Sarcey, somebody want to see you in the laundry.' So I run into the laundry, jus' like I was, an' what you t'ink? It was that peddleman!

"His eye all black where I bump 'im wis the i'on, an' he grin at me like he take a bite, an' he say, ver' soft, 'So, Angélique, my beauty, you t'ink you settle Charpentier? Well, he ain' settle yet. He come to talk it over.'

"'Nossir!' I say. 'You go 'way or I tell madame. M'sieu le Commandant, he don' like peddlemans.'

"'Not till I say somesing. You runned off here over the ice wis Pierre Leroi, hein? I go back an' tell you' fazzer, he be so dreffle mad he mos' keel you. Pierre Leroi, he big as a tree, an' he nev' have earn' a centime.

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You better take me. I take good care of you, an' then there won' nev' be any fuss.'

"I say nossing. I jus' *look*. An' he say, 'Why for you hate me?' an' he eyes begin roll that horreeble way again. Then I see Madame le Commandant come 'cross the yard, an' I know how angry she was if she see me talking wis him.

"'You run in here quick, before madame see you,' I say, an' I shove him in a lil' tiny room nex' the laundry, an' run in after him.

"I go in so quick I knock against him, an' he grab a rope hangin' there to steady heself, an' the nex' thing, Madame, we's *gone!* Room an' peddleman an' all, down, down in the dark, like we nev' shall stop!

"Me, I don' do nossing but scream *an'* scream like somesing keel me, an' that Charpentier, he keep howl, 'Oh, Angélique, why you takin' me to hael wis you? Me what nev' done anysing? Oh, Angélique, why you takin' me to hael?'

"All at once we stop, thump! all in the dark, so hard it make our teefs rattle.

"'Now you done it!' he say. 'We clear down to hael, an' the ol' Nick an' all the little devils a-runnin' for us!' an' he begin howl louder than ever.

"I don't say nossing, I so frightened. An' pretty soon that room begin br—br—br— an' first thing we know, we goin' up.

"Madame, I don't have time to t'ink before—z-zip! we's clear up in the laundry again. An' there stand M'sieu le Commandant an' madame, an' all the generals an' ladies lookin' at us. They all begin ask what's the matter, an' that Charpentier, he don' do nossing but screech. 'Oh, I goin' pay you back for thees scare! Here's thees girl, M'sieu le Commandant, look at her! She try keel me once, an' then she try take me to hael wis her.'

"M'sieu le Commandant, he help me out, an' he say: 'Didn' you two imbeciles know this lift won't stand such a weight? An' what you makin' thees fracas for, Charpentier? Don' you know I don't allow no peddlemans here?'

"'I don' make no fracas,' says Charpentier. 'It's all that Angélique. Las' week she split my head wis a flati'on, an' to-day she try take me to hael wis her.'

"'I didn' mean to go 'long wis you,' I say, an' ever' body laugh like they nev' shall stop. Then the biggest general, he look at me ver' solemn, an' he say:

"'So she want to keel thees man! Courtenay, we better try the affair. I think I hold a cote-martial.'

"Some of them say, 'Oh, don't!' an' some call 'Shame!' but mos' of the people don't do nossing but laugh some more. The biggest general, he make us walk front of him to the grand salon in m'sieu's house. Then he sit down in a great big chair an' call me to him.

"'What you' name?' he say.

"'Angélique Sarcey,' I tole him.

"'*Très bien.* Be sworn, Angélique.'

"I didn' know what he want, but one of the young generals take my han', an' hold it up, ver' high.

"'That is sufficient. Much obliged, Stewart. Now, Angélique, take you' han' away, an' tell me the truth. Where did you first know thees Charpentier?'

"'He come to my fazzer's house to sell t'ings,' I say.

"'Did you ever encourage him as a suitor?'

"'I nev' did anysing but hit 'im wis my flati'on,' I tole him.

"'So you admit that you struck him. Now tell thees court all you know about Charpentier.'

"'He's offle ole, an' ugly, an' cross,' I say. 'He come to our farm up Lil' Bear an' try sell me a necklace, an' when I tell him I ain' nev' got no money, he say I can have it for t'ree kisses. My fazzer, he drive him off, but he come back an' say he goin' to work. But he don' do no work, 'cept when he eat, so he get chase' off again. Then las' week he come to Mère Leroi's an' scare me so bad that Pierre bring me over here.'

"'You mean that you skated all that distance to get away from him?' ask' madame. An' when I tole her yes, one of the generals look at Charpentier, an' he say, 'One on you, ole man.'

"'I can't judge on thees case, 'less I see it jus' like it happened,' says the bigges' general. 'One of you men go find a flati'on.'

"So one of the younges' generals, he bring in an i'on an' the board. They put the board 'cross two chairs, an' m'sieu say:

"'Now, Angélique, you show us how you hit 'im. Charpentier, you stan' jus' like you was, an' look like you was that time, an' mos' likely we make our decision for you.

"Madame, all my hairs begin pull, I so frightened. But that Charpentier, he sit

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down in one of those chair, an' he feel so smart over what m'sieu say, he grin up at me, an' he say, 'Come 'long, Angélique.'

"'Time!' the younges' general shout, so loud I jump an' drop my i'on. It fall thump! on the floor, right by my foot, but that ole Charpentier think he hit, an' he yell an' hop up so quick he upset he chair, an' knock down the i'onin' board. It hit against the younges' general, an' he tumble clear up against the wall, an' take a whole tableful of lil' dishes wis him.

"'Verdict for defendant!' he say, soon's he pick heself up an' the ladies stop screechin' at him. 'If that girl don' fetch one thing, she'll fetch anozzer.'

"The bigges' general, he look ver' cross, an' he call out, 'Order in thees court!' An' he ask me:

"'Did you, then, want to keel Charpentier?'

"'I nev' mean to keel anybody,' I tole him. 'But I wouldn' feel so ver' sorry if I had.'

"'Did you ever like him when he come to see you?'

"'Me like that peddleman!' I say. 'Jus' look at him!'

"Then ever'body scream and shout, an' that general, he poun' on the table wis a book, till they get quiet. An' Charpentier, he keep roll he eyes at me till I so scared I make the horns wis my fingers, so's he can't witch me. Then he begin to talk.

"'I want to marry her,' he say, *so* loud. 'An' she runned off wis Pierre Leroi, an' won't have nossing to do wis me, an' when I try talk to her she take me down to hael——'

"'Let up, you fool,' the younges' general say. 'Didn' you ev' see a levelator before?'

"'The prisoner is release',' the bigges' general call out. An' he run his hand in he pocket, an' bring out a dollar.

"'Trot off an' buy you a new ribbon,' he tell me. 'An' you, Charpentier, you leave, an' you keep away from thees fort, 'less you' lookin' for trouble.'

"Oh, I was so glad they le' me go! But the younges' general, he call out:

"'No! No! Don' let her go yet! She not paid her fine.'

"'What fine?' say Madame le Commandant.

"'She mus' kiss us all 'roun', to pay costs,' he answer; an' all the ladies look ver' solemn, an' the generals say, 'Yes, that jus' the thing! You has great head, Stewart!' Me, I worse scared than ever, but I t'ink, 'You got to do somesing quick, Angélique,' so I hold out my dollar.

"'Won't thees do?' I say. 'For Pierre, he be so ver' angry, he jus' ter*ree*ble, if he know I kiss anybody but him.'

"Then all the generals, they shout so I's most deef, an' madame come over an' put her arm aroun' me, an' she say they ought to be shame' to treat me that way. An' the other generals, they give me some more money, an' they all so good to me! I have to cry, it make me feel so ver' queer. An' that peddleman—I nev' know where he slip off. Anyway, he don' bother me now. When he see me on the street, he go on the ozzer side."

"But what has become of Pierre?"

Angélique shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, he roun' the Island somewhere," she answered serenely. "You want to look at the sunset? It's 'mos' clear now."

She went to the window, and began to arrange my chair, watching the clouds break away from the sunset as she did so. The color began to deepen in the delicate cheek towards me; she leaned close to the window, as though she would not miss an instant of the mystic changes without.

"How that untutored child does appreciate those trailing clouds of glory!" I thought, as I hobbled to the window beside her.

I followed her gaze down the steep Fort road. A long, yellow omnibus was toiling up the hill. On the box sat a wide-shouldered, bronzed young giant, leaning eagerly forward. As he caught sight of Angélique at the window, he snatched off his cap, and bowed with a reverential dignity ill-suited to his sparkling face.

Angélique watched him as he drove past. I do not think she breathed till he was out of sight.

"Ah-h!" she sighed then, clasping both hands to her little throat. Presently she laid her left hand on the window-seat, and looked at it with solemn admiration. I looked, too, and wondered that I had never noticed the little ring, with its setting of lake amethysts.

Angélique felt my eyes upon her. She turned a shy, adorable glance to me, then laid the ringed hand against her lips.

"It is Pierre?" I said.

"*C'est* Pierre," she whispered back.

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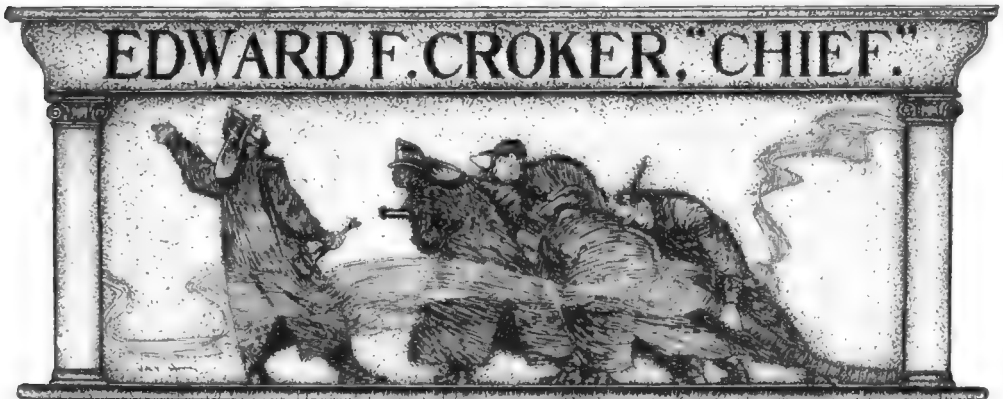
EDWARD F. CROKER, "CHIEF."



A CHARACTER STUDY OF THE CHIEF OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

By Lindsay Denison.

Illustrated by Jay Hambidge.

IN the menagerie of a two-tent circus that visited a little Wisconsin town last fall there was a panther which seemed to a small boy I know to be so different from all the other panthers that he was not a panther at all. While the other beasts slunk up and down the bars of their cages, with lowered heads and glowering eyes, this particular panther kept at the back of the cage for his promenading; his head was high and his pace was slow; his eyes were ever studying the tops of the bars of the cage; sometimes he would pause and scrutinize one bar for a moment before resuming his march. The boy said that it was not a panther, but a "jump-cat," and from this unscientific conviction could not be shaken.

It was the small boy's tremendous privilege not six months afterward to be in a New York hotel when a house in the same street caught fire late at night. He was at the window from the very first. He saw the big white horses, three abreast, come straining out of Broadway with the glittering engines swinging behind them, and the smoke and sparks that they trailed blew into his face. He saw the white carts chasing after, full of men frantically pulling on rubber overcoats and rubber boots. He saw the long water-tower manœuvred around the corner, and hurried to the curb in front of the burning house, and saw its slender length reared into the air, until a roaring torrent of water burst from its nozzle and tore away glass and sash and bricks and plaster in its greedy eagerness to reach the flames within. He saw a queer thing, that looked for all the world like a fire engine, stop at the corner and send out two broad streams of white light that made the whole street as bright as day, so that he could see the letters of the signs on the house from which the smoke and flames were coming; the streams of light moved from window to window, following the moving streams of water and the men climbing the ladders. Then he saw a light wagon with two men in it come bouncing over the car tracks with a great clanging of an alarm gong; one of the men was a fireman, but the other, who was driving, did not look like a fireman at all; a dirty brown felt hat was pulled over his eyes, and his coat collar was turned up, so that it made his little brown beard stick out straight in front; he leaped out of the wagon, and the fireman beside him pulled a white helmet from under the seat and threw it at him, and then a rubber overcoat, and he put them both on while he ran toward the fire. The street was full of engines and carts and policemen and ladder trucks by this time, but the small boy did not see any of them any more. He was watching the man with the white helmet; watching men scurry up to him and away again, and whole companies of men

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go piling up ladders at the pointing of his finger; watching him walking backward across tangles of hose, as though he had eyes in the back of his head, which saved him from tripping over them; watching him strain his head upward as though he wanted to see through the brownstone walls and search out the hidden flames within; watching him at last seize an axe from a fireman and smash in the plate-glass door of the store next to the one that was burning, and leap through the opening, followed by a handful of firemen. Then the small boy turned around with a long sigh of satisfaction.

"That man's jus' 'zacly like the jump-cat," he said.

There was wisdom to be learned out of the mouth of that youngster, for the better one knows Edward F. Croker, the more does the man seem like a panther walking upright, preying on fire. In the face of fire he is hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. Once a man stood in front of Croker and obstructed his view of a building which was burning. Croker did not ask him to step aside, neither did he push him out of the way; he knocked him down. Afterward he denied violently that he had struck anybody; he could not remember any incident of the sort. But he could remember with absolute accuracy every order that he had given to his men, he knew from what engine every one of the twenty lines of hose had received water. Another time he struck a police captain in the face for asking the question, "Fire almost out, Chief?" There was murder in his eyes when he struck the blow, but in the same second he was giving orders to his aides in as calm and cold tones as though he were asking them the time of day. His own expression for the feeling that comes over him at such times as these is that he "can't stand being bothered at fires."

It was not because of this fine frenzy against his professional enemy that Edward Croker was made Chief of the New York Fire Department. None outside the department knew the man, in the days of his selection, as the fire-hater that he is; few in the department knew him, and these did not feel toward him as men feel toward one whom they would gladly see promoted. His appointment was received with something like a unanimous groan. Even in the Tammany hosts, where it is an article of the faith that Richard Croker can do no wrong, men said dubiously that "the Boss was getting kind of gay with the Fire Department." And the civic reformers lifted their hands in horror, and called all decent folk to witness that the firemen were to be demoralized and degraded as the police had been.

Edward Croker was the nephew of Richard Croker. He became a fireman by the grace of Richard Croker, then a fire commissioner of the city, a dispensation commemorated by tablets on many of the engine-houses. With his uncle's interest behind him, the young man's promotion was as rapid as it was undeserved by any experience he had or by any acts he achieved. A man of the rank and file of the Fire Department is spoken of as one who "wears the blue shirt." Croker wore his blue shirt but six weeks: then he became a commissioned officer. Men whose names were on the roll of honor, men who had been working for promotion for as many years as he had been weeks in the service, did not regard his advancement pleasantly. The excuse that he had won promotion by meritorious conduct was not made for him; it would have been ridiculous to make such an assertion on behalf of a man who had hardly had time to have his first uniform fitted.

The men over whom he took command were all of them better firemen than he. They knew it. They hated him for it. The young man knew they hated him, and was not made unhappy. He did not care what they thought of him, and it was a relief to him that he would not be put to the trouble of preventing them from trying to make friends with him. He did not want any friends. He did not want to be "bothered." He had entered the department because the smell of smoke was the breath of his nostrils: he meant to be Chief of the Department some day, and the faster he travelled toward that goal the better he was satisfied with the world. Meantime, he studied by day and night the tricks and the ways of fires. He knew that he knew nothing. He did not need the scowls and the sullen obedience of his men to tell him that. But he had this tremendous advantage over them: he knew that a time was coming when he would know a great deal more than any of them. Two years later Croker was promoted again, and was put in command of an engine company, and then his uncle left him to shift for himself for

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"OSWALD, HE HOLDS ON."

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six years. The young man spent those six years attending to his business, breaking his own bones and saving lives, as every fireman must. When "orders" came that he should go up higher and be a Battalion Chief, his former command relinquished him cheerfully. "We liked to go into a fire with him," one man of that company has said, "but every time he went up a ladder we prayed that he would never come down."

In command of but twelve men, and with those twelve always under his eye, knowing that he was the peer of any of them in muscle and in courage, it never occurred to Edward Croker that anything was to be gained by getting their affection or friendship. The value of the influence of affection on a command did not come to him until years afterward, when he had to control many men, some of whom did not see his face once in three months.

New York firemen, like all of the city's servants, have been brought up to a keen appreciation of the importance in their lives of the Tammany Hall "district leader," though the department has almost always been free from the charge that unworthy men have received advancement in it because of political favor. Edward Croker's first promotion is one of the few exceptions. But when a choice is to be made between two men equally deserving as firemen—the man who has the greater political weight is the one who receives the appointment. A fireman who desired to be transferred from one company to another, went, by immemorial custom, to the district leader to arrange it for him; and the district leader "saw the Chief about it."

The Croker family is not famous for doing unnecessary things. To one who knew by the best of experience just what it meant to be the nephew of the Boss, it seemed entirely unnecessary to waste time in trying to gain the favor of ward politicians. Edward Croker never knew the name of the leader in his own assembly district. Of course the leader knew who Croker was: he was "blood-related to the Boss." The leaders made up their minds that Edward Croker's independence of them was due to his reliance on his uncle. They respected his good judgment in the matter, even though in their hearts they resented his conclusions.

When Old Man Bonner went out, after having been in the service since the days when firemen wore red shirts, and it was announced that Croker was to succeed him, the politicians of the smaller sort rubbed their hands together in anticipatory glee. With a Croker at the head of the Fire Department, it would no longer be necessary to invent perjuries to save a fireman from punishment for having stayed at a primary-meeting when he should have been in the engine-house on duty; the man who hung about the saloon near the engine-house until he lost his clearness of eye and his quickness of body, exhorting those whom it might concern to stand by Tammany Hall, would not need to make any excuses to his commanding officer. Of course Croker would see to it that the "Organization's" interests were always consulted as far as the Fire Department was concerned. In their first flush of joy over the coming change the propriety of giving a dinner in honor of the new Chief was discussed. "We ought to know him better," they said. The leader of the district in which Edward Croker had lived most of his life rose in the council and advised caution. There were many peculiar things about the new Chief, he said, and it was well to study them before approaching him. That dinner has not been given yet; but they know Croker a great deal better than they did. They have been taking the sage's advice; they have studied him. It is even whispered that Richard Croker has become better acquainted with his nephew in the last two years, and has made discoveries not altogether pleasant to himself.

The first politician to go to the new Chief with a request was a man who wanted a fireman transferred from the wholesale dry-goods district to Harlem, so that he could be near to his friends when he was off duty.

"Why didn't he come up and ask me to do this himself?" inquired Croker.

"Why," blandly explained the leader, marvelling at the lack of tact of Richard Croker's nephew, "he asked me to arrange it for him, Chief."

"Oh," grunted the Chief, "he did. Well, who are you?" Then, observing that his visitor was looking in a rather pained way at the card in the Chief's hand—"Oh, I know what your name is! But what have you got to do with this department?"

The caller murmured something about a friendly interest, and a wish to see every-

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"TWO SEARCHLIGHTS . . . WHICH THROW SHAFTS OF LIGHT ON THE DARK PLACES OF BURNING BUILDINGS."

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thing go smoothly between the department and the Organization.

"Get out of here," said the chief, "and don't ever come back! If you do I'll throw you out. I'm too busy to be bothered."

He actually did throw one of the breed out bodily before the district leaders came to understand what manner of man he was. Since then they have left him alone. When they have favors to ask in the Fire Department, they go to the Commissioner. If the Commissioner sees fit he grants their requests; if he does not see fit he says, "Go up-stairs and see the Chief about it." Then they go away from the building, quickly.

The politicians inside the department gave him rather more trouble. He found that he had a walking delegate to contend with. There was and still is a Firemen's Association. It was organized just as if it were a labor union. The head of it was a man who happened to be a Republican. The counsel to the association was also a Republican and a politician. It came to pass that he became a fire commissioner. One of his first acts as a commissioner was to appoint the president of the Firemen's Association to be an officer in the department. But the organizer could not make any headway with Chief Croker: he began preaching sedition; firemen were slaves, Croker was a czar, money spent at Albany for legislation would "fix the Chief," so that he would not have so much power and would realize that "the men in blue shirts had some rights"—among them the right to put one of their own number in power over him. The head of the association—he was the only officer who was a member of it—is no longer connected with the department. He was dismissed for failing to do his duty. He is more convinced than ever that Chief Croker is a czar, and even goes so far as to say that the evidence on which his dismissal was based was manufactured for the purpose. It is not for us to say here whether or not this is so. But it has been abundantly established that things happen suddenly and unpleasantly to those who "bother" the Chief.

Inside the police cordon about the neighborhood of a fire the Chief of the Fire Department is in absolute control. It is the law that no one may enter the lines without his permission, except the officers of the Health Department—the exception is made for unpleasantly gruesome reasons. Now one of the first aspirations of the rising politician is to possess a "fire-lines badge." The wearers of such badges have the permission of the Chief to enter the police lines under ordinary circumstances. But every once in a while the Chief gives orders to the police to "clear the street, badges or no badges." It is at such times that the most remarkable tribute of the politicians is paid to the man who is "blood-related to the Boss."

"Move on," says the policeman.

The political gentlemen smile confidently and display their badges and turn their faces towards the fire again.

"Badges don't go," insists the policeman. "G'wan!"

"But don't you know who I am?" says one. "I am Pat McManus, Deputy Commissioner of the Tin-Roofing Board."

The policeman ceases to prod the Commissioner with his club, but does not give way before him. Instead he says: "Sorry, Commissioner, but it's Chief Croker's orders."

Commissioner McManus and his friends melt away like snow on a red-hot stove. There is not a man in all the group who has the face to tell that policeman that if he will let them stay, they will "make it all right with the Chief." Nobody can make anything all right with Croker except by helping him put out fires.

When it was announced that Edward Croker was to become Chief, the folks who are devoted to the laudable purpose of saving the city from all Crokers clamored that he was not fit. They proved that under the law he must undergo a civil-service examination before he could take the place. The examination was prepared by persons manifestly hostile to him, and those who wish evil to the name of Croker chuckled every time they thought of the candidate's unfitness by training and disposition to prepare himself to pass through an intellectual test. When Mr. Croker's answers were marked up it was found that his average was 97 per cent. They say that he did not even smile when the result was announced to him. Instead, he grumbled that he did not quite see where he lost "that other 3 per cent."

One of the politicians he scorns said to me the other day, with the air of one who has made a great discovery: "It looks to me as though the Chief was as much interested in the Fire Department as the Boss is

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in politics." There are plenty of instances to support the opinion. The surrender of the street-car companies of New York to the Chief was brought about by a campaign which had all the Croker family characteristics. All through Chief Bonner's time there were frequent collisions between street cars and fire engines and trucks. Neither the motormen nor the drivers of the fire apparatus could well be blamed for them. Chief Croker sat at his desk in the middle of his big office at Fire Hall—there are almost never any papers on that desk—and whirled his chair first one way and then the other for two days after the first accident of his administration. Then he called his secretary and told him to write a letter to the street-railroad companies asking them to have their cars stop before crossing any street in which there was a fire-engine or hook-and-ladder station; lives and apparatus and street cars would be saved by such a rule.

One of the two great street-car systems was very polite and thanked Mr. Croker for the courtesy and consideration contained in his suggestion. The other system, the Third Avenue, paid no attention to the letter. In about three weeks there was a fire in East Forty-fourth Street, near Third Avenue. Within five minutes after the arrival of Chief Croker all the trucks standing idle were marshalled in stately array on the car tracks. They stayed there three hours, and long before they were moved the traffic on the line was paralyzed. Inspectors and division superintendents pleaded with the drivers and in vain; they appealed to the police, and were instructed that their tracks were inside the fire lines, and that the Chief of the Fire Department was the only one who had any authority within those limits. The next morning there came a letter to Chief Croker acknowledging the receipt of his communication suggesting that all cars be stopped before crossing fire-engine streets, and expressing the utmost approval of the suggestion; the letter closed with the expression of the hope that the relations of the railroad to the Fire Department might always be friendly.

Though the officials of the railroads had been won over to the views of the Chief, the motormen and gripmen had not. They steadily ignored the new rule. Croker made complaint of their conduct to the railroads. The railroads asked for instances. Croker assigned firemen to the daily task of taking down the numbers of the motormen who crossed the specified streets without stopping, and sent the lists to the companies. The railroad people replied that their employees said the lists were incorrect. The rule was still broken, and there were one or two more accidents. Then came a week that the travelling population of New York had great reason to remember. Every fire occurring within half a square of a street-car track was the pretext for stretching an innocent-looking line of hose across that car track. The time-tables were demoralized; no man, starting uptown, knew when he might reach his destination. The elevated railroads were crowded all day long. Delegations of street-car officers visited all the civic officers who were supposed to have authority over Croker. Everywhere the same answer was returned to them. They were told to "see the Chief." They saw him. Nowadays a motorman would as soon resign his job as cross a fire-engine street without stopping. Once in a while a green motorman forgets, and the first and only notification the railroad receives is the news that its line has been blocked unnecessarily by the Fire Department for an hour or more. There have been very few accidents in a long, long time.

The wonderful generalship that distinguished the career of Croker's grim old predecessor, Bonner, somewhat retarded the acquirement by the department of newly invented machinery. Bonner fought fires so well with the old-fashioned apparatus, and was by nature so conservative, that it was almost impossible to introduce anything new into the equipment of the department. Croker thought he needed all the help that the inventors could give him.

The fire-alarm boxes of the city were divided off into groups of nine; for instance, in one neighborhood the alarm-boxes would be numbered from 321 to 329. Since these boxes had been established the neighborhoods had increased in density of population, and it was desirable to add another box. There was no room for it in the numerical system, unless the numbers all through the city were to be changed. Bonner solved the problem by giving the new box the same number that was already assigned to the nearest old box. In answering an alarm from such a box the firemen never knew until they reached the spot

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whether the fire they sought was at that box or at another one with the same number two blocks or more away. Croker numbered the new box 320. Fire alarms are rung thus: three strokes—two strokes—one stroke: "321." They asked Croker how he was going to indicate the final cipher of 320 by strokes. "Easily enough," he answered; "thus: three strokes—two strokes—ten strokes: 320." The ancient firemen who grumbled over the coming of the new Chief are still wondering why the new method is right, and, if it is right, why they never thought of it themselves.

The automobile, too, suggested many things to the resourceful spirit of Mr. Croker. He had several made for himself, and used them at night in going to fires distant from his night headquarters in Great Jones Street. He wore out five of them in as many months. There was no automobile manufactured which could keep up with his requirements. He kept them standing under 220 pounds steam pressure all night long, and never ran them at anything but full speed. I have seen one of the things jump four feet forward after striking a car track, without touching the ground. It was never of any use to try to get out of the Chief's way in those days; by the time one was conscious of his alarm-gong, he was past and gone far up the street. Somehow, he never killed anybody. He did strike a small boy who ran out from the curb in front of him. The machine was stopped within its own length so suddenly that Captain Oswald, the Chief's aide, was thrown over the dashboard violently. Croker ran to the spot to which the boy had been thrown, forty feet ahead, and picked him up and set him on his feet; it was apparent that there were no bones broken.

"You ought to have been killed," he remarked to the boy by way of an apology, and hauling Oswald into the machine, again dashed on in a wild effort to regain the lost time. The Chief would still be wearing out automobiles were it not that they broke down with him on his way to fires, and forced him to take to the street cars or to commandeer vehicles that he found convenient to the scene of the disaster. This trait of the machines caused him to see the automobile in the guise of a "bother"; he discarded it and went back to the horse.

It is difficult to understand, when the obstacles in the way of fast travelling through city streets are considered, why Croker ever thought that the horse was not fast enough for him. The elevated-railroad guards always know, when Croker is in the wagon, whose gong rings beneath them; he keeps up with the trains. There are many witnesses who will tell of having seen the Chief keep pace with a train all the way from Great Jones Street to Harlem Bridge. Croker is always his own driver. "Oswald, he holds on," they say in the engine-houses.

Two firemen were nearly killed when the Campbell wall-paper factory in East Twenty-ninth Street burned, because the smoke and steam rising from the lower windows kept the men in the street from seeing the peril of the men on the window-ledges of the upper stories of the building. The Chief swung around on his chair a lot the next day, and then he sent for electrical contractors and asked questions about search-lights. Up to that day his knowledge of electricity had been confined to the fact that it was injurious for firemen to handle "live wires." But when the day was over he knew what he wanted. It was the searchlight engine—

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a fire-engine that has a dynamo instead of a pump, and two searchlights mounted over the driver's seat, which throw shafts of light on the dark places of burning buildings at night in spite of the blackest smoke. There is probably no man less sensitive to the picturesque effect of the searchlight engine than he who invented it, but let no one say that he has seen all there is to be seen at a great New York fire until he has seen Croker's searchlight doing its duty.

Croker's method of directing the fight on

a fire is typical. Bonner taught the fire-chiefs of the world to take up a position commanding the best possible view of the fire, and to hold it; issuing orders to the deputy commanders and receiving reports from them without moving from the spot. Croker's first step on reaching a fire is to look over the building thoroughly; then he selects his position commanding a view, but he does not stay in it; he leaves Oswald there and starts out on a daredevil chase through the fire. He goes to every spot where there are men at work and to many

where there are not. Everywhere he drives the men, encourages them, warns them, and directs them. From time to time he sends a messenger back to Oswald with an order for a change in the disposition of the at-

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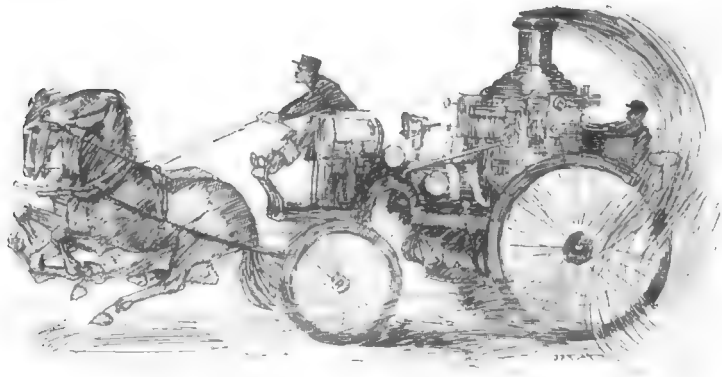
tacking force, or for a call for reënforcements. He may be traced around the outskirts of the fire by the feverish ferocity with which the firemen work where he has been. His very presence seems to transform them into jumping crews of devils, and the spell does not pass from them until they have seen him toss aside his helmet, pull the crumpled brown hat over his eyes, and stick a black cigar slantwise in the corner of his mouth. When the Chief does these things, the fire is out. It may smoke and sputter for hours, but it is beaten, there is no more fight left in it; all that remains is the "wetting down."

Splendid as he is as a leader, it cannot be said that Croker's men love him. His lifelong habit of disregarding all the rest of humanity has left marks on him that still inspire something of the feeling toward him that characterized his first command. It is the same quality which makes men walk on tiptoes when they are within ten feet of the door of his office at headquarters, and which makes them try to get a peep through the crack of the door before they enter. The "blue shirts" know nothing of the other side of his life. They know nothing of the hours when he sits on the edge of his cot in the Great Jones Street engine-house, talking fires with Father Smith, the chaplain of the department, or with Mayhew Bronson, the millionaire enthusiast, who has a fire department of his own at Larchmont Manor, and goes to all New York fires in his own fire-wagon when he is in town. From these and from the other amateur enthusiasts—"Buffs" the firemen call them—Croker is learning many things about the human race which come to most men by instinct—things he could not learn from his own men without some loss of prestige. One trace of this outside influence is to be found in his organization of a social body among the firemen, including both officers and men, to supplant that of the lately departed walking delegate.

The men think that the Chief spends all his time studying fire-alarm boxes and station numbers and the assignment book, which tells in advance what engines will respond to all the possible combinations of alarms. The men know that when the Chief is waked out of a sound sleep, he knows exactly where every one of the thousands of alarm-boxes is, and exactly which of his two hundred companies are assigned to go to each one of them. They know that the most trifling blaze between Fourteenth Street and the Battery calls him just as certainly as though it were inevitably to become a disastrous conflagration; he answers more alarms than any man under him can possibly be called upon to answer: he says he does it to "save time."

Out of stranger beginnings and worse environment never came a public servant. He has one ambition in life. It is to make the words "Edward F. Croker, Chief," stand for the head of the best fire-fighting organization the world knows. It will go hard with any man or any system that stands in his way, as it has already gone hard with not a few. But, meanwhile, he is an interesting and surprising specimen out of American life.



CROKER'S SEARCHLIGHT GOING TO A FIRE.

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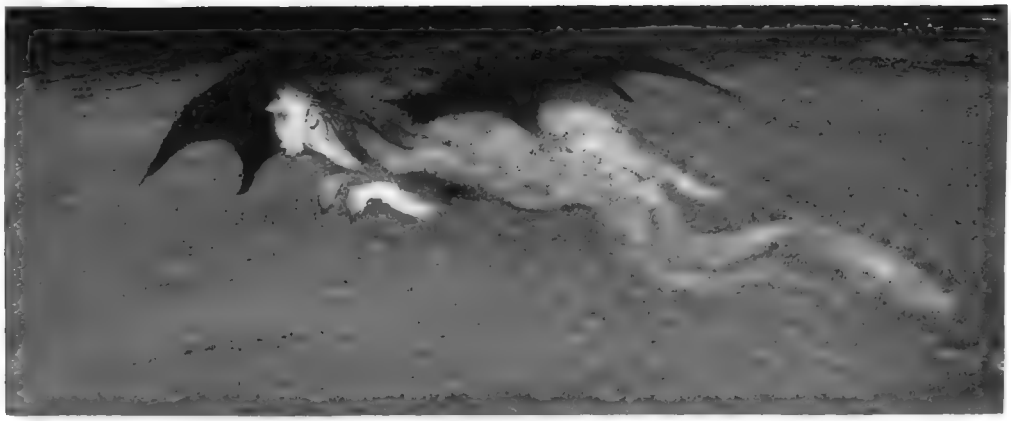

THE EMIGRANT BANSHEE.

By Gertrude Henderson.

With Illustrations by Gustave Verbeek.

A BANSHEE is not lovely, and her ugliness is in proportion to her aristocracy. The hereditary banshee of the O'Gradys was ancient and honorable, and because of these things she was hideous beyond imagination. All instructed people know, of course, that a banshee is a spirit of doom, who floats in the gloom of night to the windows of the family that is her own, flaps her leathern wings, and wails dismally; and that means to the people within that some one is about to die. And all the good old families, all the blue-bloods, trust everything to her judgment, and never die without her warning, and never do her the discourtesy of living after it.

Her face is always long and gaunt and fearsome. Her hair streams in long, dishevelled red locks across and around her face; her teeth are black and long like tusks, and her arms are long and bony, and as she moves on black, bat-like wings, long, indefinite garments trail out behind her, and she is a sight indescribably dreadful; and in all these marks of a true banshee the banshee of the O'Gradys was a distinguished hideousness.

On the edge of a winter's night she floated above the roof of the O'Gradys' ancestral dwelling, swaying slightly in the draught of the smoke that curled up the chimney from cooking the Mulligan potatoes below, and she talked to the doomful wraith of the Sobbing Child who sat on the end of the ridge-pole, listening. The wraith of the Sobbing Child had flitted and wept up and down the roads and by-ways of the country-side for more than three generations, but she was very young compared with the old, old banshee of the O'Gradys, so she sat respectfully silent and listened, while her tears streamed down her face.

"It's hard times these are we're living in; hard times!" said the banshee. "I've wailed for the O'Gradys these seven generations back, faithful. Never a one of 'em died in all those years that I didn't come and wail before it. Drownings and sickness and hangings and the croup and the gout—they've all been the same to me. I've wailed 'em all off, one after another, and sometimes three in a week in a famine time, and never failed a one of 'em. And there isn't a banshee in Ireland—it's the plain truth I'm telling you, and no vanity—there isn't another in all Ireland has a wail as hideous as that I've done for them right along, that makes their blood all curdle up inside of their hearts, and their eyes stick out, and their knees knock together under them; not another one."

"And the last of the family gone now," sobbed the wraith from the end of the ridge-pole.

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"The very last one of them all," said the banshee. "I wailed for him four weeks ago this night, and there he lies now in the churchyard. 'Pa-a-a-trick!' I said at his window, and there it is already on the stone over him, 'Patrick O'Grady, aged eighty-four years, seven months.' And never a child of him left, and not a living O'Grady around!"

"Whatever's to become of you, poor lady!" wept the wraith.

"I don't know! I don't know!" said the banshee dolefully.

"You couldn't take up the Mulligans now, could you?" said the wraith timidly, "seeing they've come to live right in the old place, handy."

"Take up the Mulligans, and me an O'Grady banshee! Folks that nobody knows who they are at all, or where they came from! No, I couldn't take up with the Mulligans," said the banshee. "I never wailed for any but the first families yet, and I never will, whatever comes of it."

The wraith lifted her tear-wet countenance to the moonlight.

"Wasn't there a Danny O'Grady," she said, "only brother to Patrick, who went away to America to make his fortune when he was a slip of a boy, fifty or sixty or seventy years back?"

"Yes, there was," said the banshee, "and more's the pity he went. He ought to have stayed and brought up his children to die and be buried decent at home, and we'd never have come to this trouble. Mulligans!" said she, and looked at the chimney smoke with infinite disdain.

"I was thinking could you go over there to America," said the wraith, and her tears flowed afresh at the daring of her suggestion.

"Me go over there to America?" said the banshee.

"Yes, and find Danny and his children."

"And what'd I do over in America?" said the banshee.

"Wail," said the wraith. "What else?"

"Wraith, dear!" said the banshee, "I never thought of it till this minute before!"

"And him the eldest son," said the wraith.

"And with a houseful of children to bring up, most likely," said the banshee.

"And never a one to give him a bit of a warning," said the wraith.

"I'll go this night," said the banshee. "And I'll never forget you for suggesting it. If there's any one belonging to you that's going to be taken off, I'll be proud to wail for him, and I'll do it the most hideous I know how. I will indeed, no matter who it is—if it isn't a Mulligan. Good-by, then, wraith, dear. I'll be starting."

"Good-by," said the wraith. "Good luck to you."

The travelling of banshees is not the travelling of ordinary people, who wear flesh, nor are their ways of finding out things so crude and slow. When the next evening came, there flitted in the murk around the cottage of the American O'Gradys a shape the like of which had never been seen there before. It drew near the window on soundless leathern wings, and its long, lean, pallid visage looked in and numbered the family with huge, silent satisfaction. Then it flew to the chimney and there rested, and murmured to itself in a voice that was like the sound of winds:

"There's Danny O'Grady himself; an O'Grady, if ever there was one. But getting on, Danny is. He's waited for me. And Danny his son, that's a man grown, and young Danny's wife, and seven children around them. And there's other O'Gradys near by, old Danny's other children and their families. Oh, it's a fine thing I came to America! Sure it's a fine land, it is so!

"Did you hear that now!" said the banshee suddenly, and swept her long, hanging, red locks away from her ear to listen better. Somebody was coughing under the roof, and coughing seriously. The banshee dropped to the window again.

"It's himself," she said. "It's old Danny. Do you see how it shakes him, the creature! Oh, it's needing me he'll be, soon enough, Danny will."

A fresh cough seized the little old gentleman inside, and his family banshee watched him with a kind of rapturous absorption till it passed.

"It's not one instant minute too soon I got here," said she. "That's a mortal bad cough Danny has. It might have carried him off any day in the middle of the night, and him with never a notion he was gone till he was laid in his grave. To think of the risk he's had, and me there in the old country all the time and never knowing! It'd maybe make him take to his bed and go off this night out of pure gratitude and

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"SHE TALKED TO THE DOOMFUL WRAITH OF THE SOBBING CHILD WHO SAT ON THE EDGE OF THE RIDGE-POLE."

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comfort if he knew I was here, and it'd all be done decent and home-like, just as if he was back in Ireland.

"I wonder had I better give him his warning this night," she meditated, "or would you wait the night and see by to-morrow will he last a week or so yet?"

For some minutes she watched at the window, muttering to herself at intervals. Finally she let go her hold on the shutter, regretfully. "I'll risk him the night," she said. "But he'll be going soon," and she floated back to the chimney.

The next night and the next she watched him intently. The third day old Danny took to his bed with a fever.

"Now you see what a blessing it is I'm here," said the banshee to herself when she looked in and saw him. "When he's like that is the time an O'Grady wants his own banshee, whatever land he's in. Sure it's the very minute now if ever it will be."

So saying, she clutched at the shutters of his window with her lean, hard fingers, and made ready for a mighty flap of her leathern wings, the prelude to such a wail as had never been heard in America before. It was the first time her voice had been lifted in her new land, and she meant it to be masterly and frightful. She flapped her wings together once, twice, three times, loud and ominously, and paused before the wail. Danny inside pulled the blankets up around his chin.

"There's a shingle loose on the shed roof," said he. "Don't you hear it flap?"

The banshee heard him, but without taking in what he said; she was absorbed in what was about to come. She flung back her head and wailed direfully:

"Da-a-a-nny!"

Then she looked in to see the family struck with the terror she was accustomed to see in recognition of her efforts.

"Do you hear how the wind blows, father?" said young Mrs. Danny, placidly rocking by the fire.

"Yes," said Danny from his bed. "It's a cold night it'll be."

The banshee was amazed. More than that, she was wounded. Nobody had ever offered her such an affront in her whole career, and she had made sacrifices for this family. She stood perfectly still for a moment.

"They aren't used to it," she whispered to herself. "Maybe they didn't just hear."

Again she threw back her head and again the wail rose in long, quavering cadences, "Da-a-a-nny!" She opened her eyes and looked again. Danny lay with eyes half shut, and his breath came evenly. Nothing interrupted the quiet of the room but the little squeak of Mrs. Danny's rockers.

The banshee's long hand trembled on the shutter. She summoned all her powers for one last, nerve-shattering shriek. Out came the third wail, a prolonged, shuddering, frightful, final "Da-a-a-an-ny!" and as she heard the appalling sound of her own voice her heart was proud, and she knew she had never done anything more horrible through all the seven generations. Still, for an instant she hesitated to open her eyes again. When she did look, Danny had lifted himself on an elbow, and Mrs. Danny's rockers were still.

"Did you hear that?" said Danny.

"Yes, I did," said Mrs. Danny.

"Whatever do you think it was?" said Danny. "That's more than the wind and the shingle just."

"Oh," said Mrs. Danny, her face suddenly clearing and her rocker beginning its squeak again, "it's that cat of Mrs. Maloney's next door, the old ugly thing!"

Danny lay back again on his pillow.

"That's what it was," said he.

The banshee flapped heavily to the chimney-top and sat there shivering and miserable, a dishonored banshee. After seven generations of fidelity she had come to America and wailed her uttermost, and not an O'Grady had quivered an eyelash. After a while she began to whimper to herself.

"If he'd seen his grandfather go! Not half such a wail as that, and all the children's eyes as if they'd jump out of their heads! The first wail I gave—'It's the banshee!' he said, and turned over on his back, and folded his arms on his breast as resigned, and never spoke a word afterward. Oh, but he was a fine gentleman! And the beautiful wake they had over him!"

Very late in the night she began again to mutter to herself.

"But it's the warning all the same," she said. "They heard me, anyhow, if they didn't know who I was. Old Danny'll go. He'll never see another night come. It's the warning."

Very long after that she stirred uneasily and moaned something more to herself.

"'That cat of the Maloneys!' said she. 'The old ugly thing!'"

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"'DID YOU HEAR THAT?' SAID DANNY."

For a whole week after that night she watched with painful anxiety, but by the end of that time old Danny was better, and before the end of the second one he was up and about again, and heartier than before. It was a cruel blow to the banshee.

But it was only the beginning. She brooded over her discomfiture for some weeks. Then she decided to show herself to somebody. It was a thing she seldom condescended to do, but she thought a sight of the terror she had been used to see when

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she did was a tonic she needed to brace her nerves.

She chose a dark night, with clouds and some wind. A policeman came up the street, and she thought he was Irish by the looks of him. She gestured with her long arms, and shook out her long red locks, and turned her face his way, and crossed the road in front of him. He walked stolidly on. She crossed his path again, and a third time, and a fourth, each time nearer. The last time she chattered her teeth and moaned a little. He stopped. "The poor old body must be out of her wits," he said. "It's a bad night for an old woman like her to be out by herself. Have you lost your way, ma'am?"

The banshee shrunk into the shadow, and again rose heavily to the chimney-top. The policeman looked around. "Where did the woman go so fast?" he said. Then, not finding her, he sauntered along down the block.

"It's the trouble that's wearing me down," she said. "I'm losing all my looks. To think of the hideous thing I used to be, and now he takes me for an old woman! I'd better have stayed at home with the Mulligans."

She had no heart for another effort that night, and all the next night and the next she sat huddled and hidden in a dim chimney-corner, like a wisp of smoke caught there, and revolved her insults within her. In the early dusk of the third evening, while the sky in the west was still pink, she lifted her head suddenly, and through the veil of her red locks resolve looked out of her red-rimmed eyes. She shook out her black wings silently and drifted down from her chimney into the roadside, and, keeping in the uncertain shadows of the trees, went up the road toward the cottage where old Danny's youngest boy lived with his family. It was still almost day, but if it took broad sunlight itself to open people's eyes to her, she was determined now that she must be seen and realized. And that is most significant, for at home in Ireland no self-respecting banshee will go abroad before the night is in its full blackness; and this one, being of unusual aristocracy, had always kept to thick clouds, besides, and utter starlessness, and had a fastidious taste for storm nights, with thunder and lightning.

At some distance from the house small Timmy O'Grady was showing his sister Norah how high he could climb up into a tree and not be scared, and then how recklessly he could swing himself down and not fall. But, fired by her admiration, he ventured too boldly, and fell. It was only from a low limb, and was not serious, but he lay still a minute, feeling how much he was hurt, to make sure whether it was worth while to cry. Norah was sure it was and began lustily, upon which encouragement Timmy drew up his face and opened his mouth for a howl of his own. But before the first sound of it could come, a spectacle caught his eyes that checked it and fastened his mouth open in utter amazement. The banshee, hair streaming, eyes lurid, her garments flying in mad disorder in the wind, was running to and fro in front of him, now wringing her bony fingers, now beating the air with her lean arms, and in the instant he saw her she drew back her wrinkled lips and out from between the black fangs of her teeth came hissing and howling and shrieking such a sound that Norah stopped short in the very middle of a scream and opened her eyes to the size of saucers. "I'm the banshee!" she wailed, "the banshee of the O'Gradys! You're going to d-i-i-e! The banshee of all the O'Gradys! Ti-i-immy! You've fallen out of the top of a tree and broken your neck, and it's truth I'm telling you! Oh, Ti-i-immy!"

"I ain't either," said Timmy indignantly. "I ain't hurt."

The banshee was in too much frenzy of delight at her chance, and at being seen, to notice what he said. She tore at her hair, and "Ti-i-immy! Ti-i-immy!" she wailed on, and "Ti-i-immy! Ti-i-immy!" never noticing that she was far past the third time.

Timmy wriggled to his feet and backed over toward his frozen sister.

"You stop that!" he said stoutly, quaking but valiant.

Norah seized her brother's jacket the moment it was within reach.

"Who's she?" her stiff lips managed to whisper.

"She's just a crazy old woman," said Timmy. "I ain't afraid of her."

The banshee stopped her gesticulations, and her wail died. She noticed that Timmy was on his feet again.

"Timmy," she said wheedlingly, "I'm no old woman at all."

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"You go away," said Timmy. "I'll throw stones at you if you scare my sister any more."

"Timmy, jewel," quavered the banshee, but her voice was full of apprehension.

"You run home, Norah," said Timmy. "I'll keep her off."

"I'm your own banshee!" Suddenly rage strengthened her voice again, but she ended in a whimper—"The banshee of the O'Gradys; seven generations!"

"You ain't either!"

"I'm not?"

"No, you ain't."

"And who would I be then?" The tone was feeble and bewildered.

"I don't know; but you ain't a banshee, 'cause there ain't any such a thing."

"'I'LL WAIL FOR YOU,' SHE SHRIEKED, 'AND THEN YOU'LL DIE.'"

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"There ain't?"

"No, there ain't!"

"Who says there ain't?"

"My father says there ain't, 'cause I heard about one in a story, and I asked him."

The banshee's sinking courage made a last desperate rally. "Your father!" she sniffed. "What does your father know! He's no Irishman! He never set foot in it. You ask your grandfather if there ain't any such a thing as a banshee. You ask old Danny. He'll tell you!"

"Ho!" jeered Timmy, now clearly the master, "he says there ain't any, too, and there ain't, neither. You come along with me, Norah."

Her small legs shook, but she obeyed him, and the two children turned and fled down the road toward home, Timmy sending back a glance now and then to see that the crazy one was not venturing to pursue them.

She, poor thing, stood motionless for a long time. At last she crept back to her corner by old Danny's chimney.

Deep in the night she was still there, motionless, silent. Utter stillness surrounded her, and the blackness, without a star. A sound began, and fell, and rose, and tore through the air hideously. She uncovered her head and listened.

"It'll not be another one, will it?" said she. "It's never another one in this cruel bad country, is it?"

A sudden thought stung her, and she shrieked back in a passion. "It's all him that's done it," she raged. "It's that odious cat of the Maloneys, with the black heart of him, and the howls of him every night, so the Maloneys nor the O'Gradys nor Danny nor anybody in America knows a banshee any more when they hear her!"

Like a sudden blast of wind she swept from the chimney to the back fence, and stopped with a clatter of wings beside a dark bunch in the fence corner.

"It's you that's done it," she cried, "you ugly beast, you, with your pitiful, weak little voice, and your wailings any time at all and every time at all, that a new-born baby wouldn't be frightened of, taking the very words out of the mouth of an honest banshee woman that never did you any harm and wailed faithful for her family these seven generations back, and never once out of the time till that black night she set foot in America, and the cruel, ungrateful country that it is!"

The cat turned his head her way, but his glittering green eyes looked far, far beyond her. Then he lifted his voice and howled to heaven. A plan flashed across the banshee's fury. "I'll wail for you," she shrieked, "and then you'll die! I'll——"

Would she? Wail for a cat? A black cat in America, and she the O'Grady banshee for seven generations? Pride lifted in her for one instant, but the full surge of her frenzy swept her past pride, past humiliation, and her wail rose and rent the night. It quavered and broke and sunk, and the voice of the cat rose in its wake and shrieked and fell. Close upon it followed the banshee's wail again, and upon that the cat's. A third time the banshee's rose, and in the very middle frightfulness of it the cat turned his black face to the black arch of the sky and drowned it utterly with a cry of such fiendishness that the banshee shrouded her head with her robes and shrunk into silence. When the last echo of the cat's voice had shivered away, he turned the gleam of his green eyes solemnly one way and then the other, but the fence was empty.

On a summer night, in the midst of a summer storm, the wraith of the Sobbing Child sat on the ridge-pole of the Mulligan house, and her tears dripped with the rain. Suddenly a familiar presence was beside her. She looked up, with her eyes streaming.

"And is it yourself back?" said she. "How are all the O'Gradys?"

"Hush!" said the banshee. "Don't you ever talk O'Gradys to me. They've no breeding. Their family's a mushroom to the Mulligans. The Mulligans are the real old stock. They go back to the beginning. I'm the banshee of the Mulligans. O'Gradys!"

There was a long silence.

"What did you think of America, then?" sobbed the Child in a weak voice.

"It's no place for a decent banshee," said the hereditary banshee of the Mulligans, "or a decent wraith either. You take my word, and don't you ever go there as long as you're a sobbing wraith and there's a road left in Ireland."

The Child wept dismally; tears coursed down her furrowed cheeks, and she said no more. The banshee rustled her leathern wings and moaned a little in gloomy and perfect content.

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A MOST REMARKABLE "MEDIUM"—MRS. PIPER, OF BOSTON.

By Mary C. Blossom.

"If you wish to upset the law that all crows are black, you mustn't seek to show that no crows are; it is enough if you prove one single crow to be white. My own white crow is Mrs. Piper."—Professor William James, January 31, 1896.

[For fifteen years Mrs. Piper, of Boston, has been exhibiting her psychic powers before the Society for Psychical Research—under conditions absolutely precluding the possibility of fraud. Scientists of the highest standing have vouched for her repeatedly, and a detailed account of her revelations while in a trance state would fill many volumes. The author of this article has known Mrs. Piper personally for many years and has had exceptional opportunities to secure accurate information about her.—Editor.]

IN 1885, the attention of Professor William James, of Harvard, was called to a Mrs. Piper, living in Boston—one of those persons who are now called "psychics." His visits to her soon led him to believe that she was possessed of supernormal powers. The early history of her development is as follows:

Mrs. Piper was a slender, fair-haired young woman of about twenty-five years of age, refined in appearance and bearing; on the 29th of June, 1884, she was the mother of a child six weeks old, her husband being employed in a large store in Boston. There had been no acquaintance with spiritualism in her own family; but at this date her husband's father and mother persuaded her to visit a "healing" medium to ascertain the cause of some ailment, which proved to be a tumor, afterwards removed. In the presence of this medium, on a second visit, Mrs. Piper became entranced and passed "under control." Unfortunately, the details of this occasion have not been preserved, but after it she sat at home among her friends and was "controlled" by a number of interesting persons. Among the number was Johann Sebastian Bach, who, after a time, stated that her powers would be developed mainly by the spirit of a Frenchman who had studied medicine in the old days as a barber's surgeon, and whose name was Dr. Phinuit. All this was naturally very startling to Mrs. Piper's family, as on neither side had anything of the sort occurred before. She comes of healthy English stock, her grandparents on both sides having had twelve children and died of old age; and though the younger generation had been less robust, they had shown no history of insanity or nervous disease. In 1885 Mrs. Piper discontinued her sittings for a time, and in October another little girl was born. Some time after that event a circumstance

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occurred which Mrs. Piper described to Dr. Hodgson, Secretary of the American branch of the Society for Psychical Research, as follows: "It was in the evening, soon after I had retired, and before I had fallen asleep at all. The room was quite dark. Then I suddenly saw a light. I said to Mr. Piper, 'Do you see a light?' He said, 'Why, no; what is the matter? Are you going into a trance?' I replied no, but that the room was full of light. He said that he saw nothing. I then saw on the wall beside my bed the word *Dr.*, then *Phin*, but could see nothing more." This is the beginning of the Phinuit personality who first controlled Mrs. Piper.

At her sittings, a person whose identity was wholly unknown to her would be seated before her in a room where daylight was only partially excluded; Mrs. Piper would shortly be seized with convulsive shivering, clasp her hands, grate her teeth, and with some such exclamation as "I am going, I must go," and evidences of considerable physical resistance, she would suddenly change her attitude, her voice, her gestures, to those of a man, who announced himself as Dr. Phinuit. He began usually with a few words in French, spoke with a strong accent, laughed heartily with a masculine voice, was jocular, blustering, sympathetic; and at times interrupted these moods with a very beautiful and impressive message relative to the spiritual life of the sitter, or to spiritual life in the abstract. In the trance state Mrs. Piper's utterances included, without previous knowledge of the persons before her, detailed personal descriptions of deceased persons, their diseases and manner of death, their moral and intellectual characteristics; dramatic and lifelike representation of such persons, their mode of address, their attitude towards and relation with others still living, references to cherished personal possessions, conversations on intimate and private matters, revival of forgotten family histories, and so on. This condition usually lasted from one to two hours, after which Mrs. Piper would, with considerable physical effort, return to her normal state, remembering nothing of what had occurred during the trance.

Outside the trance state, Mrs. Piper is known to be a kindly young matron of very simple tastes. She is concerned with few matters of public interest; says that she should be glad if her trance state could be explained. She is considerably interested in matters of dress, and an English acquaintance described her thus: "In London she expressed no interest in public buildings or the park, but preferred a little shopping and the attractions of Bond Street." In 1888, Dr. Phinuit remarked to the writer, with more force than gallantry, that there was "plenty of room in the medium's brain, so he came in and used it for himself."

After Dr. Hodgson became interested in her, the Society for Psychical Research took complete charge of Mrs. Piper, caused herself and her family to be carefully watched, and determined that it was impossible that any charge of fraud could be maintained against her. She has now been under the most rigid surveillance and complete investigation for a period of over fifteen years, and it has been proved beyond a doubt that whatever explanation shall be given of her powers, that of wilful decption is not possible.

As to the personality of Dr. Phinuit, who up to the year 1892 controlled Mrs. Piper, there is much to be said. He gave his name in full, and a history of himself. Of course every possible trace was followed up, but so far no record of the existence of any such person has been discovered. If the evidence rested solely upon Dr. Phinuit, there would be more to be said in favor of the communications being from a secondary personality of Mrs. Piper. Indeed, there are a number of discrepancies between Dr. Phinuit as he is presented by Mrs. Piper and Dr. Phinuit as he represents himself. Whatever and whoever Phinuit may be, he is a well-established personality, so strongly marked and with such definite characteristics that Mrs. Piper in her trance state is Phinuit, and no longer Mrs. Piper. Two personalities so utterly different could hardly be imagined—Mrs. Piper, "gentle, simple, and womanly, with a somewhat narrow range of interests, and Phinuit blustering, masculine, tricky, and prevaricating. For he is tricky—he has all sorts of ways of getting out of a difficult position, which suggest the possibility of waiting to get the information from the mind of the sitter." Yet Mr. Myers compiled, seven years ago, a list of over forty incidents which, after the most careful investigation on the part of the best scientific minds, were utterly inexplicable on the ground of telepathy. Dr. Hodgson has the stenographic record of

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over five hundred sittings at which Phinuit presided.

To proceed to the later developments in the case of Mrs. Piper. In 1889 and 1890, she was taken to England and subjected to very searching tests of her honesty and her psychical power. During her entire stay there of three months she was invariably under the care of prominent members of the Society for Psychical Research. After much special observation, such distinguished men of science as Professor William James, Professor Oliver Lodge, M. Charles Richet, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, Professor Sidgwick, Dr. Leaf, and Dr. Hodgson united years ago in dismissing any hypothesis of trickery on the part of Mrs. Piper, although all appear to think it possible on the part of Phinuit.

In 1892, a young man who had been a friend of Dr. Hodgson, and who was keenly interested in all intellectual pursuits, met a sudden death in New York City. Four weeks later he made himself known through Mrs. Piper's trance, identified himself to the thorough satisfaction of parents and intimate friends, and has since rendered much assistance to other "communicators." He is referred to for descriptive purposes as "G. P." About the same time, external forces took possession of Mrs. Piper's hand and wrote automatically with it. Dr. Hodgson says:

"On March 12, 1892, the sitter, a lady, had taken several articles as test objects, among them a ring which had belonged to Annie D——. Phinuit made references to this lady, giving the name Annie, and, just before the close of the sitting, Mrs. Piper's right hand moved slowly up until it was over the top of her head. The arm seemed to be rigidly fixed in its position, as though spasmodically contracted, but the hand trembled very rapidly. Phinuit exclaimed several times, 'She's taken my hand away,' and added, 'She wants to write.' I put a pencil between the fingers, and placed a block-book on the head under the pencil. No writing came until, obeying Phinuit's order, 'Hold the hand,' I grasped the hand very firmly at its junction with the wrist, and so stopped its trembling or vibrating. It then wrote. After that the writing was produced very similarly, the block-book being held on the top of the head, but apparently with much less inconvenience to Phinuit."

Later, by using considerable persuasion and force, Dr. Hodgson succeeded in getting the arm down, so as to rest more or less on a table to the right of Mrs. Piper. It was not necessary for Phinuit to stop talking while the hand was writing. On one occasion when Dr. Hodgson was present, Phinuit was listening to the stenographic report of a previous interview, commenting upon it, making additions to his statements about some objects, and at the same time the medium's hand was writing freely and rapidly on other subjects and holding conversation with another person, the hand purporting to be "controlled" by a deceased friend of that person. This lasted for over twenty minutes. The writings do not always purport to come from the same person, nor is writing always produced at a sitting. If writing occurs at any sitting it usually purports to come directly from some deceased friend of the sitter.

On March 18, 1895, Dr. Hodgson, accompanied by his secretary, Miss Edmunds, had a sitting with Mrs. Piper; on this occasion Miss Edmunds's deceased sister wrote with one hand and "G. P." with the other, while Phinuit was talking, all simultaneously on different subjects.

During the trance Mrs. Piper's eyeballs are always rolled up, so it is supposed that the trance personalities do not obtain any information by the ordinary process of vision. With the development of the automatic writing, Phinuit seemed to lose the ability to support the upper part of the body, which tends to sag forward and downward, with the head turned to the left. In the early stages of the automatic writing the head was usually supported, to a certain extent, in that position by one of the persons present. Later on, cushions were arranged on a table in front and somewhat to the left of Mrs. Piper, and the head has usually been allowed to rest more or less buried in these cushions, but still turned to the left. The writing is rapid and generally very faint, so that a sharp-pointed pencil is necessary in order to make it legible. Without Dr. Hodgson's long practice and infinite patience it would be difficult to attain results. Of Mrs. Piper's hand during the sittings it is said: "One feels the hand is alive with a distinct personality, very different from Phinuit. . . . The behavior of the hand when it is controlled by my husband or my

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brother is as distinct and as characteristic of the two men as anything of the kind could possibly be." When the hand is being used independently of the voice, the head is invariably turned away from the hand, and ordinarily (unless the head is lifted and turned and sustained by the sitter) the hand on the table, and any article presented to it there, are outside the field of vision.

During the years 1892 to 1896, inclusive, Dr. Hodgson exercised a yet closer supervision of Mrs. Piper's trances than before, continuing to take all possible precaution that persons should be introduced as strangers. The "communicator" who is known as "G. P." came to be of great assistance, and the evidence for personal identity in his case is very strong. It would be impossible in so brief a space to give the mass of testimony from him, which extends over a period of five years, "G. P." being present at almost every sitting during that time. A full report may be found in the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research." In life "G. P." had been a lawyer, and had devoted himself chiefly to literature and philosophy, and had published two books which received the highest praise from competent authorities. He was also an associate member of the Society, and held no belief in a future life; but some time before his demise had promised Dr. Hodgson that if he should die first he would, if he found himself "still existing" afterward, "make things lively" in the effort to reveal his continued existence. By his complete and ready recognition of his friends, and his familiarity with the myriads of associations involved, and by never having recognized a person not formerly known to him, he has succeeded in presenting a very strong case in favor of his being the person he represents himself to be in his communications.

A member of the Society for Psychical Research, W. Stainton Moses, is perhaps the most interesting psychic, beside Mrs. Piper, of whom record has been made. He was an Englishman, highly educated, and of admirable character, and has left a book containing the best results of his experiences, written under the control of certain intelligences called Imperator, Rector, and Doctor. In November, 1896, this W. S. Moses and his former assistants purported to communicate through Mrs. Piper's trance. Imperator requested that the control of Mrs. Piper should be placed in their hands; he claimed that the indiscriminate experimenting with Mrs. Piper's organism had injured her and should cease, that other persons should be kept away, and that he, with his assistants, would take the "battered and worn" machine and endeavor to make the much-needed repairs. Dr. Hodgson and the medium agreed to the change, and Phinuit's last appearance was on January 26, 1897. Since then the change in Mrs. Piper has been most remarkable, in her general feeling of well-being and in her manner of passing into trances. Instead of the somewhat violent contortions which she was apt to show in earlier years when Phinuit controlled, she passes into trance calmly, easily, gently, and whereas there used to be frequently indications of dislike and shrinking when she was losing consciousness, the reverse is now the case. She seems rather to rejoice at her "departure," and to be in the first instance depressed and disappointed when, after the séance is over, she "comes to herself" once more in this "dark world" of ours and realizes her physical surroundings. "G. P." occasionally writes a little, making personal inquiries, and so forth, but Rector now purports to be the chief amanuensis. The new controls say that they have the desire and the power to exclude inferior intelligences from the use of the "light," as they call Mrs. Piper, and many disturbances and conflicting conditions are in consequence rapidly disappearing.

Various explanations are given of the extraordinary manifestations of this medium. The accepted theory of Dr. Hodgson and other members of the Society for Psychical Research is that Mrs. Piper is a sort of telephone or transmitter, and it is said that as investigation proceeds the difficulties in the way of clear communication are gradually discovered and explained, and will probably be greatly diminished in the years to come. The statements of "communicators" as to what occurs on the physical side may be briefly mentioned: We all have bodies composed of "luminiferous ether" enclosed in our flesh-and-blood bodies. The relation of Mrs. Piper's ethereal body to the ethereal world in which the "communicators" claim to dwell is such that a special store of peculiar energy is accumulated in connection with her organism, and this appears to them as "a light." Mrs.

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Piper's ethereal body is removed by them and her ordinary body appears as a shell filled with this "light." Several "communicators" may be in contact with this light at the same time. Upon the amount and brightness of this light the communications depend. When Mrs. Piper is in ill health the "light" is feebler and the communications tend to be less coherent. "G. P." says: "You to us are more like as we understand sleep, you look shut up as one in prison, and in order for us to get into communication with you we have to enter into your sphere, as one like yourself asleep. This is just why we make mistakes, as you call them, or get confused and muddled, so to put it."

Perhaps the description given long ago, by the Platonic Socrates, of the bewilderment of a "returning soul" may be found to explain many things. As Dr. Hodgson puts it: "Now, if Mrs. Piper's organism represents one end of a line, the other end of which is in the so-called 'spirit world,' or if there is a recognizable possibility of this, it seems to me eminently desirable that we should try to find out what will improve the line and the transmitting and receiving apparatus, and if possible obtain knowledge concerning the methods to be used in making and improving other similar machines."

The whole question of psychical research has been so befuddled by frauds on one side or sweeping prejudice on the other that it is interesting to see what some famous men have thought about this subject.

In 1885, during a conversation with the late F. W. H. Myers, Gladstone said, referring to the theory of communication between those in the Seen and the Unseen worlds: "It is the most important work which is being done in the world, by far the most important."

In his presidential address of May 18, 1900, Mr. Myers said: "Psychical research is no longer felt to need the recommendation of names independently eminent in other branches of study." Notwithstanding this, it may be well to mention some of the most eminent persons who, before its establishment, recognized the need of such a society, or of those who at a later date were interested in its growth. Immanuel Kant said: "At some future day it will be proved—I cannot say when and where—that the human soul is, while in life, already in an uninterrupted communication with those living in another world; that the human soul can act upon those beings, and receive, in return, impressions of them without being conscious of it in the ordinary personality. It would be a blessing if the state of things in the other world, and the conditions under which an interchange of the two worlds may take place—perceived by us in a speculative manner—could not only be theoretically exhibited, but practically established by real and generally acknowledged facts, thus observed."

By common consent, Professor William Crookes, F.R.S., is one of the foremost men of science of the day. The results of his original research in chemistry and physics are almost too numerous to mention. He is the inventor of the radiometer, the constructor of the vacuum tubes by means of which X-rays have been obtained, the discoverer of the metal thallium, and the discoverer of the sodium amalgamation process for separating gold and silver from their ores. In 1880, the French Académie des Sciences bestowed on Mr. Crookes an extraordinary prize of 3,000 francs and a gold medal in recognition of his discoveries in molecular physics and radiant matter. In 1881 he acted as a juror at the International Exhibition of Electricity in Paris. In this official position he was not entitled to a medal, but in the official report, his fellow-jurors, after discussing the merits of four systems of incandescent lamps, declared: "None of them would have succeeded had it not been for these extreme vacua which Mr. Crookes has taught us to obtain." He has received from the British Royal Society a Royal medal, been President of the Chemical Society, member of the Council of the Royal Society, Bakerian Lecturer to the Royal Society, awarded the Davy Medal of the Royal Society, and the recipient of many other distinguished honors. He is the author of several books embodying original research, and of many papers communicated to the most distinguished scientific societies in all countries. To quote from an English journal: "Thirty-five years ago you would have denied the fact that it was possible to harness the sunbeam to a machine and make light itself guide a mill, but there is the man who has done it, and here is his machine, which you can see at work for yourself. Five years ago you

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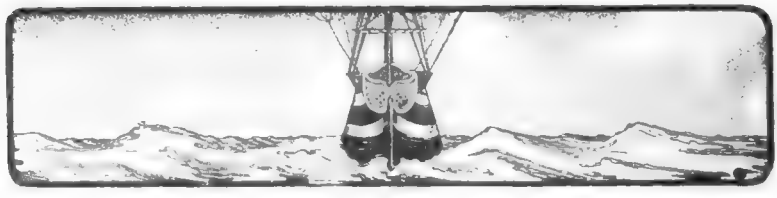
would have ridiculed any one who asserted that it was possible to obtain a perfect photograph of a man's spine while he was wearing his clothes and had not yet dispensed with his flesh. Yet it is done as a matter of course to-day, and here is the man whose tube enabled that miracle to become the possession of everybody." Thirty years ago he published in the "Quarterly Journal of Science" an article clearly setting forth his attitude as a scientific man when confronted with the phenomena of spiritualism. He believed that the whole affair was a superstition or, at least, an unexplained trick. In 1874, in the same journal, he embodies the chief results of his inquiry, and stakes his reputation upon a list of "verified phenomena." In 1897, he closed his address as President of the Psychical Society by saying: "I venture to assert that both in actual, careful record of new and important facts, and in suggestiveness, our society's work and publications will form no unworthy preface to a profounder science both of man, of nature, and of 'worlds not realized,' than this planet has yet known."

Alfred Russel Wallace, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., is more closely associated with the great scientific doctrine of natural selection than any other man except Darwin. The story is well known of the mutual concession on the part of these two, each desirous of giving to his fellow-laborer the full distinction of so important a discovery. Dr. Wallace's acquaintance with psychic phenomena dates back now for more than half a century; his own words will best express where he stands: "My position, therefore, is that the phenomena of spiritualism in their entirety do not require further confirmation. They are proved quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences; and it is not denial or quibbling that can disprove any of them, but only fresh facts and accurate deductions from these facts." To use Professor James's words: "It has been a great scientific scandal to leave a great mass of human experience to take its chances between vague tradition and credulity on the one hand, and dogmatic denial at long range on the other."

In 1872, Professor Henry Sidgwick, of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Mr. F. W. H. Myers, together began to seek some valid knowledge of a World Unseen. Professor Sidgwick wrote to Mr. Myers in that same year: "I sometimes feel, with somewhat of a profound hope and enthusiasm, that the function of the English mind, with its uncompromising matter-of-factness, will be to put the final question to the Universe with a solid, passionate determination to be answered, which *must* come to something." The path was difficult, but interest was awakened, and in 1882 the Society for Psychical Research was organized with Professor Sidgwick for its first President. It has been said of Sidgwick that whatever has been or will be accomplished by the society, its success is "due in the largest measure to the wisdom, the clear insight, the particularly sane intellect, and, above all, to the preëminent justice and veracity of its first President." The names of Edmund Gurney, Arthur Balfour, and a host of others were soon added to the list, and the work has since proceeded in thorough earnest—with results that all may study in the society's voluminous reports.



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FORTUNES FOR THE WORLD'S BENEFACTORS.

A SWEDISH MILLIONAIRE WHO LEFT $350,000 EACH YEAR FOR THE FIVE MEN WHO HAVE DONE MOST FOR HUMANITY DURING THE PRECEDING TWELVE MONTHS.

By Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.

DR. ALFRED BERNHARD NOBEL, a Swedish manufacturer of dynamite, was worth something like $10,000,000, and he left a unique will. One of his heirs, and a very considerable one, is the whole world of his fellowmen, for the interest on the larger part of this great fortune—a sum approximating $350,000 a year—is to be given annually to the five men who have done most during that time for the advancement of humanity. To encourage the same activities, other than by prize-giving, there are now being formed the Nobel institutes, as provided for in the will. The first prize distribution is to take place this year. The inauguration of the plan, indeed, began almost with the reading of the last testament, and at once attracted the attention of the savants of the world.

Unlike the Hall of Fame of New York University, the Nobel endowment will mark out its famous from among the living. And better than that, it will urge those not yet great and good before the world to become so. The Swedish philanthropist had no wish to build monuments. He wanted to bring out more men to deserve them. On the other hand, he modestly did not think that he could help mankind directly. He would be satisfied if others could do it for him. In the same spirit wealthy men have founded universities, where youth is wrought into a better tool for life's work. But Dr. Nobel has gone a step beyond. He seeks the products of those better tools.

Dr. Nobel's prizes are to be awarded as follows: first, for the most important discovery or invention in the field of physical science; second, the same in chemistry; third, the same in physiology and medicine; fourth, for the most remarkable literary work from the standpoint of idealism; and, finally, the fifth goes to the man who has been the most efficient in promoting fraternity among people, in suppressing or reducing standing armies, or in forming and propagating peace congresses.

The testator, perhaps unconsciously, has already set the example of universal brotherhood, for he expressly states, and emphasizes it, too, that the awards shall go to the most worthy, without favor or prejudice whatsoever as to nationality.

The by-laws governing the endowment were approved and signed last June at Stockholm Palace by King Oscar of Norway and Sweden. Those who award the prizes are named as follows: For physical sciences and chemistry, the Swedish Academy of Science, of whose 175 members seventy-five are foreigners; for medicine, the Carolin Institute of Medicine and Surgery of Stockholm; for letters, the Academy of Stockholm, that is, the Swedish Academy; for peace works, a commission of five members chosen by the Norwegian Storthing. Each of these corporations appoints a corresponding Nobel committee, which will act and report on prize contestants in their respective fields. The committees are composed of three or five members, foreigners as well as Scandinavians. Foreigners may also be members of the commission appointed to decide the peace prize. The business and financial affairs of the endowment as a whole are in the care of a council of administration at Stockholm, which is made up of Swedes, five in all, four chosen by the corporations, and the fifth or president by the king. One of its duties is to pay out the prizes. This will take place each anniversary of the founder's death, December 10th, when the corporations will assemble in solemn conclave and formally proclaim the successful laureates. Each of these will receive, besides the cash prize, a diploma, and a gold medal bearing an effigy of the donator. Then, within six months, the winners are expected to deliver public lectures on their subjects either at Stockholm or Christiania.

In case two leading competitors are equal,

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the prize will be divided between them. Or, as regards the peace prize, the reward may be bestowed on an organization. But should none of the candidates be deemed worthy, the prize will be withheld till the year following. And should the same thing occur for two years in succession, the amount will be turned into the principal fund, or else be used for the creation of a special fund, which can be employed to encourage the same objects by other means than prizes. These special funds and this auxiliary encouragement fall under the management of the Nobel institutes. And just here enters another phase of the philanthropist's comprehensive behest. He has provided for the founding and maintenance of five institutes, corresponding to the five sections, bound together by a central organization. These are to aid in the examination of works and documents submitted as exhibits in behalf of prize competitors. And in addition, they are to do all possible to encourage profitable activity in these several lines of human endeavor. Each institute is to be founded by the corresponding corporation, but afterwards it will enjoy the dignity of an independent patron of learning.

To cover expenses of organization, 300,000 crowns for each section, or 1,500,000 crowns in all (about $350,000), may be taken from the endowment. The king authorizes the project, the corporations appoint the council, and all is in readiness for the award of prizes next December 10th. So perhaps those who devotedly admire some living hero, and would like to see him honored with the rich man's laurel of gold, might care to know something of the methods of this prize distributing.

There are several general provisions which apply equally to all five sections. To start with, no one can propose himself as a candidate for a prize—a naïve reminder, by the way, that selfishness and egotism are to be combatted herewith, not encouraged. The case of each nominee must be made out by writings or documents. These supports of the claim for a prize may be in English, as also in French, German, or Latin, besides, of course, the native language. Invitations to those qualified to nominate contestants are sent out every September by the Nobel committees. The nominations with documents should be sent to the committees at Christiania before February 1st of the year following. An exception was made this year, however, and nominations were received up to April 1st. The competent Nobel committee will report on these nominations during October to its corresponding corporation, which in turn will decide on the prize winners by the middle of November. From this decision there is no appeal. And as has been stated, the distribution of prizes will take place December 10th.

The general public cannot name candidates, but provision is made whereby no worthy man need escape. In the two sections of physical and chemical sciences, those who may nominate are: members of certain Scandinavian learned bodies and professors of those studies in certain native universities and schools; also the professors of six foreign universities named each year by the Academy of Science; besides savants specially invited by the Academy, and former prize winners. This is an honor invested in the prize winners of all sections.

The Nobel science institutes are really one, but composed of two sections for each of the two branches. It is to have scientific control of discoveries that are proposed for prizes, and to encourage researches in the same fields. The two sections will have suitable homes, with an assembly hall, archives room, library, etc., in common. A general inspector with high powers of supervision is named by the king. Besides, the Academy appoints a special director for each section. These men may be native or foreign, so they be scientists of solid reputation and especially well grounded in their respective fields. They will have the title of professor, and are to give their time exclusively to their positions. The special funds of the scientific Nobel institutes may be employed as subsidies for prosecuting works in physics and chemistry. Preference is to be given those works that have already proved worthy of being perfected by means of this donation.

The rules for the other three sections are the same in their general outlines. But a few special provisions should be mentioned. It is understood, for instance, that the works submitted for the literary prize need not be purely literary. They may include all works whose form and style entitle them to the distinction of literature. In this section the right to present candidates belongs to members of the Swedish, French, and Span-

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ish academies, as well as to literary sections of other academies and to literary institutions analogous to academies, to university professors of ethics, literature, and history, and to former prize winners. The Nobel institute for literature will have a library devoted especially to modern literature. Here the Swedish Academy will place in charge an able literary man and corps of assistants to prepare questions relative to the prize, to furnish reports on receipt of literary works from foreign countries, and to make necessary translations of such.

As to the physiological and medical section, those who can present candidates are: professors of the Carolin Institute; members of the medical section of the Royal Academy of Science; faculties of medicine of certain native universities; faculties of six foreign medical schools named each year by the Carolin Institute; savants invited by the Academy of Science, and former prize winners. The Nobel committee appointed by the Carolin Institute will decide which of the works submitted shall be specially examined and will carry out the same. It is understood that any work must undergo this examination before it can be given the prize. The decisions of the committee are received by the Carolin Institute in April, and in May it may admit other works to the final contest. In October it will decide who is the successful contestant by secret ballot. Printed works accompanying prize composition are to be preserved in the Carolin Institute library. The instruments submitted will remain in the same hands till they can be transferred to the Nobel Medical Institute. The Nobel Institute is under the surveillance of the *chancelier* of the universities of the kingdom. The special funds will be devoted to medical researches and their application.

The fifth and last section aims to reward labors for peace among nations and good will among men. The procedure is the same generally as above mentioned. Those who may propose contestants are: members of the Nobel committees; of legislative bodies of all countries; of the Interparliamentary Council; of the Commission of the International Permanent Bureau of Peace; of the International Institute of Law; university professors of law, political sciences, history, and philosophy, and former prize winners.

For this prize a champion has been chosen in France who appeals to every one at all familiar with his lifelong fight as peculiarly fit to enter the lists. He is a merciless besieger, and knows no compromise. He demands the unconditional surrender of war, and characterizes all improvements and mitigations as devices of the devil, who fears that this ablest work of his may be abolished unless it is made less frightful. Frederick Passy is a very old man, within a few months of eighty, and almost blind, but he is still a worker as ever. Since his first article against war, written when he was twenty-five, he has given himself to the cause as wholly and unreservedly as it is conceivable that a man can strive for one idea. So this makes something over half a century that he has fought for peace. He is a noble paradox, this veteran warrior.

As accurately as those things that fail to happen can be judged, M. Passy has certainly prevented one or two wars. Due to his letter to "Le Temps" in April, 1867, popular wrath died down and another sentiment took its place, with the direct result that France and Germany decided not to take to arms over the Luxembourg broil. Instead of war there came into being the Permanent International Peace League, of which M. Passy is still general secretary and the most active member.

He has probably hit upon the most effective weapon for the putting down of weapons. He is crafty enough to know that men will fight, all morality to the contrary notwithstanding. But will men make themselves absurd, if they know it? Ridicule has already smothered duelling. So M. Passy points out the utter idiocy of war.

He presided over the Universal Peace Congress of 1889, which became a regular annual institution from that year on. He has been a member since its organization of the Central Bureau of Peace Societies at Berne. With Randal Cremer, M.P., he founded the International Interparliamentary Union, wherein the legislatures of Europe and America are represented. Wars keep on happening, but he refuses to know what defeat is. A general war might break out to-morrow, and he would not give up; for he ever holds loyally to the creed of his youth, namely, that the development of science, means of communication, mixture of products, men, ideas, and language will in the end do away with war forever. His hope is his faith in human nature.

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"'I HAVE SEEN NO HUMAN BEING SAVE OUR PARTY OF THREE.'"
Jocelyn Cheshire, page 541.

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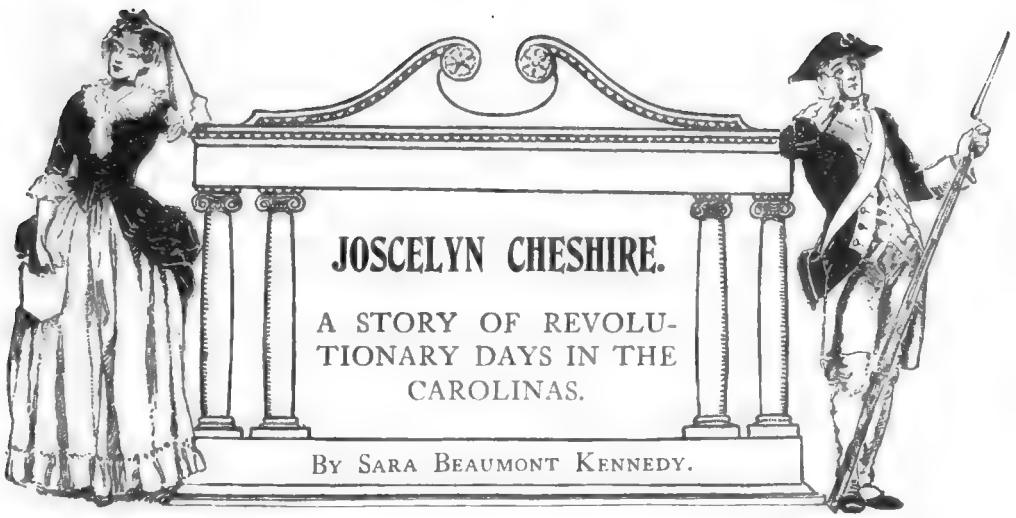

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Richard Clevering is a young Continental soldier who has donned the "buff and blue" to the admiration of a group of relatives and friends—his mother, his sister Betty, and her friends, Patience Ruffin, Dorothy Graham, and Janet Cameron. But Joscelyn Cheshire is a Tory and contemptuously snubs Richard's efforts at love-making. Joscelyn's father had died just before the battle of Lexington, after which her mother moved to Hillsboro'town, to be near her brother-in-law, James Clevering, father of the young Continental who is now marching afield for the first time. Soon comes the news of James Clevering's death in a charge with Sumter; and Eustace Singleton, who, with his sister Mary, is a staunch Royalist, starts for the front, carrying with him a certain promise made by Betty Clevering.

By this time Richard had joined the American army at Valley Forge and was now sharing in all the horrors of that winter encampment, while Howe was feasting and dancing nearby in Philadelphia. One day a man named Dunn proposes to Richard that they take advantage of the *fête* and attempt to enter the city in disguise. They succeed so well that Richard, in the military rain-coat of one Barry, gains an interview with Mary Singleton's beautiful cousin Ellen, *fiancée* of Major Grant, one of Howe's *aides*. From Ellen Singleton he learns some valuable information, which he and Dunn, not without danger, carry to Lafayette, who thereupon alters his plans, recrosses the Schuylkill, and joins Washington at Valley Forge. Clinton, who has superseded Howe in command of the army at Philadelphia, is now on the march towards New York, while the Americans hang on his flank. Then comes the fight at Monmouth, with Lee's treachery. It is Richard's first and, for some time to come, last battle; for, through his impetuous daring, he has been captured by the enemy. Among the prisoners he recognizes little Billy Bryce, of his own town, and these two plan an escape, successful in Billy's case, while Richard is still forced on towards Sandy Hook, where, in the offing, lay the British fleet ready to convey Clinton's exhausted army to New York. From one Colborn, a kindly disposed guard, Richard learns that his own destination is the dreaded prison-ship in Wallabout Bay.

Before long Billy Bryce comes home to Hillsboro' with the story of the Monmouth victory, and his own capture and escape at the sacrifice of Richard's liberty, and delivers the latter's message to Joscelyn, who also receives, a few days later, a letter from Colborn with news of Richard's illness in the prison-ship. Whereupon Joscelyn immediately sends letters through Betty Clevering to Eustace Singleton, Betty's *fiancé*, who is on Cornwallis's staff, begging him to use his influence in securing Richard's freedom. In the prison-ship the sufferings of Richard and his friend, Peter Ruffin, have become so intense that they form a second plot to escape.

Peter makes himself grave-digger to the prisoners, and soon succeeds in bearing Richard, like a corpse, to shore and burying him there among other victims of the pest-ship. No sooner has Peter, with the guards, retired to the ship, and Richard shaken himself free, than the latter comes face to face with one of the patrol. After a desperate struggle Richard strangles him and throws the body into the water. The next morning, after dodging about the island for some time, he comes unexpectedly upon the cottage of Dame Grant, who helps him to reach the Jersey shore.

To Hillsboro' Eustace Singleton had sent news of Richard's burial, but of his remarkable escape little was known there until Richard himself turned up one day at his mother's house. In a few days Richard, with his pockets full of letters, once more sets out to meet Dunn, and together these two travel on a mission to the South to warn the people there that Clinton, in transports, is now moving towards Charleston with the purpose of besieging that town. Gates, after his defeat at Camden, halts a few days at Hillsboro', while Joscelyn improves the opportunity by flirting with his officers.

Three years go by and the midwinter finds Greene, now in command of the American army, retreating to the South and eluding Cornwallis who, with Eustace and Captain Barry still on his staff, is forced to rest at Hillsboro'. Here, during a review of the troops, Joscelyn's horse takes fright and, pursued by Barry, runs out of the town limits, and is caught at last by Richard, who, however, escapes before Barry comes up. This sets the alarm and Richard, in despair, is soon driven to seek refuge in the Cheshire house, where, in the attic, Joscelyn (averting suspicion of her loyalty by many cruel taunts at the Clevierings over the way), cleverly manages to hide him—but her heart goes with Barry, who is at this moment down-stairs at her mother's card-party.

CHAPTER XXII.

"SEARCH MY LADY'S WARDROBE."

"Sweetheart? not she whose voice was music-sweet,
Whose face loaned language to melodious prayer;
Sweetheart I called her.—When did she repeat
Sweet to one hope or heart to one despair?"—CAWEIN.

To the man crouching behind the door which Joscelyn had left open, the minute it took her to traverse the hall and gain the head of the stair at the far end, seemed a lifetime. Even in his dire peril the thought of a bygone day came back to him—"loyal,

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though a Loyalist," he had said of her, and had believed it. What a sweetheart to have coddled in one's thoughts and dreamed of, waking and sleeping, this girl who would in cold blood hand him over to death because of a fancied duty! Escape by the way he came was impossible; he could only wait here and sell his life at the highest price. Aye, there should be left in this room a memory that would exile her from it forever; the blood that had beat for her, and which she had betrayed, should redden her floor and stain the dainty things she loved.

His sword had been thrown away when he quitted his horse, since it cumbered his flight, but his pistols and dirk were still upon him, and he made ready for their use. Then through the crevice of the hinge he beheld Joscelyn, as she faced about in the brighter light at the head of the stair, and the weapon well-nigh slipped from his hand as he saw her hold up the bit of shard she still carried and say, with a smile, to those below:

"'Tis not worth while your coming. What need to waste time on the senseless offender when the offence is beyond repair? My very last flowering almond is a hopeless wreck, and I had nursed it with such care!" She ended with a sigh and a pretty pout, and went slowly down the stair out of Richard's sight; but the voices from below reached him distinctly, so that he heard the officers' condolences, and her laughing replies. Great drops of perspiration broke out upon his brow as the joyous truth dawned fully upon him.

She did not intend to betray his presence in the house to the scarlet-coated bloodhounds who would tear him limb from limb!

How could he ever have mistrusted her, this one woman whom he had loved with the passion of youth and of manhood? He sank to a sitting posture upon the floor, propping himself against the wall, for he was desperately weary with the long, hard chase, and this relief was as the opening of Paradise before his aching eyes. His limbs relaxed, but his ears were strained to catch every sound that came up the stairway. The game of cards had been renewed, and the merriment was at its height when, twenty minutes later, there was again a commotion in the street, and a loud summons at the door.

"May it please your lordship," said Tarleton's voice, "the fellow hath given us the slip, and is in hiding with some of his sympathizers. We wish a permit to search the houses in this neighborhood, for hereabouts he must be, since he was seen last at yonder corner."

There arose a perfect Babel of voices, out of which Richard could make nothing clearly; but he knew the permit was given, for in a few minutes Tarleton opened the street door and ordered his men to begin the search at the house on the lower corner, and proceed thence up the street, missing no dwelling. Every other street and alley in the town had been sentinelled, so he assured Cornwallis.

The soldiers at the door dispersed, and a breathless silence filled the house. Richard dared not move lest his stiff joints pop or his boots creak and betray him. He knew flight was impossible, for there was a stamping of horses in the rear court, proving that the house was surrounded. It were wiser to wait and face the fate that came to him than go out to meet it on the way.

The minutes that followed seemed interminable. He felt that his doom was sealed, and there came upon him an overmastering desire to hear Joscelyn's voice once more. Why did she not come to him on some feigned pretext or other? Surely she must know how he was suffering! Death were not so hard to meet if he could but first hold her in his arms and hear her say some tender word.

Then the noise in the street grew louder, and he knew that the search was drawing near. His nerves were strained to tautness, when presently he heard the party stop in the street below, and a voice downstairs cried out gayly:

"They be going to call upon your kinsfolk, the Cleverings, Mistress Joscelyn. Let us out to the balcony and see the fun."

In the confusion of scraping chairs and opening doors Richard got to his feet. The cold and weariness in his limbs were forgotten in anxiety for his mother. A-tiptoe he crossed the room in the shadow of the furniture and gained Joscelyn's front window—that window out of which he had seen her lean in her scarlet bodice the day he marched away so long ago. It was an easy thing to hide himself in the folds of the heavy curtains which had been drawn for the night, and thus concealed to watch, through a broken slat of the blind, the scene below, for the veranda was open, with no roof to intervene.

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It was full moon, and the figures in the street, twenty men-at-arms, were plainly visible. Three of these passed silently to the rear of his mother's house, while the others drew up in line before the door. Then the leader smote the panels until they rang like a drum. Twice was the summons repeated ere a voice from an upper window demanded what might be the matter.

"Matter enough that I knock," replied the man so insolently that Richard's blood took fire, for every word could be distinctly heard from his coign of vantage.

"Nay, we be but two lone women in this house, and we open not but to the proper authorities."

"Well, and we be the authorities," answered the man less rudely, for there was that in Mistress Clevering's voice that brought him to his senses. "We have here an order from the commander-in-chief to search this house for a rebel spy. Open the door and read the writ for yourself."

The window above was closed, and presently the click of the lock was heard, and then the door opened partially, and Mistress Clevering, candle in hand, stood before them. Betty cowered behind like a frightened child.

"No one is here save my daughter and myself; to search the house were wasted time." And in her heart Joscelyn thanked Heaven she could speak thus truly, but the soldier said brusquely:

"We have judged the matter differently. Lead the way, and see to it that you open every door. We will put up with no deception."

As they passed into the house Joscelyn's voice from over the way cried out shrilly: "Neglect not to search the closet by the attic chimney; 'tis just of a size to hold a man, and perchance contains him whom you seek."

Mistress Clevering turned angrily toward the door as though she would answer, but the soldiers urged her on, and so it was Betty who called back:

"That is neighborly! Tell all you know about your best friends, Mistress Ingrate; we have naught to fear."

At this Joscelyn laughed loudly, but to Richard the laugh was more hysterical than mirthful, like one under a great nervous strain. He felt his hands involuntarily groping for his pistols as the opposite light flashed from window to window, and he knew his mother was being ordered about by those insolent redcoats. The candle lingered longest in the attic, but at last it descended, and soon the disappointed soldiers stood in the street empty-handed. Tarleton was furious and swore a great oath, but the soldiers protested they had overlooked no nook or corner where a man might conceal himself.

"'Tis a bootless errand, sir; unless, indeed, the man be in this house," said Tarleton, riding up to Joscelyn's door. "What say you, shall we search here also?"

Upstairs Richard's heart stood still, while down below Joscelyn's head swam. Then her laugh rippled out mockingly.

"Truly, your lordship, that is a reflection upon you and those of your gallant officers who have done me the honor to spend the evening under my roof! I pray you, gentlemen all, turn your pockets wrong side out that Colonel Tarleton may be sure you have not hidden his spy."

"I jest not, mistress," answered Tarleton, who owed her a grudge in that she had manifested much personal dislike to himself. "What says your lordship?"

Cornwallis started to reply, and then hesitated; whereupon Joscelyn broke in haughtily:

"An your lordship doubts my loyalty, pray let the search proceed—the doors are open."

"Aye, search; and fail not to look in my Lady Ingrate's wardrobe; 'tis just of a size to hold a man," came with a scornful laugh from over the way, for Betty was still at her door, and the street was not so wide but that the opposite voices reached her clearly.

"Of course," said Joscelyn, with the same haughty dignity, "search the wardrobe by all means; here are the keys." She threw the bunch at Tarleton's feet, calling to her mother to do the same; and then walked into the hall, her head up and her eyes aglow. Richard could not see her, and so ground his teeth in an impotent rage that she would thus tamely yield him up. But the next moment he guessed her purpose, realizing this was her surest way to avert suspicion, and he blessed her under his breath. If they found him they should never know that she had for a moment connived at his concealment.

Tarleton stooped to pick up the keys, but Cornwallis interposed.

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"Nay, sir; to search this house would be an affront to so loyal a subject as Mistress Joscelyn. Besides, the idea that the miscreant is hiding here is preposterous. He must have seen us through the windows, and to enter would have been to rush into the lion's jaws. Spies, as a rule, are wise men, not the fools of an army. Search the stable if you will, leave a guard in the alley, but enter not the house. And now, Mistress Cheshire, I see the ladies are going; we will also withdraw, after returning thanks to you and your daughter for your charming hospitality."

Richard clutched at the window frame to steady himself as he realized the present peril had passed. What a glorious girl Joscelyn was for all her Toryism and her scoffing!

Joscelyn stood at the door courtesying to her departing guests, the picture of dainty, decorous hospitality. As Tarleton lifted his hat sullenly, she looked him straight in the eyes, and said graciously:

"I will leave this door unbolted that your sentry may come in and warm himself by the fire in the rear room as the night grows chilly."

To doubt her after that were impossible, and he excused his former brusqueness by saying a soldier's duty was oftentimes most displeasing to himself. She accepted the apology with a smile, and stood in the door until they all, even Barry, who was always tardy over his leave-taking, had gotten to horse, and then with a final good-night she shut them out. She did not stop in the hall, but went straight on to the stair, saying to her mother as she ran up:

"Will you see to the lights, down here, mother? I will go up and look after your fire."

This was a reversal of the usual order of things, but her mother was too used to her caprices to take any notice. In the room above Richard had already replenished the fire, and was waiting for her on the rug with eager, outstretched arms.

"Joscelyn!" he cried; but she silenced him with a gesture.

"Quick! Off with your boots! Mother must not know. There will be further inquiry to-morrow, and for very anxiety she could not keep the secret. Now, come." In the hall she leaned over the banister to ask her mother to leave something on the table for the sentry to eat; and when the old lady was gone back to the pantry, Joscelyn unlocked the door of the shed-like attic at the rear of the hall, and giving Richard the lighted candle she held, pushed him in. "There are plenty of blankets on the shelves at the far end. Make your bed on a pile of carpet that is behind the cedar-chest."

"But Joscelyn——"

"H-u-s-h, not so loud. As you know, the attic has no windows, so your candle cannot be seen outside. There is mother—I will come back if I can."

She was gone, and he knew that she had locked the door from without. Along with his sense of relief came an exquisite joy that he was her prisoner, that it was she who must minister to him, she to whom he owed his life. It was some minutes before he remembered her injunction, and set to work to make himself comfortable. He left the candle on the floor beside his boots, and, wrapping himself in the blankets, found a cosy resting-place behind the big cedar-chest. What thoughts and visions crowded his mind as he lay there under the spider-hung rafters that dropped almost to his head! Five days before he had quitted his command—impelled by a thirsty desire to see Joscelyn's face—to undertake the dangerous mission of his chief and ascertain Cornwallis's actual strength. Unable to learn anything definite by hearsay, and catching idle rumors of Joscelyn's popularity among the English officers, the daring design had come to him to play the part of a Loyalist seeking enlistment in the British army, trusting to what little disguise he could add to his own altered looks to shield him. Following out this plan, and gaining at the parade all the knowledge necessary, he had stolen from the field, and would have effected his escape had he but taken the longer bridle-path around the mountain rather than the shorter one directly over it. Joscelyn's accident had delayed him somewhat, and trusting to his citizen's dress and the preoccupation of the whole force at the parade, he had thought to be beyond sight or pursuit ere the review was over. That his reckoning failed, has been already shown. Tarleton's henchmen, set on by Linsey, had headed him off and driven him back into the town. Although the peril was passed, strong man that he was he yet shuddered as he thought how near to death he had been when he leaped from his horse

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at the corner yonder, and with a fierce cut sent the animal as a decoy down the dark adjacent street, while he plunged into the shadowy alley. At Mistress Cheshire's rear gate he had recognized his bearings, and, entering without hesitation, he had crossed the yard, and by means of a grape-trellis climbed to the roof of the rear porch. To open the window was not difficult, but in entering he had upset the flower-jar and betrayed his presence. He heard the talk and laughter as he climbed up, and guessed who Joscelyn's guests were; but he trusted to her mother to hide him. How infinitely sweeter it was to know that instead it was her own hand that had saved him.

For nearly an hour he lay thus, stretched at full length upon the restful pallet. Then all at once, although he was conscious of no sound, he felt that she had come. Rising hastily, he met her as she slipped through the half-opened door. She shaded her eyes for a moment to concentrate the light, the candle was so dim; then crossing over to the chest she placed on it a platter of food and a pitcher of milk.

"You must be half famished." And although but a whisper, her voice was studiously polite. "I have brought you ample supply, for it may be late ere you get your breakfast in the morning, seeing I have to smuggle it to you."

Never had he seen her so beautiful. The shining brocade set off every curve of her figure; under the lace of her bodice her bosom rose and fell with suppressed excitement, and her eyes were full of the starry lights he knew so well. And yet there was something about her that held in check the fire that leaped through his pulses. For the first time, as he gazed thus upon her, he realized fully the menace he had brought upon her.

"Joscelyn, I should never have come here."

"It was, as you said, your only chance."

"I should not have taken that chance; rather I should have died beside my horse before bringing this danger to you."

"Hush, they will not harm me." Her head went up with a little triumphant fling as she said this, for she was thinking of Barry, and how, if discovery came, he would surely save her.

"You do not know the penalty one pays for harboring a spy. I will go this very night and free you from this menace."

"No, no," was the hasty answer. "We should both be undone. Tarleton's men will watch the house all night. To-morrow night, perchance, or the night after, but not to-night. You are safe here for the present, for his lordship's orders will be obeyed."

He came close to her, so close that he saw the pallor of her face, and the perfume of her dress rose with a sweet intoxication to his nostrils. "Joscelyn, is it for love of me that you have done this thing?"

"No."

"For what, then?"

"For sake of our old comradeship, and for Betty. Besides, you saved my life this afternoon — a return of favors leaves no burden of obligation on either of us."

"Nay; you risk more for me than I did for you."

She shrugged her shoulders. "The accounts balance." Then glancing about solicitously, she added: "I would I could make you more comfortable, but our first care must be to avert suspicion. Good-night."

She was moving to the door, but he caught her wrists just below the hanging lace of her sleeve, and holding her thus, he told her in a few graphic sentences all his thoughts: the reason and the history of his scouting venture; the jealousy that had torn him; the mental trysts he had held with her so often. All the intensity of his strong nature went into that appeal; it seemed as if a heart of ice must have melted in it, and for a moment her head did droop and her hands tremble, then she shrugged her gleaming shoulders again, saying:

"It had certainly been more soldier-like to have come for love of your cause, rather than for sake of a girl's eyes."

"For sake of both did I come."

"A spy——"

But she got no further; something in her tone stung him to the quick. "You need not speak so disparagingly. A spy's work may not be pleasant, but it is absolutely necessary. Without the information he sends his general false steps might be taken, and hundreds of lives needlessly sacrificed. A spy has a humane as well as a dangerous mission."

"'Tis well you think so highly of your calling. Good-night, again."

"Joscelyn, do not leave me thus. This

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day we have each looked into the eyes of death—let us at least part as friends."

She turned back, her face dimpling with a smile that was like a gleam of sunshine. "Good-night, Richard, and a safe awakening."

Then she was gone, and he threw himself down to sleep the sleep of utter weariness.

Joscelyn sat on the rug before her almost burned-out fire trying to disengage the attic key from the big bunch her mother habitually wore at her belt, and thinking rapidly of the events of the day. She knew that the end had not been reached, but she was determined to brave it out; there was nothing else to do; there had been nothing else from the first. And she must stand all alone. Fresh inquiry would be instituted to-morrow, and her mother's veracity could not stand the strain to which it might be put if she knew all. Neither could the secret be shared with Aunt Clevering, for her mother-heart might betray its anxiety, and so would another family be involved. She must bear the burden herself; must evade, pretend, even *lie* if need be, to keep the knowledge from any one else. The man had fled to her for sanctuary. Which were worse, she asked herself bitterly, to soil her lips with an untruth, or her hands with a betrayal, a breach of trust and of hospitality? From Betty and Aunt Clevering she could expect no mercy of neglect, because of that hasty speech about the attic closet. It had been made to establish her own footing more securely by a great show of loyalty, but would, she knew, act as a two-edged sword, cutting away part of her safety. To-morrow she would not dare leave the house all day lest something terrible transpire in her absence; she must feign some pretext for staying indoors—perchance a headache from the effects of her fright.

And then, having planned her course fully and carefully, woman-like she began to cry tempestuously at the position in which she found herself, blaming with equally unreasoning impatience the band, Richard, and her horse for her predicament. If she were only a Whig doing this thing for her country, or else if she were but in love with Richard, how beautiful, how romantic it would all be! But—but——

And even after she was in bed she went on sobbing softly to herself.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN TARLETON'S TOILS.

"The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational;
But he whose noble soul its fears subdues,
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from."
—JOANNA BAILLIE.

AFTER a troubled sleep that brought little rest, Joscelyn opened her eyes on what she supposed would be a day of danger, certainly a day of small deceptions. But in one way fortune favored her; the morning was cold and raw, with now and then a flurry of snow, so she would have no occasion to leave the house, and need worry over no excuse for biding at home. But the early hours were full of quavers and starts; the least quick noise sent her blood racing through its channels. Her first real fright came when the guard in the back yard discovered bits of fresh mud upon the trellis of the porch.

"'Tis nothing," she said, with a touch of asperity when he showed it to her; "the maid threw a broken flower-pot from the upper window, and this earth was no doubt spilled out as it fell. There are the remnants of the jar by the fence."

The guard bowed and withdrew, but there was a supercilious smile on his face which filled her with nervous apprehension. In a hasty resentment that the man perhaps guessed at her duplicity she could have struck him.

And yet a second time was she thrown into consternation when her mother discovered the loss of the attic key from her bunch.

"Oh, it is not lost! I broke the string yesterday night, and doubtless I missed this one when I strung them up again. It is in my room this minute, I dare swear. Is there aught you need in the attic now?"

"Nay; but I feared the key was lost."

"Well, let me first finish this round of knitting, and I will hunt it. Mother," she went on after a pause, during which she picked up her stitches industriously, "had you not better go over and make my peace with Aunt Clevering? She was most angry with me last night."

"And good cause she had, Joscelyn. Methinks I never heard any one make so rude a speech. What put you to it?"

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"In faith, mother, I cannot tell. It was cruel and unwarranted, and you may tell her I say so, and that I am bitterly sorry. Make any excuse you please, only make it at once, for you know Aunt Clevering's displeasure grows like a mushroom when left to itself."

She had small hope that her aunt would be appeased, but she wanted her mother out of the way that she might carry her prisoner something to eat. It was close upon one o'clock, and not a morsel had she been able to give him. She drew the bolt of the front door after her mother, who was nothing loath to go upon this peace errand, and hurrying to the dining-room, made hasty preparation to relieve Richard's needs. She was not used to doing things upon the sly, and her heart was in hot rebellion that she must stoop to such a thing among her own servants. There were hard lines of determination about her mouth, but the hands that sliced the meat and buttered the bread shook a little. Even when on the stair she turned back, startled by a sound in the hall; but it was only the cat romping with her little ones, and so once more she went on. Softly she unlocked the attic door and stepped in. The room was in partial twilight, having no window, but she saw Richard coming to meet her.

"No May-day sunshine was ever half so welcome," he whispered, taking her hand in both of his. "Tell me how matters have gone this morning. I have fretted myself into a fever lest I bring some annoyance upon you. And now you must promise me that if discovery comes you will forswear all knowledge of my being here. I shall claim that the key was in the lock, and after I was inside some one came and fastened the door. Thus will you be free from blame."

"And think you any one will believe so flimsy a story? Nay, the only safety for either of us lies in your not being discovered. I understand that Tarleton is furious over his failure, and has already ordered a new search. I rely upon my own loyalty and upon his lordship's order for our exemption. But if the worst comes, we must be prepared."

"I am." He touched his pistols, and drew himself up until his magnificent figure was at perfect pose. "I shall die, Joscelyn, but like a soldier, not on the gallows."

She shuddered, and her eyes lost their coldness; the woman in her was touched by his cool courage in face of such a danger.

"Yes," she said, with a hesitating gentleness, "but I pray it come not to that. By being prepared I meant we must leave no telltale traces here such as these." She pointed to the platter and pitcher. "I shall take these away. Your dinner I have brought in this bit of paper. Leave no crumbs when you have finished. This jug contains water, and this bottle wine; stand them in that corner with those empty bottles, and they will attract no attention."

"It shall be done, Joscelyn."

"Watch under the door. If there is an order given to search the house, I will try and warn you by a note."

"Joscelyn, desperate as I was, I should have sought some other shelter had I not thought your loyalty would put your house beyond the shadow of suspicion. Will you not say you forgive me before you go? We may never meet again."

"There is nothing to forgive; you but put it in my power to requite an obligation," she said very gently.

"That is scarce a pardon. I would have you speak as though the forgiveness came from your heart rather than from your head. Between us there can be no question of a debt. My love makes me your bondservant, and as such my service is yours rightfully."

"Your name is not known," she broke in hastily, "but I understand it is suspected that my rescuer of yesterday is the escaped spy."

"That accounts for Tarleton's doubt of you. Joscelyn, I will not stay here a moment longer and expose you thus. My mother's house has already been searched——"

"And will be again ere nightfall. What you propose is folly; worse than folly, it is death to you and betrayal to me. There are double guards everywhere, for Colonel Tarleton is as much policeman as soldier. You could not leave this house and cross the street alive."

"Then what must I do?"

"Why, in sooth, since you cannot go, you must remain." There was just a touch in her voice and smile of that which made him think of their early days of quarrel and make-up. It was such an intoxicating change from her manner of a moment ago, that he lost his head and caught her for a moment in his strong arms. But she broke

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away and, gathering up the pitcher and platter, prepared to go.

"There is just one thing," she said, hesitatingly, "your despatches." He tapped his forehead. Again she paused irresolutely, the color coming and going in her delicate cheeks. "I am saving you, not your despatches; do you understand?"

"You do not mean——"

"Yes, I mean that Greene must learn nothing from you if you escape."

But his hand was over her mouth before she could go on. "You cannot make a request so unworthy of you and of me. Think you for one instant that I would buy my safety with the information that may save my comrades? No, no, Joscelyn, dear, you did not ask such a thing of me, for you would not dishonor me, although you say you do not love me. I make no such bargain with you; either I carry my despatches to my general, or I walk out of your house this minute and let the first ball that can hit me put an end to my life."

His hand was on the door, but she dragged him back, her face like ashes. "No, no, Richard, I will not ask it; indeed, I will not!"

Silently he kissed the hand upon his sleeve, and as they stood thus looking into each other's eyes, there came a sharp rapping at the door below. She went deathly pale for a moment, then waving him back, she stepped out into the hallway.

"It is only mother," she said, after listening a moment; "she has been over to Aunt Clevering's to make my peace for my last night's rudeness. What I said was in desperation; I know not what evil genius put me to it."

He took her hand reverently for a moment. "'Twas no evil genius, but a brave spirit of self-sacrifice."

She locked the door and went down the stair singing. At the foot she called out, "Coming, mother!" and ran to hide the dishes she carried; then back to the door and undid it, still singing her merry ditty.

"Why should you bolt the door, my daughter, seeing I was to be gone only a few minutes?"

"I was upstairs straightening things a bit, and the town is so full of confusion that I felt a trifle nervous."

"But here was the sentinel to protect you."

"Oh, I quite forgot him!" She smiled with deprecating politeness at the sentinel, who had paused at the steps, and was watching her with an ugly frown upon his sullen face. He touched his hat with a shrug, and moved on upon his beat.

But a new terror came to the girl. Evidently the man suspected her, and, of course, his suspicion would be carried to Tarleton. Why had she lingered upstairs talking with Richard? Everything she did worked the wrong way. Would the day never end? She strove to make amends for her false step by singing Tory songs as she went about the house, and by sending the man a dainty luncheon. It was perhaps an hour before she remembered to ask her mother the result of her interview with Aunt Clevering.

"Oh, but I had a sad scene of it! Joscelyn, your tongue will be the ruin of us; I know it, I know it! Neighbor after neighbor has taken offence at your outspoken Toryism; and now Ann Clevering, dear to me as a sister, says she hopes you will never darken her door again. And if you go not, why, neither can I; and so I am cut off from my best friend by your unneighborly caprice! And think what we have been to each other!" Here sobs choked the unhappy woman's utterance, and she could only turn her eyes reproachfully upon her daughter.

Joscelyn was deeply moved, as she always was, at wounding her mother; but she put the best face possible on it in order to cheer the disconsolate old lady.

"There, mother dear, 'tis not worth crying over. Not go to see Aunt Clevering because I cannot go? Why, that is nonsense. Of course you will go, and she will come here just the same. I will keep out of her way until she forgives me, for she will forgive me, never you fear. I am not surprised at her anger, but it will all come out right in the end; so don't cry, little mother, you break my heart with your tears."

But in her heart was serious question whether she would ever again be received upon friendly footing in the house over the way, which had been to her as a second home. She would never tell that she had made that speech to turn inquiry from her own house, where Richard was hiding; and she doubted much if he would escape to tell the story himself. She sang no more that afternoon, but sat silently over her knitting. The weather did not tend to mend her spirits, for the drizzle of the morning

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had turned into a steady downpour, and the wind moaned about the gables and up the throat of the wide chimney like a lost spirit hopelessly seeking its reincarnation. Her mother was still brooding over the break with the Cleverings, now and then lifting her kerchief to her face in a gesture that was a reproach to Joscelyn, who strove not to see it, and yet who watched for it persistently out of the tail of her eye. She grew more miserable each moment, and so hailed with delight the entrance of Barry and a fellow-officer, who had come to bask in the warmth of her smile.

"Your visit is a charity, gentlemen," she said gayly, as she gave them chairs. "This weather serves one's spirits and one's ruffles alike, in that it leaves them both limp and frowsy."

"Your mother seems more out of sorts than you."

"Yes; mother is doing penance for my sin of last night, Captain Barry."

"Your sin? Why, methinks you never committed anything more heinous than a misdemeanor. Come, make me your confessor, and I promise you complete and immediate absolution."

"'Tis not your absolution, but Mistress Clevering's, that I need. She has excommunicated me for telling of the attic closet." She spoke with an air of mock penitence that set her visitors off in a roar.

But Mistress Cheshire stopped them with a fresh burst of tears. "'Tis no matter for jesting with me, sirs. I am a subject of King George and wish him well, but he cannot take the place of Ann Clevering in my heart!"

"True, true," said Joscelyn, still with her air of pretence, only now it was playful; "she loves her king, but you see she lives not neighbors with him, and so, forsooth, she cannot compare her loaves with his on a baking day; nor ask the loan of his pie-pans nor offer her mixing-bowl in return. Ah, gentlemen, in proximity there is a homely charm of which the poets wot not!"

And so the talk ran on for a few minutes, and the visitors agreed they had never found Mistress Joscelyn so charming or so witty. Then they fell to talking of the military news, of Tarleton's determination to ferret out the hidden spy, and of the burning of the Rev. Hugh McAden's library by that division of the army stationed at Red House, a few miles distant. To all of the first she listened with an outward show of indifference, but with an inward quaking. The other news interested her less, but for obvious reasons was also less embarrassing.

"I pray you, Captain Barry, why should the soldiers burn the reverend gentleman's library? 'Twas innocent enough, and he himself has been dead this twelvemonth."

"Well, they found from his books he was a Presbyterian, and being that, he must perforce be also a rebel."

"And they consigned his books to the same fate they believed him to be enjoying —the fire? Pray you, sir, were the flames *blue?* Being the very essence of Presbyterianism, they should have been blue, you know."

"Capital! I shall tell his lordship of your excellent joke."

She hated herself for her little pleasantry, for she had sincerely admired the minister, whom she had known since childhood; but she must keep up a show of gayety that these young men might carry a good report of her to headquarters.

With the growing cloudiness the day was visibly shortened. Joscelyn, glancing now and then at the window, watched the going of the light with secret satisfaction. Already the opposite houses were becoming indistinct, and as the shadows grew apace just in proportion did her spirits rise; the danger was drifting away, and the man upstairs now had a chance for life. But just as she was congratulating herself that the ordeal was past there came a stamping of hoofs at the door, and Tarleton's voice, giving some order, made her realize that the crisis had perchance but just now come. For one awful moment the power of motion forsook her, then with a masterly effort at calmness she said:

"Mother, entertain the gentlemen while I see why Samuel does not bring the lights."

She managed to walk with becoming leisure to the parlor door, but once outside, she almost flew up the stair. Down on her knees before the fire in her room she wrote rapidly upon a scrap of paper:

"Be ready. Tarleton has come. They shall search my room first. When I open the attic door stand thou close behind it; I will direct attention to the chest and shelves at the far end—then, if any, is your chance."

She rose to her feet; the hall below was

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full of manly voices, above which her mother called: "Joscelyn, Joscelyn, come at once; here are more visitors."

"Yes, mother." Then with a crash she dropped the key-basket, which she had snatched up, just in front of the attic door, and while gathering up the spilled keys with one hand, she slipped the note under the door with the other, and instantly felt it grasped and drawn away to the other side. She knew Richard could read it by means of his candle and tinder-box. Then flinging the keys into the basket she ran down-stairs. As she entered the parlor and saw before the hearth the short, square figure of Tarleton, the tremor passed out of her limbs. All day she had been starting and quaking; now in the presence of the real danger she was calm and collected. She greeted the colonel with a fair show of hospitality, and fell immediately to talking of those ill-fated volumes of McAden. It was anything to gain time that the last lingering daylight might go. Tarleton let her run on for a few minutes, even let Barry repeat her poor little joke about the blue flames; then he cleared his throat and began:

"Mistress Joscelyn, it behooves——"

But she interrupted him. "Why, dear me, did not mother give you a cup of tea? You must have one at once to kill that cold in your throat. What a terrible ride you must have had to-day in this storm. Ah, a soldier's life is, indeed, a hard one, and nobly does he win the fame which illumines his name! Two lumps, or three? Ah, you have a sweet tooth."

But she could not stave him off after he had drained his cup. She wanted to tell him how they came by the tea since the tax had stopped its sale, but he cut her short.

"Another time, Mistress Joscelyn, I shall be glad to listen to your story, which is no doubt an interesting one. But just now I have graver matters to discuss with you."

"Grave matters with me?" she repeated with feigned surprise and a ripple of laughter that was like the tinkle of a silver bell. "That is an unusual kind of discussion for a soldier to hold with a woman. Are you going to ask my advice about your morning coffee or your next campaign? But I pray you, sir, proceed; I am all attention."

There was not a glimmer of daylight through the unshuttered window-sash. She felt the sinews in her hands and arms grow like iron, and her pulses beat with the perfection of rhythm. So does a great crisis sometimes steady a woman's nerves.

The short colonel rocked himself from toe to heel a moment, as he looked at her half in unbelief, half in admiration of her coolness. Truly she was superb. Then he said:

"The spy of yesterday has not been taken."

"So these gentlemen were telling me," smiling over at Barry.

"But it is most important to the safety of our command and the good of our cause that he be found—dead or alive."

She merely nodded, never taking her steady gaze from his face.

"That he could have gotten out of the town is impossible. My men ran him in from the west side, over the bridge of the Eno. The sentinels were at their posts upon the north, east, and south sides of the village. He could not have passed them without detection."

Again he paused, and finding that something was expected of her, she said, in a most matter-of-fact way, "I see."

"Then the only conclusion to come to is that he is still in the town. Well, now, every house in this vicinity, where he was last seen, has been thoroughly searched save yours. I have talked with Lord Cornwallis——"

She stood up suddenly, with a dignity of movement that well-nigh disconcerted him. "I pray you, Colonel Tarleton, cut your explanation short."

"Then in short, madam, I have here an order from his lordship to examine your house and premises."

She stretched out her hand for the paper silently, imperiously.

Barry had risen and come to her side.

"You will see," Tarleton made haste to add, "that your own loyalty is not impugned. The paper states explicitly that it is not believed you have any knowledge of the man's whereabouts; but it is thought possible he may have concealed himself secretly in your house. I have spoken to his lordship, and——"

"It were unnecessary to say so—I know full well, without the telling, who has so poisoned his lordship's mind against me. Every man, woman, and child in this community knows that I have never wavered in my allegiance to the king. I have been a target for Whig criticism, almost of perse-

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cution because of that allegiance—and this is my reward!" She struck the paper sharply with her other hand. "Well, sir, I recognize the source!" She turned her eyes scornfully upon the man on the rug.

Tarleton ground his teeth, but his private orders were to use the lady with all gentleness, and he knew how to obey—under provocation. He began some sullen disclaimer, but she broke in imperiously:

"Enough, sir; such paltry excuses weary me. Let us to business."

"You interpose no objection?"

"None, sir. In this house the mandates of His Majesty's representatives are obeyed. Let me see; is it your wish to begin upstairs? Very well. Perhaps these gentlemen will be kind enough to watch the stair; the flight below the landing comes down just at this door."

"May I not come with you?" pleaded Barry, who was loath to have her out of his sight with the brusque colonel lest some rude word be spoken to her, a discourtesy he would have been hot to revenge even upon his superior officer.

Tarleton nodded assent, but Joscelyn laughingly interposed: "Nay, good captain, your boots show the effects of the weather; it would grieve my mother's housewifely heart to know they were leaving their impress upon her carpets. Wait here and guard the stair—are we three not enough to capture one?" She pointed, as she spoke, from herself and Tarleton to his orderly, who had been standing at attention just inside the door. "I take it, Colonel Tarleton, that we shall be sufficient." He bowed, and thrusting her knitting into her pocket, she moved out of the room, followed by the officer and his orderly. "Mother, look you to the comfort of these other guests; I shall return presently."

There was a threat in Barry's eyes as they met Tarleton's in a fleeting glance; but he merely saluted in silence as that officer passed out. One day Tarleton should pay for this needless offence to a girl so unprotected and so beautiful. It was most evident from her bearing to see that she had nothing to fear from an investigation. Yes, one day he should pay for it.

In the hall Joscelyn stopped to pick up the key-basket and the one candle in its brass candlestick. Thus did she leave the lower hall unlighted save from the open parlor door, for she wanted no radiance thrown upward to the story above. She talked unceasingly as they mounted the steps, raising her voice presumably to overtop the noise of the heavy boots, but really as a warning to the man hiding above. Not for a moment did she allow herself to consider the probably fatal outcome of this search. She needed every faculty of mind and body to meet the moments as they came. In the narrow upper entry she paused and lifted her candle; a few chairs, a spinning-wheel, and a table formed its only furniture. A cat could scarcely have hidden there.

"Proceed, I pray you," said Tarleton, after one glance around.

Three doors opened on this passage; the nearest of these, which was the one toward the front, she threw open. The dainty bed, the frilled curtains, the pretty toilet articles upon the dresser, were heralds enough to proclaim the occupant. Even Tarleton hesitated.

"To search here were useless."

"Nay, sir; I insist that you carry out your instructions."

She placed the candle on the table and waited haughtily while the inspection was made, nodding toward the wardrobe. "Open the doors and see if Betty Clevering knew whereof she spoke."

"There is no one here," said Tarleton, following her instructions, his big hands looking awkward enough among the pretty feminine garments. She picked up the light and opened the connecting door to her mother's room. Tarleton went with her, first, however, nodding to the orderly to return by way of the passage that none might creep by that means from the rear.

"An excellent precaution; I had not thought of it," said Joscelyn, detecting the unspoken order.

There was a bright fire on her mother's hearth, and she stood as though warming herself while the two men made their investigation. Her manner was so perfectly frank and unconcerned that Tarleton began to curse himself for a fool. At headquarters the other officers had opposed his plan, laughing at the evidence his guards had gathered—a little mud on a trellis in rainy weather, a locked door when a woman was left alone in her house in such troublous times! Truly, the short colonel was overcredulous to attach any significance to such trifles. Only by the most masterly persua-

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sion had he wrung that order from Cornwallis. He did not relish the laugh he knew his failure would provoke, so he lingered somewhat in this room, examining the closet and making the orderly climb up and look to see that no one was hidden on top of the tall tester. Finally he announced himself satisfied.

Joscelyn's hands were like ice as she took up the light and led the way into the hall, and there stopped in front of the attic door.

"This is the only other apartment on this floor. It is the attic over the pantry and kitchen, and extends to the right the length of this hall and of mother's room, which you have just quitted. There is no other entrance but this door in the corner, as you will see."

"Take the light, orderly," said Tarleton, as she turned over the keys in the basket. This was not what she wanted, but she yielded it without a demurrer.

The key turned easily and, opening the door, she stepped in, still keeping her hold upon the knob, which action brought her within a foot and a half of the wall behind. Still holding the door and facing about, she pointed down the long, narrow apartment.

"Will you make yourselves at home, gentlemen?"

Tarleton's spirits rose; the shadows and heaped-up odds and ends in the far side of the room seemed a covert for noble game. There was no furniture at this end against which the door opened, only bags of seed and dried peppers and herbs hanging along the wall in rear of the girlish figure. His quick glance took this in; then motioning his orderly to follow, he went down the length of the apartment, the light glinting on the pistols in each man's hand. On the shelves were carefully folded piles of bedclothes, and behind the chest a smooth roll of carpet powdered with dust. The hair trunks and the broken bureau gave up no guest, nor did the deep shelves reveal anything suspicious.

All this while a hand had been plucking at Joscelyn's skirt, but Tarleton had kept his side face to her, so that any action was impossible. Now, however, he called sharply to his aide to place the candle on the floor and help him search the big chest, remarking in a low tone that "caskets like that sometimes held living jewels."

Joscelyn laughed. "Then will it be in the shape of mice, of which capture I wish you joy. A rat-hunt is noble sport for one of His Majesty's gallant officers!"

As she intended it should, this speech but spurred Tarleton on to greater exertions. They would soon be coming back to the door, and she dared not risk the closing of it with what she knew was behind. But there was not much time left for action, for, obeying orders, the aide placed the candle on the floor, and opening the lid of the chest began overhauling the contents; his chief's back was also toward the door. Joscelyn's hand had been on the yarn-ball in her pocket. Quick as a flash it was out and the thread snapped apart. The floor slanted straight from her to the candle. With a deft cast she sent the noiseless ball down the room. It struck the narrow-bottomed candlestick, which careened and rocked over, and the next moment the room was in total darkness.

A cry broke from her and Tarleton simultaneously; his was an oath upon the orderly, hers a nervous relaxation of the strain that had been upon her.

"Colonel Tarleton, come quickly and guard the door while I find another light!" she cried, suppressing the dry sob in her throat, for in the momentary darkness she had felt a warm body crush past her on its way to the hall.

But at that instant the orderly found his tinder-box.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THWARTED.

"They laugh who win."
—SHAKESPEARE.

As the candle kindled under the orderly's hand Tarleton, who had sprung toward the door, found himself within a foot of Joscelyn, whom the light revealed standing in the open doorway, with a hand lifted to either lintel.

"You find me guarding the postern, Colonel," she said, smiling, although her very knees were shaking under her with nervous trepidation.

"How came the light to go out?" he demanded angrily.

"Surely that is matter for you to explain. I was far from it at this end of the room," she answered coldly. Then presently added:

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"Perchance 'twas struck by some of the things you threw out of the chest; or did the orderly jar the plank on which it sat? You see the floor is quite a loose one. No fourth person could have put it out without my perceiving him, *and I have seen no human being save our party of three* since coming up the stair."

This was the truth, for she had not once glanced behind the door, and she spoke the words slowly, looking the while straight into Tarleton's eyes. He turned his searching gaze from her, but evidently he was not satisfied, for as she moved from the door he snatched the light, and, stepping beyond her, and so on up the hall, looked into both of the rooms he had recently examined. As he paused at her door with the candle lifted above his head, the scene swam before Joscelyn's eyes. If he entered there would be discovery—murder. It seemed an interminable minute that he stood thus; then the blood came again to her heart with a rush, for he turned back from the threshold, and, calling for another light to leave in the hall, he went again to finish his examination of the attic. Not a box was left unemptied, not a barrel or chest or shelf that was not searched as for some tiny object that might secrete itself in a crack. Joscelyn, leaning against the open door, watched the process in silence, save for occasional mocking suggestions or biting comments, to most of which he gave no heed. A lurking suspicion of her, added to his fear of ridicule at headquarters, made him doubly cautious, so that he never turned his back upon her for an instant, and now and then he paused and looked at her keenly and curiously; but she only gave him a satirical laugh for his pains. But the search could not go on forever, and at last he had to announce that he had finished. Joscelyn longed to leave the door open that Richard might creep back; but they had found it locked, and so, fearful of arousing suspicion, she made no objection when Tarleton, having looked behind the door, locked it and handed her the key. On every step of the stair her spirits rose, so that her cheeks were brilliant and her eyes shining when at the bottom Barry met them, and relieving her of her basket and candle, placed them on the table. There was no need to ask the result of the search; Tarleton's face was a proclamation of defeat. After a few pleasantries with Barry as to how he had guarded the steps, and how many ghostly spies he had seen gliding up or down, Joscelyn opened the dining-room door saying, with a return to her stately courtesy:

"And now, Colonel Tarleton, we will finish our task, an it please you. His lordship will be consumed with impatience for your return."

Sullenly Tarleton followed her lead; he intercepted the glance she shot at Barry and felt himself a butt for her ridicule, and his temper was not improved thereby. The ransacked pantries and closets gave up nothing alive but a mouse, at whose wild antics Joscelyn and Barry laughed like a couple of children, their mouths full of cake, which the girl had cut from the loaf on the shelf. It was such a relief to laugh, to do anything to ease the tense strain upon her nerves and composure. It was raining without, and she sat with Barry by the dining-room fire while Tarleton and the orderly investigated the cellar and the outbuildings. Those few moments alone with her finished the subjugation of the young man's heart. He knew that for him there could be no happiness in the future unless she shared it with him; and he was telling her so in hesitating whispers—for his very earnestness had made him shy and awkward—when the return of the searching party put an end to the interview.

Joscelyn stood upon the veranda as Tarleton mounted for the ride, and cried out with her tantalizing mockery:

"Commend me to his lordship, and say that you came upon a fool's errand, and carry back but the fruit of such a quest."

She would have said more, but her mother plucked her by the sleeve with frightened command; and so, with an enchanting change of manner, she turned to Captain Barry, who had lingered on the step, and begged that he would ere long give them again the pleasure of his company. Her words were meant more as a rebuff to Tarleton by contrast with the sharp things she had said to him; but the younger officer construed them into an acknowledged preference for himself, and his quick pulses throbbed with a foretaste of that sweetest victory a man can win—the capture of a beloved woman's heart. As he rode away with his companion he knew not if it still rained or was clear; the mud of the streets might have been drifts of bright-hued blossoms for all the notice he gave it; even his resentment

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against Tarleton was forgotten in this sweet dream of love which, amid the shadows of war, had suddenly opened before him as a flower unfolds its petals to the dawn. At supper, with his fellow-officers, he heard none of the jests upon Tarleton's failure of the evening, so busy was he recalling every word and look of the girl, who in one short week, had made the world a new creation for him. The time for his wooing would be short, and the morrow was too remote for his impatient heart; and so ere another hour went by he was again knocking at her door. Much to his chagrin he found other guests before him, for hardly had he quitted the house ere Mary Singleton arrived and announced that she meant to tarry all night.

"Eustace and some of his friends are coming later, so, my dear, you must let me run upstairs at once and change this damp gown for something more comfortable and becoming. When you see who is with Eustace, you will understand why I want to look so charming. My maid has my bag in the kitchen. Come!"

Another menace! Would she never be free from discovery, Joscelyn wondered. And taking her friend by the shoulders, she pushed her playfully into the parlor.

"'Tis easy enough to guess who is coming by the happiness in your eyes. But there, go make your duty to mother while I have a fire kindled in my room; then shall you make yourself as beautiful as a dream ere it runs to a nightmare."

Upstairs she raced, stopping in the hall only long enough to unlock the attic door. In her room was a slight noise, and she was about to call Richard softly, when by the fireplace she perceived the maid blowing the coals into a blaze.

"That will do, Peggy. Go down at once and get a pair of your dry shoes for Mistress Singleton's maid, that she may shortly be ready to help her mistress dress."

Peggy obeyed, and then Joscelyn heard her name called, and saw the curtains of the bed tester shaken as by some one standing behind them, and Richard's head and shoulders came to view. Answering the look in his eloquent eyes, she put out her hand with a quick impulse to meet his; but at that moment the door was flung open and Mary rushed in.

"They have come already, and 'tis as much as my chances with Edward Moore are worth to have him see me in this garb; so I fled for my life," she cried, laughing and panting together.

Joscelyn dared not look toward the bed curtain; surely the fates had combined against her! She stood quite still and let Mary run on with her confidences concerning young Moore, salving her conscience with the thought that a second listener could not matter when a human life was at stake. But when Mary, too intent upon the mirror to look at the bed, shook down her hair and began deliberately to unfasten her bodice, Joscelyn grew desperate. She could not permit this.

"Wait until—until the fire burns, Mary," she cried, that she might gain a few minutes to think. But Mary only laughed and went on unhooking, raving about blue eyes and a tall figure, to all of which Joscelyn agreed, striving to fasten the hooks again, until Mary pushed her off in a small pet. Then with a last frantic effort she upset, with a palpably awkward movement of her elbow, a pitcher that stood on the dresser; and as the deluge of water came down she cried to Mary to go at once to her mother's room, where was a better fire, and she would follow with her things. It was a most open bit of acting, without a shadow of plot or diplomacy, but Mary was too intent upon her love-affair to notice, and so went obediently into the next room talking still of Edward Moore. As Joscelyn gathered up some ribbons and lace from the bed she whispered, as though to the curtained post:

"The attic door is open—there is no one in the hall."

Then did the post seem suddenly incarnate with life, for a hand caught hers, and a voice full of love and gratitude said in her ear:

"God bless you! Good-by!"

Ten minutes later, trying the attic door, she found it locked from within, and leaving Mary in the hands of the maid, she went down the stair with a light heart, for the day's trials were over at last, and she might cease to wrack her brain for expedients and deceptions. The house was soon full of echoing laughter and snatches of song, with the low hum of conversation, like the ripple of a brook, running ceaselessly underneath the lighter sounds.

As soon as Joscelyn laid eyes on Eustace she knew something was amiss, and he was not long in letting her know what it was,

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upbraiding her bitterly for her cruel speech of last night.

"You were not content that those rude men were searching her house, but must add to her humiliation. What demon of cruelty possessed you?"

"It was the meanest thing I ever did," she said with a sob; "and, Eustace, if you can only get Betty to forgive me, there is nothing I will not do for you."

"Small chance I have to win forgiveness for you or favor for myself," he answered gloomily. "I wish I had been here last night; she should have known she had one friend at least, though I lost my commission by it. Only once have I seen her, and then for only ten minutes, with her mother freezing the life out of us with her cold stare."

"If I arrange a meeting between this and your departure, will you spare a few moments from your wooing to plead for me?"

"Yes; but can you do it?"

"Slip away up to mother's room and write her a note; I will see that she gets it this night." And, mollified, he went.

Upstairs in the attic, shivering under the blankets behind the big chest, Richard hearkened to the subdued echoes of gayety from below, and went over thoughtfully the events of the day. All the morning and afternoon he had felt the nets closing about him, and when he read Joscelyn's hasty warning, he knew that death stood at his elbow. Not that hope died, but what could hope do in such straits? He made ready as she bade him, folding the blankets and straightening the carpet, putting his boots into a barrel under a lot of old shoes and odds and scraps. Then, with his ear to the door, he had waited for what seemed a dragging age. Always his care was for Joscelyn. Even when, during the search, the door was opened and he stood crushed against the wall, with his would-be captors and murderers not six feet away, the uppermost thought in his mind was for her, anxiety for her safety, admiration for her magnificent courage. Slipping out of the room in that momentary darkness, he had felt like a traitor deserting the thing on earth dearest to him, and had cursed the fate that sent him away. But the supreme moment came when, crouching by the bed in her room, he saw through the tester curtain the British officer pause in the door with his lifted light. One step out into the room, and the flimsy curtain could not hide the figure of the man behind it. On that one more step hung life or death. Breathless, Richard waited, his unsheathed dirk in his hand. He knew this man—hated as no other Englishman was hated through the length and breadth of the land—standing thus unconscious of any danger, was utterly within his power. One strong upward blow where the heart was left uncovered by the lifted arm, and the cause of American liberty would lose one of its deadliest enemies. But the guards below, the soldiers swarming in the street—and Joscelyn! At thought of her the murderous instinct in his soul was quelled, and without so much as a relaxed muscle he saw Tarleton turn from the room. Then he had hidden himself more carefully and waited for her coming. Mistaking for her the maid who came to light the fire, he was near to self-betrayal; and he could not remember how he had hidden himself when later on Mary burst into the room, but lying now at full length under the sloping rafters, he smiled at the measures Joscelyn had used to dispose of her, recognizing that subtle loyalty which would, in dire straits, give up a friend's love-secret to another, but would not without an effort sacrifice that friend's modesty.

Brave girl, what a spirit and resolution were hers! And yet he had seen her cry over a dead wren and flinch from the sight of his hunting gun. And how many trials and perils he had drawn upon her by his presence, although, if taken, he had resolved to live only long enough to proclaim her blameless. Well, when the revel down below should be over he would steal away, for he would be a source of danger to her no more. And, besides, Greene needed his information. He must face his fate, and take what chances he might. By and by he left his couch and stood at the door to try and separate her voice from the medley of sounds that made their way up to him; the least scrap of a sentence would be as balm to his aching heart. But he listened long in vain—all was a confused babble; then a voice called her, and she answered clearly that she was sitting on the stair with Captain Barry. And somebody said: "Of course." And then there was a general laugh.

So she was sitting there just below him, within sight if he but dared to crack the door. And such a longing came upon him that he did make a little crack, and saw the

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back of her scarlet bodice as she bent down to some one sitting below her. A keen jealousy smote him. What was her companion like? Was he handsome or homely?

Presently there came the clatter of dishes, and then he remembered he had had no supper, and it must be close upon midnight. With the coming of the dark the wind had risen, and the garret was bitterly cold; but busy with plans for his escape and with thoughts of her, he scarcely noticed how stiff and numb his limbs were.

An hour later there were calls of "good-by," and the sound of opening and closing doors below, mingled with shrill feminine voices calling for wraps, and out in the street the stamping of horses. Then silence reigned, and he knew the guests had departed. Presently there was a slow tread upon the stair, and Mistress Cheshire called back some directions to those below. Then a lighter, quicker step followed, and Mary Singleton went singing to Joscelyn's room. Fifteen, perhaps twenty minutes of intense silence went by, and then a slender streak of light shone under the door; and, so faint as to be almost inaudible, a tap fell on the panel. Quickly as possible he drew the bolt and opened the door, but only just in time to see Joscelyn enter her own room and close the door. On a table, in reach of his hand, stood a shaded candle, and beside it was his supper. It was for this she had called him; but hungry as he was, he forgot it in his bitter disappointment that he was not to speak with her. Time pressed, however, and soon he was back in the attic devouring the food she had left. Particularly grateful to him was the mug of steaming hot tea.

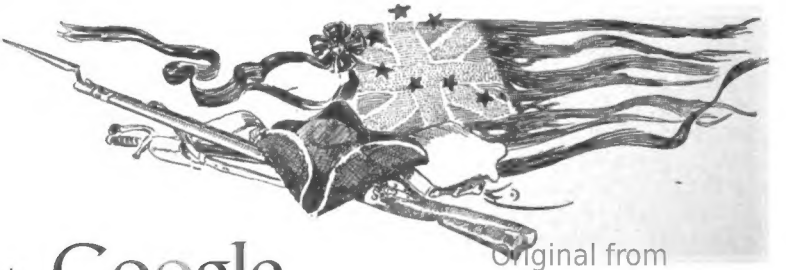
He waited until the tall clock below chimed one, and then made ready for his departure. He had resolved not to tell Joscelyn of his plans, even if he might have spoken with her, for he wanted her sleep troubled by no anxiety for him; so, boots in hand, he crept down-stairs and into the dining-room. Here the rear door fastened with a latch, the string of which was drawn inside at night. Softly he closed it behind him, and stood a moment pushing the string back through its hole, that those behind might be safe; then, hugging the fence, he crept to the gate and was soon in the alley outside. The darkness, the soft mud, and the howling wind were all in his favor. He knew his way even in the gloom, and so, making now and then a detour, to avoid a public street or a possible sentry post, he came at last to the outskirts of the town, keeping always in the direction opposite the British camp. The bridge he knew must be well guarded, and so must the road over the mountains; hence he kept directly across the fields to where the river bends under the cliff called "Lovers' Leap." Ahead of him, behind a clump of bushes, burned a low fire, and he crept up on hands and knees to hear what the two men sitting there were saying. One of them was surlily poking the fire:

"If we break camp to-morrow, how the devil can we march over such soggy roads?"

"The Guildford Road is not so bad," was the answer; and although Richard waited a long time, he heard nothing else. And so, like a ghost, he crept into the drifting rain and soon gained the river, repeating to himself that last sentence, which might be the keynote to the British movements.

His knowledge of the country-folk stood him in good stead, for soon he was untying a canoe from a gum tree not far from a lonely cabin. The river was turbulent from the recent downpour, and in the darkness he went farther down stream than he intended, but at last he drew into a cove of weeds and reeds, and leaving the boat there he plunged into the forest beyond. But he was not lost, and ere the dawn came he had found a friend, and, well mounted, he pressed on to carry the news he had gathered to the American camp.

(To be continued.)



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